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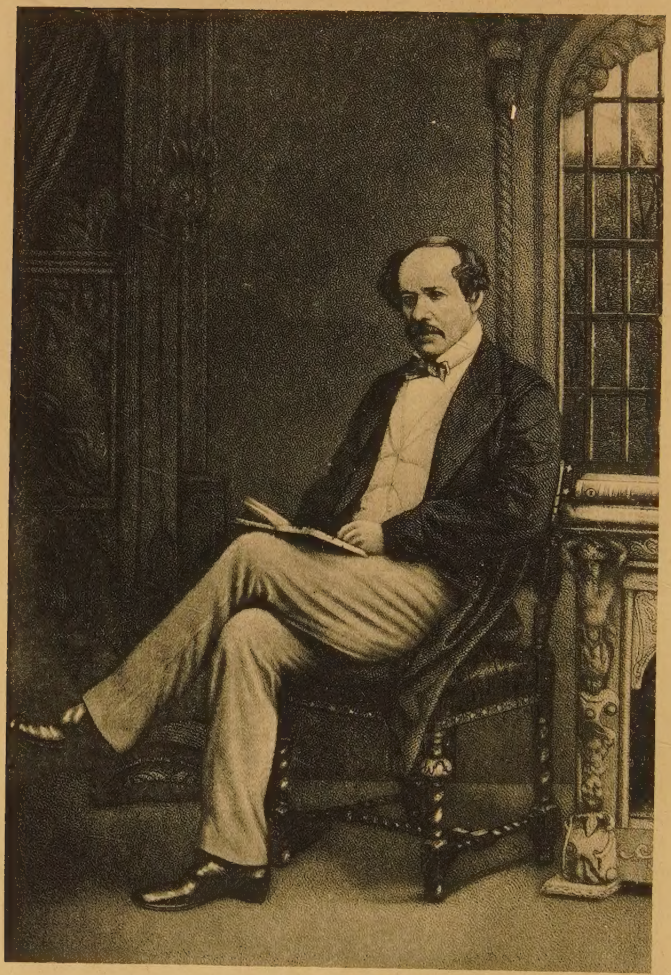

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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ţh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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RABELAIS, François, a French ecclesiastic and humorist; born at Chinon, Touraine, in 1483; died at Paris, April 9, 1553. He was educated at monastic schools, and was ordained a priest in 1511. In 1524 he received papal permission to enter a Benedictine monastery; six years afterward he abandoned the monastic life, studied medicine, and entered upon practice at Lyons. In 1536 his former school-fellow, Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, and afterward a Cardinal, was made French Ambassador at Rome. He engaged Rabelais as his physician, and obtained for him from the Pope a remission of the ecclesiastical penalties which he had incurred by abandoning his orders. Subsequently he became a member of the Abbey of St. Maur des Fosses at Paris, where he remained until 1542, when he received the comfortable living of Meudon. He faithfully performed his ecclesiastical duties, but devoted all his leisure to the enlargement of his most notable work, *Les Faits et Dicts du Géant Gargantua et de son Fils Pantagruel,* some portions of which had appeared as early as 1533. This work, like Swift's *Gulliver,* is partly a political and social satire, though authorities are not fully

agreed as to many of the characters depicted. It is, however, pretty well settled that Gargantua is meant for King Francis I.; Pantagruel is his son, Henry II.; Panurge is the Cardinal de Lorraine; Friar John des Entommeures is the Cardinal du Bellay. Rabelais and Swift are often classed together; but the distinguishing characteristic of *Gargantua* is its exuberant fun and jollity, and the total lack of that cynicism which runs through every page of *Gulliver*. Bacon has fitly styled Rabelais "the great jester of France"; others, style him "the prose Homer."

THE INFANT GARGANTUA.

It did one good to see him, for he was a fine boy with about eight or ten chins, and cried very little. If it happened that he was put out, angry, vexed, or cross — if he fretted, if he wept, if he cried — if drink was brought to him, he would be restored to temper, and suddenly become quiet and joyous. One of his governesses told me that at the very sound of pints and flagons he would fall into an ecstasy, as if he were tasting the joys of paradise; and upon consideration of this, his divine complexion, they would every morning, to cheer him, play with a knife upon the glasses, or the bottles with their stoppers, and on the pint-pots with their lids; at the sound *whereof* he became gay, would leap for joy, and would rock himself in the cradle, lolling with his head and monochordizing with his fingers.— *Translation of* WALTER BESANT.

THE ABBEY OF THELEMA.

All their life was spent not by statutes, law, or rules, but according to their free will and pleasure. They rose when they thought good; they ate, drank, worked, slept when the desire came to them. No one woke them up; no one forced them to eat, drink, nor do any other thing whatever. So had Gargantua established it. In their

Rule there was but this one clause: "*Fay ce què vouldras* — Do what you will." By this liberty they entered into a laudable emulation to do all of them what they saw pleased anybody else. If one of them — either a monk or a sister — said, "Let us play," they all played; if one said, "Let us go and take our pleasure in the fields," they all went. . . .

Never were seen ladies so handsome, less whimsical, more ready with hand, needle, or every honest and free womanly action than these. For this reason when the time came that any man of said Abbey had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies, and they were married. And if they had formerly lived in Thelema, in good devotion and amity, they continued therein, and increased it to a greater height in their state of matrimony; so that they entertained that mutual love till the end of their days, just as on the day of their marriage.— *Translation of* WALTER BESANT.

MONKS AND MONKEYS.

"If," said Friar John, "you understand why a monkey in a family is always mocked and worried, you will understand why monks are abhorred of all, both old and young. The monkey does not watch the house, like a dog; he does not drag the cart, like the ox; he gives no wool, like the sheep; he does not carry burdens, like the horse. So with the monk. He does not cultivate the soil, like the peasant; he does not guard the land, like the soldier; he does not heal the sick, like the physician; he does not teach like the evangelical doctor or the school-master; he does not import goods and necessary things, like the merchant."

"But the monks pray for all," objects Grandgoosier.

"Nothing less," says Gargantua. "They only annoy the neighborhood with ringing their bells."

"Truly," says Friar John, "a mass, a matin, and a vesper with many are half-said. They mumble great store of legends and psalms of which they understand nothing. They count plenty of Paternosters and Ave Marias, without thinking and without understanding; and

that I call mocking God, and not making prayers. But God help them if they pray for us and not for fear of losing their fat soups."— *Translation of* WALTER BESANT.

RACINE, JEAN BAPTISTE, a French dramatist and poet; born at La Ferté-Milon, December 21, 1639; died at Paris, April 26, 1699. His father was a collector of the salt-tax, a lucrative office which had by purchase become hereditary in the family. He studied at the College of Beauvaise, at Port Royal, and at the College of Harcourt, became known to Boileau and Molière, and at twenty-one won the favor of Louis XIV. by an ode upon the occasion of the marriage of the monarch, who bestowed a pension upon him. In 1667 he produced his tragedy of *Andromaque,* which placed him at the head of the French dramatists. His subsequent dramas are *Les Plaideurs,* a comedy (1668); *Britannicus* (1669); *Bérénice* (1670); *Bajazet* (1672); *Mithridate* (1673); *Iphigénie en Aulide* (1674); *Phèdre* (1677). This last, which is generally considered his masterpiece, met with a reception so hostile that he gave up writing for the stage, and confined himself wholly to his duties as Royal Historiographer. But at the request of Madame de Maintenon he wrote in 1689 the Scriptural drama of *Esther* for the young ladies of the Seminary of St. Cyr, and in 1689 the lyrical drama *Athalie,* founded on the narrative in 2 Kings xi. and 2 Chron. xxiii. This was recited, not acted, at the Théâtre Française. In 1697, at the request of Madame de Maintenon, he presented a *Memoir* on the then miser-

RACINE.

able condition of France. Louis XIV. was greatly displeased with this; and it is said that the life of Racine was shortened by the royal disfavor. Racine also wrote some vigorous prose, and a few poems of considerable merit.

The scene of *Andromaque* is laid at the Court of Epirus, reigned over by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. Pyrrhus holds as captive Andromache, the widow of Hector, and their young son, Astyanax. Pyrrhus wishes to marry Andromache, notwithstanding his betrothal to Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen. Orestes, the son of the murdered Agamemnon, comes to the Epirus to demand, in the name of all the Greeks, that Astyanax be delivered up to them. Orestes is in love with Hermione; Hermione is in love with Pyrrhus; and Pyrrhus is in love with Andromache. Our extracts from *Andromaque* are in the prose translation of Henry M. Trollope, which gives the sense and spirit of the original better than has been done in any metrical version.

HERMIONE AND ORESTES.

Herm.— There have even been moments when I have wished for you.

Orest.— Wished for me! O divine Princess, for pity remember to whom you are speaking. Open your eyes; think that Orestes is before you — Orestes, so long the subject of their angry glances.

Herm.—Yes: you, whose love lit by their light first taught them their power. You, whose virtues taught me to esteem you. You, whom I have pitied, whom I would fain love ——

Orest.— I understand you too well. This is my melancholy portion: the heart is for Pyrrhus, and the wish only for Orestes.

Herm.— Ah, desire not the fate of Pyrrhus! I should hate you too much.

Orest.— You would love me the more. Ah, with what different looks you would regard me! You wish to love me, yet I please you not. If love only ruled your heart, you would love me even in wishing to hate me. Oh, heaven, so much on my side! A love so tender; so many reasons for me, if you would but listen to them! And for Pyrrhus you alone, perhaps in spite of yourself, without doubt in spite of him; for he hates you; his soul, possessed by another, has no more ——

Herm.— Who has told you that he disdains me? Have you learned it by his looks or by his words? Judge if the sight of me inspires disdain — if the impression I make lasts so short a time. Perhaps other eyes are more favorable to me.

Orest.— Go on! It is fine to insult me thus. Cruel! It is I, then, that disdain you! Your eyes have not tried my constancy enough. I am witness of their want of power. It is I that have despised them! Ah, how it would please them to see my rival despise their power as I do!

Herm.— What matters his hate or his tenderness to me? Go, arm all Greece against the rebel. Go, make Epirus a second Ilion. Go! After that you will say that I loved him!

Orest.— My Lady, do more. Come with me yourself. Let your eye speak to all hearts.

Herm.— But what if he marries Andromache? Think what shame it would be if he married a Phrygian!

Orest.— And you hate him! Confess it, Lady. Love is not a fire which can be hidden. Everything betrays it — the voice, eyes, silence itself.

Pyrrhus wavers back and forth, as to whether he will comply with the demand of the Greeks. But at length he promises Andromache to protect her son, and even make him King of Troy, on condition that she will become his wife. She loathingly consents to

this; but Pyrrhus, having thus pledged himself to protect her child, she will stab herself at the very foot of the altar. Hermione, learning of this, promises to marry Orestes upon condition that he will avenge her by killing Pyrrhus. The day of the nuptials of Pyrrhus and Andromache arrives. The temple is thronged by the Grecians. Pyrrhus announces Andromache as his queen and successor, and Astyanax as the future King of Troy. The enraged Greeks break out into tumult; Pyrrhus is slain; Orestes, who has witnessed the deed, hastens back to Hermione.

Herm.— What have they done?

Orest.— Pardon their impatience. They have, I know, forestalled your revenge. You would that my hand had struck the first blow, that he should have known that he died on your account. But it was my zeal that was their example. For you I led them to the temple. Yours is the glory of a deed which their arms have merely executed. You alone inspired the blow ——

Herm.— Silence, traitor! This vile deed is thine alone. Go among the Greeks and vaunt your deed! Go! Go! I disown it and you! Savage! what have you done? With what fury have you cut the thread of a lovely life! Who made you the arbiter of his fate? Why have you killed him? By what right? What has he done to you?

Orest.— Gods above! What! Have not you yourself — you here — a moment since ordained his death?

Herm.— Ah, who would believe an outraged lover? You should have read my soul better! Saw you not, through all my rage, that my heart gave the lie to my lips? Even if I said it, should you have consented? You should have made me repeat it an hundred times. You should have returned to consult me before giving the blow. You should have left to myself the care of my revenge. Farewell! You may take your departure. I remain in Epirus. I give up Greece, Sparta, my coun-

try, my family! It is enough for me, traitor, that they have brought forth a monster like you!— *Andromaque.*

The plot of *Phèdre* is extremely complicated. It hinges upon the uncontrollable passion conceived by Phædra, the spouse of Theseus, King of Athens, for Hippolytus, his son by a former wife. This guilty passion, which she herself abhors, and which she hides under a pretended show of aversion for him, is indeed a sort of madness inflicted upon her by Venus, in vengeance for some wrong done to her by Apollo, from whom Phædra is remotely descended. At the opening of the play, Theseus has been a long time absent, and is thought to be dead. Phædra, who is apparently inconsolable for his loss, sends for Hippolytus upon some urgent necessity, and in that interview, quite against her own will, discloses her infatuation for him. She begs pardon for all her rudeness to him. He courteously ignores it; attributes it all to her overmastering grief for the loss of her husband; and endeavors to console her with the hope that he will yet return. To which she makes reply, which we give in the prose version of Henry M. Trollope:

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS.

Phæd.— No: a man does not visit the shores of the dead a second time. Since Theseus has seen these sombre shores, it is vain to hope that a god may send him back. The greedy Acheron does not let go its prey. What say I? He is not dead, for he lives in you. I think I now see my husband before me. I see him; I speak to him. My heart — [*aside*]. Ah, I know not what I say; my mad passion betrays me.

Hippol.— I see how strong is your love. Though Theseus is indeed dead, he is present to your eyes.

Phæd.— Yes, Prince, I long, I pine for Theseus. I love

him not as he appeared in Hades — light lover of a thousand different objects of passion — ready to rob of his spouse the God of the dead; but faithful — nay, wildly simple; young, splendid, drawing all hearts after him; but proud, as all our gods are painted, and as you now appear. When he crossed the seas to Crete, he had your look, your manner: the same noble modesty shone upon his face. Where were you then, Hippolytus? Why were you absent when all the Greek heroes assembled? Why were you too young to sail with them? If it had been yours to slay the Minotaur, my sister Ariadne would have given to you the fatal clew. But no: for that I would have forestalled her; love would have shown me the way. I know I would have guided you through the Labyrinth. How many cares that noble head would have cost me then! No thread should have satisfied your lover. Companion of the dangers you were bound to dare, I should have pressed on before you; and Phædra, descending to the Labyrinth with you, would there with you have been found or lost.

Hippol.— Great gods! What do I hear? Do you forget, madam, that Theseus is my father, and your husband?

Phæd.— By what right, Prince, do you judge me, or think that I have forgotten it? Cannot I guard my own honor?

Hippol.— Pardon me, madame. I blush to avow it: I understood amiss an innocent speech. I am ashamed to meet your eye. I go ——

Phæd.— Ah, Prince, you have understood me too well! Know, then, Phædra in all her passion. I love. Think not because I love thee that, innocent in my own eyes, I approve myself, or that in fond weakness I have nourished the poison that disturbs my reason. No: unfortunate object of celestial vengeance, I abhor myself more than you can abhor me. The gods are witnesses — those gods that have lighted this fatal fire in my veins — the gods who take pleasure in seducing a miserable human heart! And thou, recall to thy recollection the past. It were little to have fled thee. I drove thee away. I have sought to appear odious to thee, and inhuman. To resist thee better

I sought thy hate. But what have these useless efforts done for me? Thou but hatest me the more, and I love thee none the less. What say I? This confusion, this shameful avowal — think you I meant to make it? Trembling for the child I dared not betray, I came to ask thy pity for him. Vain project of a heart too full of the image it loves! Alas! I have spoken to thee only of myself. And now avenge thyself on this odious love. Punish me! Worthy son of a hero, deliver the world of a monster; let her not escape! Here is my heart, on which the blow should fall. Strike! Or, if I am unworthy of even a blow from thee — if my blood is too vile to stain thy hand — instead of thy arm lend me thy sword! quick!

The entrance of a servant interrupts this mad scene. Theseus, however, is not dead. In time he comes back. The drama evolves itself. Theseus is led to suspect that his son has been guilty of a base passion for his stepmother. Finally Hippolytus meets with a sudden and violent death. Tidings of this are brought to Theseus; and while the messenger is in the act of delivering them, Phædra bursts in, confesses all, and dies.

THE DEATH OF PHÆDRA.

Phæd.— My moments are few. Listen to me, Theseus. It was I who looked with profane eyes upon your chaste and virtuous son. Heaven put a fatal passion into my bosom; the hateful Œnone carried out its plans. Fearing lest Hippolytus should reveal to you my love, which filled his mind with horror, she, the traitress, abusing my weakness, hastened first to accuse him. She is punished. Flying from my anger, she has found under the waves a fate more merciful than she deserves. My life should before this have been cut short by the sword; but that would have left a stain upon his slandered virtue. That you might know my remorse, I have chosen to die a slower way. I have infused into my burning veins a

poison which Medea brought to Athens. The venom has touched my heart, and thrown there an unknown chill. Already I see, as through a cloud, the heavens and the husband whom my presence insults. And death in withdrawing the light from my eyes, gives back all its purity to the day which they polluted.— *Phèdre.*

Athalie is by some considered as the masterpiece of Racine; he himself is said to have so regarded it. Apart from its unquestioned dramatic merits, it is notable for the beauty of its lyrical choruses, which conclude each act, filling up the intervals between them, so that the stage is never unoccupied. The Chorus consists of Hebrew maidens, who sing, sometimes in unison, sometimes in responsive parts. We give portions of four of these choruses; the first two in the translation of Charles Randolph, the last two in that of J. C. Knight.

CHORUS TO ACT I.

Chorus.

The God whose goodness filleth every clime,
Let all His creatures wonder and adore;
Whose throne was reared before the birth of time,
To Him be glory now and evermore.

First Voice.

The sons of violence in vain
Would check His people's grateful strain,
And blot His sacred name:
Yet day to day His power declares,
His bounty every creature shares
His greatness all proclaim.

Second Voice.

Dispensing light, at His behest,
Bursts forth the sun in splendor drest;
But of Almighty Love a brighter sign
Shone forth Thy Law, pure, perfect, and divine.

CHORUS TO ACT II.

Chorus.

What star of lustre strikes our eyes!
How bright does this young wonder rise!
With what a noble scorn
He dares seduction's charms despise,
To high achievements born!

First Voice.

While at the impious Queen's decree
Thousands to Baal basely bowed the knee,
An infant's voice has dared proclaim
The one Adorable, Eternal Name.
Thus before Jezebel defiled with blood,
Denouncing vengeance, great Elijah stood.

Second Voice.

Happy, thrice happy must he prove,
The child who shares his Heavenly Father's love,
Who in a blessed hour His voice has heard,
And yields obedience to His sacred word.
'Tis his within the sacred shrine,
By impious footsteps never trod,
To own the bounteous hand benign,
The guardian care of Israel's God.

Oh, happy youth, so early blest!
On Heaven's eternal truth forever rest.

CHORUS TO ACT III.

Leader of the Chorus.

Alas, my sisters, what sad fears,
What consternation now appears!
O God! must we such incense pay
To Thee on this renownéd day!

First Voice.

What do our timid eyes behold?
Alas! who ever could divine
That in this peaceful house of God,
Our swords or lances e'er would shine?

Chorus.

Strange mystery! What evils, yet what good;
What curses, yet what blessings, do we hear!
Discord amid the promises of love:
Do not these fearful menaces appear?

Third Voice.

We will not form conjectures which are vain;
Some future day will God the mystery explain.

CHORUS TO ACT IV.

Chorus.

Go forth, ye sons of Aaron, go!
Never did your father's bosom glow
To assert a nobler cause.
Go forth, exert your utmost right,
It is your King for whom ye fight;
Your King, your God, your Laws!

First Voice.

Where are Thy favors to our fathers given?
Will nothing reach Thine ear in our distress,
Except the cry of Judah's wickedness?
Alas! hath mercy left the abode of Heaven?

Second Voice.

Of Judah's kings the sole remain!
Of David's stem thou lovely flower!
Must we behold thee fall again
Within a cruel mother's power?
Say, did an angel of the Lord
Thee, when a helpless infant, save?
Or did the mighty voice of God
Recall thy ashes from the grave?

RADCLIFFE, ANN WARD, an English novelist; born at London, July 9, 1764; died there, February 7, 1823. In 1786 she married William Radcliffe, editor of the *English Chronicle.* She wrote numerous novels, which were more popular than any others published during the eighteenth century. In 1789 she published *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne,* a very immature novel. The next year she brought out *A Sicilian Romance,* which was better received, and the following year *The Romance of the Forest* appeared. But the work, perhaps, by which Mrs. Radcliffe will be best remembered is her *Mysteries of Udolpho,* which was published in 1795. In 1794 she made a tour of the Continent, of which she gives a pleasant account in her *Journey through Holland and Germany.* Although her powers were un-

abated, she published nothing during the last twenty-six years of her life.

THE CASTLE OF UDOLPHO.

Toward the close of the day the road wound into deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy sides seemed to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits, rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any which Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountain she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendor upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendor of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

"There," said Montoni, speaking for the first time for several hours, "is Udolpho."

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's; for though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark gray stone rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapor crept up the mountain, while the battlements were still tipped with splendor. From these, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn darkness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods,

beneath whose thick shade the carriage began soon after to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriage emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice, but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the many walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her leading into the court was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates; from these the walls of the ramparts extended to others towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravage of war. Beyond these all was lost in the obscurity of evening.— *The Mysteries of Udolpho*

RALEIGH, Sir Walter, an English statesman, historian, poet and traveler; born at Hayes, Devonshire, in 1554; died at Westminster, London, October 29, 1618. One day he saw that Queen Elizabeth in her walk was approaching a miry

spot; he flung down his gay cloak in the mud, so that she could pass over it dry-shod. The Queen, then a woman of middle age, was charmed with the gallantry of the handsome young cavalier, twenty years her junior, and took many occasions to advance his fortunes. Among other things she granted him a patent for a large tract in the region now known as Virginia and North Carolina, with the title of "Lord Proprietor." During the ensuing twenty years Raleigh took an active part in the irregular hostilities between England and Spain; and, what with valuable monopolies and large landed grants, he became a very wealthy man.

The accession of James I. to the English throne, in 1603, put an end to the prosperity of Raleigh. He was stripped of his preferments and forbidden to appear at Court. Not long afterward he was arrested upon charge of having conspired to place Lady Arabella Stuart upon the English throne. He was convicted; but, instead of being put to death at once, the execution of the sentence was deferred, and he was committed to the Tower, where he was kept a prisoner for thirteen years. During his imprisonment he wrote his *History of the World,* which was published in 1614. The *History* commences with the creation, but is brought down only to the end of the Macedonian empire, 167 B.C. The following are the concluding sentences of this work:

AMBITION AND DEATH.

If we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add that the kings and princes of this world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported

with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope of it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach.

It is, therefore, Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and the insolent that they are but objects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their fore-passed happiness. He takes account of the rich and proves him a beggar — a naked beggar — which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these true words, *Hic jacet!* — *History of the World.*

The following piece of counsel for Prince Henry, eldest son of James I., bears date August 12, 1611, and so was written during this imprisonment. The Prince, then a child, died eight years afterward, and his brother Charles became heir to the Crown. It is not probable that this wise letter of counsel ever reached Prince Henry.

COUNSEL FOR PRINCE HENRY OF ENGLAND.

The following lines are addressed to your Highness from a man who values his liberty and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honors that he could anywhere enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, Sir, the doctrines that have lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained of calling your royal father God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonor of God and the impeachment of his Majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His Majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulation; but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my Prince! hear them not; fly from their deceit. You are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you; but all good must be conveyed from you.

Your father has been called the vicegerent of Heaven; while he is good he is the vicegerent of Heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my Prince. Let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince — with reverence be it spoken — it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of Prince and People will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous Prince, against such sycophants, in the cause of liberty; from a condition as much below that of brutes as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my Prince, there is no other right can flow from God.

While your Royal Highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many commonplaces in your study of the Science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and a help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellation of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into accla-

mations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance without applauding it as a benefit.

Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your Highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended. The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentences have a force of beauty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not over the bodies, of men. The soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Choose, therefore, to be the king or the conqueror of your people. It may be submission, but it cannot be obedience, that is passive.

For some reason, Raleigh was released from the Tower in 1615. The probable explanation is that he had persuaded Villiers, afterward Duke of Buckingham, who had become the royal favorite, that in a former voyage to Guiana he had discovered a rich gold-bearing region, the occupation of which by the English would be profitable to the King and Court. A fleet of fourteen vessels was fitted out, of which Raleigh was made Admiral. The expedition reached Guiana late in 1617. They attacked the Spanish town of St. Thomas, far up the Orinoco, but were repulsed. The ships were assailed by a Spanish fleet, and the expedition was completely broken up. Raleigh himself made his way back to England, where he arrived in June, 1618, and was at once committed to the Tower. The Spanish ambassador demanded his punishment, which King James was quite willing to accord, for the attack upon the Spanish town had been made in violation of the express injunctions of James, who hoped to get a Spanish Infanta as wife for his son, and so

wished to be on good terms with the Court of Madrid. By some curious oversight, while Raleigh was made an Admiral the old offence of which he had been convicted was not pardoned, and the sentence of death, pronounced in 1603, still hung over him. The Judges decided that being still under sentence of death he could not be put to trial upon any new charge. So he was beheaded under the old sentence.

The separate works of Raleigh have been several times reprinted. A complete edition of them, in eight volumes, was published in 1829. Among his works are several short poems. The longest of these, entitled *The Lie*, consists of about a hundred lines. It has been attributed to several persons, but the weight of evidence is in favor of its being the work of Raleigh.

THE LIE.

Go, Soul, the body's guest
  Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best;
  The truth must be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows
  And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church, it shows
  What's good, and doth no good
If Court and Church reply,
Then give them both the lie. . . .

Tell men of high condition
  That manage the Estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
  Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie. . . .

Tell Zeal it wants devotion;
  Tell Love it is but lust;
Tell Time it is but motion;
  Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie. . . .

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
  In tickle points of niceness;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
  Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;
  Tell Skill it is pretension;
Tell Charity of coldness;
  Tell Law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
Go give them still the lie. . . .

So when thou hast, as I
  Commanded thee, done blabbing —
Although to give the lie
  Deserves no less than stabbing —
Stab at thee, he that will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
  My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
  My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Traveleth toward the land of Heaven,

Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains;
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill,
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
And When our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel —
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser, bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And He hath angels, but no fees;
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms —
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.

And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head;
Then am I, like a palmer, fit
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think must needs die well.

RAMBAUD, ALFRED NICHOLAS, a French educator and historian; born at Besançon, July 2, 1842. His life is a record of brilliant achievements. Admitted to the Normal High School in 1861, of which he became a Fellow in 1864, he held the professorship of history at Nancy, Bourges, and Colmar. Returning to Paris in 1868, he took his degree in law, and the following year became an occasional lecturer in history at the Lyceum of Charlemagne. The next year saw him Professor of History in the faculty of Caen, which position he relinquished in 1875, to accept a similar one at Nancy. In 1879 he became secretary to the Minister of Public Instruction; and in 1881 took charge of the course in literature at Paris, where in 1884 he occupied the chair of contemporaneous history. Collaborator of scientific, historical, archæological works and writer of critical reviews for *Le Temps*, he has directed *La Revue Bleue* since 1888. He is a member of many learned societies both at home and abroad. In addition to articles published in *La Revue*

Politique et Littéraire; Le Progrès de l'Est; La Revue des Deux Mondes, etc., he has published a thesis entitled *De Byzantino Hippodromo et Circensibus Factionibus* (1869); *L'Empire Grec au X^e^Siècle, Constantin Porphyrogénète* (1870), a thesis, which obtained the prize of the French Academy in 1872; *La Domination Française en Allemagne, Les Français sur le Rhin* (1873); *L'Allemagne Sous Napoléon I^er^* (1874); *La Russie Épique* (1876); *Français et Russes, Moscou et Sébastopol* (1877). The greater part of the material for these last two works was gathered during his scientific appointments under the Administration of Public Instruction in 1872 and 1874. In 1878 appeared his *Révolution Française et l'Aristocratie Russe,* followed in 1883 by a history of the French Revolution and a history of French civilization, in three volumes (1885–88). In 1886 appeared *La France Coloniale,* a series of monographs due to the collaboration of specialists, and which he prefaced by a remarkable history of French colonization.

THE RELIGION OF THE SLAVS.

The religion of the Russian Slavs, like that of all Aryan races, was founded on nature and its phenomena. It was a pantheism which, as its original meaning was lost, necessarily became a polytheism. Just as the Homeric deities were preceded by the gods of Hesiod, Ouranos and Demeter, or Heaven and Earth, so the most ancient gods of the Russian Slavs seem to have been Svarog, the heaven, and "our mother, the dank earth." Then new conceptions appeared in the foreground in the historic period. Ancient poets and chroniclers, the Song of Igor, and Nestor, have preserved to us the names of Dazh-Bog, god of the sun, father of nature; Volos, a solar deity and, like the Greek Apollo, inspirer of poets and protector of flocks; Perun, god of thunder, another personification of

the Sun at war with the Cloud; Stribog, the Russian Æolus, father of winds, protector of warriors; Khors, a solar god; Semargl and Mokosh, whose attributes are unknown. In some of the early hymns they sing of Kupalo and Iarilo, god of the summer sun, and Did-Lado, goddess of fecundity. In the epic songs are celebrated Sviatogor, the giant hero, whose weight the earth can scarcely bear; Mikula Selianinovitch, the good laborer, a kind of Slav Triptolemus, the divine personification of the race's passionate love of agriculture, striking with the iron share of his plough the stones of the furrow with a noise that is heard three days' journey off; Volga Vseslavitch, a Proteus who can take all manner of shapes; Polkan, a centaur; Dunai, Don Ivanovitch, Dnieper Koroloevitch, who are rivers; then a series of heroes, conquerors of dragons, like Ilia of Murom, who seem to be solar gods degraded to the rank of paladins. In the stories which beguile the village evening assemblies appear Morena, goddess of death; Kosatchei and Moroz, personifications of the bitter winter weather; Baba-Yaga, an ogress who lives on the edge of the forest, in a hut built so as to turn with the wind like a weathercock; and the King of the Sea, who entices sailors to his watery palaces. Popular superstition continues to people nature with good and bad spirits: the Rusalki, water sprites; Vodianoï, river genii; the Lieshii and the Liesnik, forest demons; the Domovoi, the brownie of the domestic hearth; and the Vampires, ghosts who steal by night from their tombs and suck the blood of the living during their sleep.

Since mythology reproduces under so many forms the struggle of the heroes of the light with the monsters of darkness, it is possible that it admitted a bad principle at variance with a good principle, a malicious god, of whom Morena, Baba-Yaga, the dragon, the mountain-serpent, are only types. We cannot find any positive confirmation of this hypothesis, as far as the Russian Slavs are concerned, but Helmold asserts that the Baltic Slavs recognize Bieli-Bog, the White God, and Tcherno-Bog, the Black God.

It has been the study of the Russian Church to combat

paganism by purifying the superstitions it cannot uproot. It has turned to account any similarity in names or symbols. It has been able to honor Saint Dmitri and Saint Juri, the slayer of dragons; Saint John, who thunders in the spring; Saint Elias, who recalls Ilia of Murom; Saint Blaise, or Vlaise, who has succeeded to Volos as guardian of the flocks; Saint Nikolai, or Mikula, patron of laborers, like Mikula Selianinovitch; Saint Kozma, or Kuzma, protector of blacksmiths, who has taken the place of Kuznets, the mysterious blacksmith in the mountains of the north, the forger of the destinies of man. In popular songs the Virgin Mary replaces Did-Lado, and then Saint John succeeds to Perun or Iarilo. Who can fail to recognize the myth of the spring and the fruitful rains accompanied by thunder in this White Russian song that is repeated at the festival of Saint John? "John and Mary — bathed on the hill,—— while John bathed —— the earth shook,—— while Mary bathed —— the earth germinated." The Church took care to consecrate to the Saints of its calendar or to purify by holy rites the sacred trees and mysterious wells to which crowds of pilgrims continued to flock.— *From L'Histoire de la Russie; translation of* L. B. LANG.

RAMSAY, ALLAN, a Scottish poet; born at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, October 15, 1686; died at Edinburgh, January 7, 1758. He was the son of a peasant, and at the age of fifteen was apprenticed to a barber. He afterward set up as a wig-maker at Edinburgh, and began to write small poems, the earliest being produced at the age of twenty-six. About 1716 he established a book-store and circulating library, and was also an industrious editor. A volume of his collected *Poems* was published in 1721. His most important work, *The Gentle Shepherd* (1725),

was suggested by the critique of Pope's *Windsor Forest* in *The Guardian,* April 7, 1713. It was a pastoral comedy and substitutes for the pseudo-pastoral poetry of the time the real life of the Scotch shepherds. It has been called "the first genuine pastoral after Theocritus." Among his other works are *The Table Miscellany,* and *The Evergreen,* the precursor of *Percy's Reliques* (1724); *Thirty Fables* (1730), and *Scot's Proverbs* (1737). Having attained a fair competence, he retired from business in 1755.

A DIALOGUE UPON LOVERS AND MARRIAGE.

Peggy.— We're far frae any road, and out o' sight;
The lads, they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me, now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The neebors a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye carena by;
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's worthy you the best day e'er ye saw.
Jenny.— I dinna like him, Peggy — there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kenned.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right smug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet-lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-gee,
And spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except "How d'ye?" or "There's a bonny day."
Peggy.— Ye dash the lad wi' constant, slighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide.
But ye'll repent ye if his love grows cauld;
What likes a dorty maiden when she's auld?
Jenny.— I never thought a single life a crime.
Peggy.— Nor I. But love in whispers lets us ken
That men were made for us, and we for men.
Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,

When round the ingle-edge your sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Now! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee,
When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tending, day and night,
The like o' them when love maks care delight?
Jenny.— But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary draw;
There little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die; the spate may bear away
Frae aff the holms your dainty rucks o' hay;
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo', and cheese,
But, on the day o' payment, breaks, and flees,
Wi' gloomin' brow the laird seeks in his rent
It's no to gie; your marchant's to the bent.
His Honor maunna want: he pounds your gear;
Syne, driven frae house, and hald, where will ye steer?—
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.
Peggy.— May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she
Who has sic fears — for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required — let Heaven mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle often say,
That lads should a' for wives that's honest pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well-stored room unless his wife wad let.
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part.
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins I'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vougue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter and some woo',
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus without fear,

Wi' love and rowth, we through the world will steer
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.
Jenny.— But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks and two bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kenned kisses, hardly worth a feg?
Peggy.— Nae mair o' that! Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we.
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blessed them wi' solidity o' mind.
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.—
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearthstane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pats be ready to tak aff;
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
Good-humor and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face to keep his love for me.
Jenny.— A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.
Peggy.— But we'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
The loss o' youth when love grows on the mind.
Bairns, and their bairns, mak sure a firmer tie
Than aught in love the like o' us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest;
This shields the ither frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single — a state sae liked by you —

Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.
Jenny.— I've done. I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field.
— *The Gentle Shepherd.*

THE CLOCK AND THE SUN-DIAL.

Ae day a Clock wad brag a Dial,
And put his qualities to trial;
Spak to him thus: "My neighbor, pray,
Canst tell me what's the time o' day?"
The Dial said, "I dinna ken."—
"Allack! What stand ye there for then?"—
"I wait here till the sun shines bright,
For naught I ken but by his light."—
"Wait on," quoth Clock, "I scorn his help;
Baith day and night my lane I skelp:
Wind up my weights but anes a week,
Without him I can gang and speak;
Nor like ane useless sumph I stand,
But constantly wheel round my hand:
Hark, hark! I strike just now the hour:
And I am right — ane —twa — three — four."
Whilst thus the Clock was boasting loud,
The bleezing Sun brak through a cloud;
The dial faithful to his guide,
Spak truth, and laid the thumper's pride:
"Ye see," said he, "I've dung you fair;
'Tis four hours and three quarters mair.
My friend," he added, "count again
And learn a wee to be less vain;
Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,
And that your answers never want;
For you're not aye to be believed,
Wha trust to you may be deceived.
Be counselled to behave like me;
For when I dinna clearly see,
I always own I dinna ken —
And that's the way of wisest men."

RAMSAY, Edward Bannerman, a Scottish ecclesiastic and literary critic; born at Aberdeen, January 31, 1793; died at Edinburgh, December 27, 1872. He was graduated from St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1816; took orders in the Anglican Church, and was for several years a curate in England. In 1846 he was appointed by Bishop Terrot Dean of Edinburgh, afterward becoming familiarly known in Scotland as "The Dean." He published several volumes of literary lectures, sermons, biographies, and theological essays; his latest works being *Christian Responsibilities* (1864) and *Pulpit Table-Talk* (1868). His best-known work, *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, originally appeared in 1858, but was subsequently considerably enlarged, and numerous editions of it have been published in Great Britain and the United States. His *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character* is regarded as the best collection of Scottish stories and one of the best answers to the charge of want of humor made by Sydney Smith against the Scots. It is composed largely of stories and anecdotes furnished by his own recollection or that of his friends of all classes, supplemented by contributions from ministers of the various churches into which Scotland is divided, and others of his countrymen.

SOME PIOUS TRAITS OF SCOTTISH HUMOR.

There was at all times amongst the older Scottish peasantry a bold assertion of their religious opinions, and strong expressions of their feelings. The spirit of the Covenanters lingered amongst the aged people whom I remember, and we have some recent authentic instances of

the readiness in Scotchmen to bear testimony to their principles.

A friend has told me that the late Lord Rutherford often told with much interest of a rebuke which he received from a shepherd near Bonally, amongst the Pentlands. He had entered into conversation with him, and was complaining bitterly of the weather which prevented him from enjoying his visit to the country, and said, hastily and unguardedly, "What a d — d mist!" and then expressed his wonder how, or for what purpose, there should have been such a thing created as east wind. The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him —"What ails you at the mist, Sir? It weets the sod; it sockens the groves, and —" adding with much solemnity, "it's God's will," and turned away with lofty indignation. Lord Rutherford used to repeat this with much candor as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.

Something like this is reported of an eminent Professor of Geology who, visiting the Highlands, met an old man on the hills on Sunday morning. The Professor, partly from the effect of habit, and not adverting to the very strict notions on Sabbath desecration entertained in Rossshire had his pocket-hammer in hand, and was thoughtlessly breaking the specimens of minerals he picked up by the way. The old man for some time eyed the geologist, and going up to him, quietly said: "Sir, ye're breaking something there forbye the stanes."

The same feeling under a more fastidious form was exhibited to a traveler by a Scottish peasant. An English artist, traveling professionally through Scotland, had occasion to remain over Sunday in a small town in the north. To while away the time he walked out a short way in the environs, when the picturesque ruins of a castle met his eye. He asked a countryman who was passing to be so good as to tell him the name of the castle. The reply was somewhat startling: "It's no the day to be speering sic things." . . .

The Scottish peasants of the older school delighted in the expositions of doctrinal subjects, and in fact were extremely jealous of any minister who departed from

the high standard of orthodox divinity by selecting subjects which involved discussions of strictly moral or practical questions. . . . It may well be supposed that a peasant with such religious opinions would be much shocked at any person whose religious principles were known to be of an infidel character. There is a story traditionary in Edinburgh regarding David Hume which illustrates this feeling in a very amusing manner, and which I have heard it said Hume himself often narrated. The philosopher had fallen from the path into the swamp then existing at the back of the Castle. He fairly stuck fast, and called to a woman who was passing, and begged her assistance. She passed on, apparently without attending to the request. At his earnest entreaty, however, she came where he was, and asked him: "Are na ye Hume, the Atheist?"—"Weel, weel, no matter," said Hume; "Christian charity commands you to do good to everyone."—"Christian charity here, or Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll do naething for you till ye ben a Christian yersell: ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or, faith, I'll let ye wallow there as I faud ye." The sceptic, really afraid for his life, repeated the required formulæ.

RANDALL, James Ryder, an American poet and journalist: born at Baltimore, Md., January 1, 1830. He was educated at Georgetown College, D. C., and when quite young removed to New Orleans, where he obtained a position on the *Sunday Delta*. He is the author of a number of songs in behalf of the Confederate cause, including *Maryland, My Maryland* (his most popular work); *The Sole Sentry; There's Life in the Old Land Yet*, and *The Battle Cry of the South*. He is also the author of con-

siderable fugitive verse. In 1866 he became editor-in-chief of the *Constitution* of Augusta, Ga., and subsequently held other editorial positions in the South.

MY MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum —
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

RANKE, FRANZ LEOPOLD VON, a German historian; born at Wiehe, Thuringia, December 21, 1795; died at Berlin, May 23, 1886. He was a student at Leipsic, then a teacher in the gymnasium at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and, from 1825, Professor of History at Berlin. He was sent by the government to examine the archives at Vienna, Rome, Venice, and Florence. His thorough researches made him the father of a school of historiography. A *History of the Roman and Teutonic Nations* was his first work (1824), covering the period 1494–1535; this was followed by a *History of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; The Servian Revolution,* and the *Conspiracy Against Venice in 1688.* Then came his best known work, the *History of the Popes* (1834–37). After this, he produced a *History of Germany in the Time of the Reformation* (1839–47); *Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg and History of Prussia during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (1847–48); *Annals of the German Saxon Kings; French History Especially in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries;* a *History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century* (1859–68); a *Life of Wallenstein* (1871); *The Origin of the Seven Years' War* (1877); *History of the World* (1881–86).

His complete works comprise forty-seven volumes. From his *History of the Popes,* the sketch of Cardinal Contarini is selected for its personal interest and the great crisis it narrates.

CARDINAL CONTARINI AND THE REFORMATION.

Messire Gaspar Contarini, the eldest son of a noble house in Venice that traded to the Levant, had especially devoted himself to philosophical pursuits; his mode of proceeding in regard to them is not unworthy of remark: he set apart three hours daily for his closer studies, never devoting to them more and never less; he began each time with exact repetition. Adhering to this method, he proceeded to the conclusion of each subject, never allowing himself to do anything lightly or with half-measures. He would not permit the subtleties of Aristotle's commentators to lead him into similar subtleties, perceiving that nothing is more astute than falsehood. He displayed the most remarkable talent, with a steadiness still more remarkable; he did not seek to acquire the graces of language, but expressed himself with simplicity and directly to the purpose — as in nature the growing plant is unfolded in regular succession, yearly producing its due results, so did his faculties develop themselves.

When, at an early age, he was elected into the council of the Pregadi, the senate of his native city, he did not for some time venture to speak; he wished to do so, and felt no want of matter, but he could not find courage for the effort; when at length he did prevail on himself to overcome this reluctance, his speech, though not remarkable for grace or wit, and neither very animated nor very energetic, was yet so simple and so much to the purpose, that he at once acquired the highest consideration.

His lot was cast in a most agitated period. He beheld his native city stripped of her territory, and himself aided in the recovery. On the first arrival of Charles V. in Germany, Contarini was sent to him as ambassador, and he there became aware of the dissensions then be-

ginning to arise in the Church. They entered Spain at the moment when the ship *Vittoria* had returned from the first circumnavigation of the globe, and Contarini was the first, so far as I can discover, to solve the problem of her entering the port one day later than she should have done according to the reckoning in her log-book. The Pope, to whom he was sent after the sack of Rome, was reconciled to the emperor, partly by his intervention. His sagacious and penetrating views of men and things, together with his enlightened patriotism, are clearly evinced by his short essay on the Venetian constitution, a most instructive and well-arranged little work, as also by the different reports of his embassies, which are still occasionally to be found in manuscript.

On a Sunday, in the year 1535, at the moment when the Imperial Council had assembled, and Contarini, who had meanwhile risen to the highest offices, was seated by the balloting urn, the intelligence came that Pope Paul, whom he did not know, and with whom he had no sort of connection, had appointed him cardinal. All hastened to congratulate the astonished man, who could scarcely believe the report. Aluise Mocenigo, who had hitherto been his opponent in affairs of estate, exclaimed that the republic had lost her best citizen.

For the Venetian noble there was nevertheless one painful consideration attached to this honorable event. Should he abandon his free, native city, which offered him its highest dignities, or in any case a sphere of action where he might act in perfect equality with the first in the state, for the service of a pope, often the mere slave of passion, and restricted by no effectual law? Should he depart from the republic of his forefathers, whose manners were in harmony with his own, to measure himself against others in the luxury and display of the Roman court? We are assured that he accepted the cardinalate principally because it was represented to him that, in times so difficult, the refusal of this high dignity (having the appearance of despising it) might produce an injurious effect.

And now the zeal that he had formerly devoted, with exclusive affection, to his native country, was applied to

the affairs of the church generally. He was frequently opposed by the cardinals, who considered it extraordinary that one but just called to the Sacred College, and a Venetian, should attempt reform in the court of Rome. Sometimes the pope himself was against him; as when Contarini opposed the nomination of a certain cardinal. "We know," said the pontiff, "how men sail in these waters; the cardinals have no mind to see another made equal to them in honor." Offended by this remark, the Venetian replied, "I do not consider the cardinal's hat to constitute my highest honor."

In this new position he maintained all his usual gravity, simplicity, and activity of life, all his dignity and gentleness of demeanor; nature leaves not the simply formed plant without the ornament of its blossom, in which its being exhales and communicates itself. In man it is the disposition, the character, which, being the collective product of all his higher faculties, stamps its impress on his moral bearing, nay, even on his aspect and manners; in Contarini this was evinced in the suavity, the inherent truthfulness, and pure moral sense by which he was distinguished; but, above all, in that deep religious conviction which renders man happy in proportion as it enlightens him.

Adorned with such qualities, moderate, nearly approaching the Protestant tenets in their most important characteristics, Contarini appeared in Germany; by a regeneration of Church doctrines, commencing from this point, and by the abolition of abuses, he hoped to reconcile the existing differences.

But had not these already gone too far? Was not the breach too widely extended? Had not the dissentient opinions struck root too deeply? These questions I should be reluctant to decide.

There was also another Venetian, Marino Giustiniano, who left Germany shortly before this Diet, and who would seem to have examined the aspect of things with great care. To him the reconciliation appears very possible. But he declares that certain concessions are indispensable. The following he particularizes: — "The pope must no longer claim to be the vicegerent of Christ

in temporal as well as spiritual things. He must depose the profligate and ignorant bishops and priests, appointing men of blameless lives, and capable of guiding and instructing the people, in their places; the sale of masses, the plurality of benefices, and the abuse of compositions must no longer be suffered; a violation of the rule as regards fasting must be visited by very light punishment at the most." If, in addition to these things, the marriage of priests be permitted, and the communion in both kinds be allowed, Giustiniano believes that the Germans would at once abjure their dissent, would yield obedience to the pope in spiritual affairs, resign their opposition to the mass, submit to auricular confession, and even allow the necessity of good works as fruits of faith — in so far, that is, as they are the consequence of faith. "The existing discord having arisen because of abuses, so there is no doubt that by the abolition of these it may be done away with." . . .

In what degree this reconciliation was either possible or probable need not be made the subject of dispute; it would in all cases have been extremely difficult; but, if only the most remote probability existed, it was worth the attempt. Thus much is obvious, that a great wish for reunion had certainly arisen, and that many hopes and expectations were built on it. And now came the question as to how far the pope, without whom nothing could be done, was disposed to depart from the rigor of his demands. On this point a certain part of the instructions given to Contarini at his departure is worthy of attention.

The unlimited power with which the emperor had pressed Paul to invest the legate had not been accorded, the pope suspecting that demands might be made in Germany, which not only the legate, but even he, the pontiff, might find it dangerous to concede without first consulting the other nations; yet he did not decline all negotiations. "We must first see," he remarks, "whether the Protestants are in accord with us as to essential principles; for example, the supremacy of the Holy See, the sacraments, and some others." If we ask what these "others" were, we find that on this point the pope does

not clearly express himself concerning them. He describes them generally as "whatever is sanctioned by the Holy Scriptures as well as by the perpetual usage of the Church, with which the legate is well acquainted." "On this basis," he further observes, "attempts may be made for the arrangement of all differences."

This vague mode of expression was beyond all question adopted with design. Paul III. may have been willing to see how far Contarini could proceed toward a settlement of affairs, and reluctant to bind himself beforehand to a ratification of all his legate's acts; he chose, besides, to give Contarini a certain latitude. It would, without doubt, have cost the legate new efforts and infinite labor to have made those conditions pleasing to the intractable Roman Curia which he, with all his cares, had only wrung out by great effort at Ratisbon, but which yet were certain of being unsatisfactory at Rome. In the first instance everything depended on a reconciliation and union among the assembled theologians; the conciliatory and mediate tendency was still too weak and undefined to possess any great efficacy, as yet it could scarcely receive a name, nor until it had gained some fixed station could any available influence be hoped from it.

The discussions were opened on the 5th of April, 1541, and a plan of proceeding, proposed by the emperor, and admitted, after some slight alterations, by Contarini, was adopted; but even here, at the first step, the legate found it requisite to dissent in a certain measure from his instructions. The pope had required, in the first place, a recognition of his supremacy, but Contarini perceived clearly that on this point, so well calculated to arouse the passions of the assembly, the whole affair might be wrecked at the very outset; he therefore permitted the question of papal supremacy to be placed last, rather than first, on the list for discussion. He thought it safer to begin with subjects on which his friends and himself approached the Protestant opinions, which were besides questions of the highest importance, and touching the very foundations of the faith. In the discussions concerning these, he took himself most active

part. His secretary assures us that nothing was determined by the Catholic divines until he had been previously consulted, not the slightest variation made without his consent. Morone, Bishop of Modena, Tomaso da Modena, Master of the Secret Palace, both holding the same opinions with himself as to justification, assisted him with their advice. The principal difficulty proceeded from a German theologian, Doctor Eck, an old antagonist of Luther; but, when forced to a close discussion, point by point, he also was at length brought to a satisfactory explanation. In effect, the parties did actually agree (who could have dared to hope so much) as to the four primary articles of human nature, original sin, redemption, and even justification. Contarini assented to the principal point in the Lutheran doctrine; namely, that justification is obtained by faith alone, and without any merit on the part of man, adding only that this faith must be living and active. Melanchthon acknowledged that this was in fact a statement of the Protestant belief itself; and Bucer boldly declared that in the articles mutually admitted "everything requisite to a godly, righteous, and holy life before God, and in the sight of man, was comprehended."

Equally satisfied were those of the opposite party. The Bishop of Aquila calls this conference holy, and did not doubt that the reconciliation of all Christendom would result from its labors. The friends of Contarini, those who shared his opinions and sympathized with his feelings, were delighted with the progress he was making. "When I perceived this unanimity of opinions," remarks Pole, in a letter of this period to Contarini, "I was sensible to such pleasure as no harmony of sounds could have afforded me, not only because I foresee the coming of peace and union, but because these articles are in very truth the foundation of the Christian faith. They seem indeed to treat of various matters, faith, works, and justification; upon this last, however, on justification, do all the rest repose. I wish thee joy, my friend, and I thank God that on this point the divines of both parties have agreed. He who hath so mercifully begun this work will also complete it."

This, if I do not mistake, was a moment of most eventful import, not for Germany only, but for the whole world. With regard to the former, the points we have intimated tended in their consequences to change the whole ecclesiastical constitution of the land; to secure a position of increased liberty as regarded the pope, and a freedom from temporal encroachment on his part. The unity of the Church would have been maintained, and with it that of the nation. But infinitely farther than even this, would the consequences have extended. If the moderate party, from whom these attempts proceeded and by whom they were conducted, had been able to maintain the predominance in Rome and in Italy, how entirely different an aspect must the Catholic world necessarily have assumed! A result so extraordinary was, however, not to be obtained without a vehement struggle.

Whatever was resolved on at Ratisbon must be confirmed by the sanction of the pope, on the one hand, and the assent of Luther on the other; to these latter a special embassy was sent. But already many difficulties here presented themselves. Luther could not be convinced that the doctrine of justification had really taken root among Catholics; his old antagonist, Doctor Eck, he regarded, with some reason, as incorrigible, and he knew that this man had taken active part on the occasion in the articles agreed upon. Luther could see nothing but a piecemeal arrangement, made up from both systems. . . .

These articles, meanwhile, had arrived in Rome, where they awakened universal interest. The Cardinals Caraffa and San Marcello found extreme offence in the declaration respecting justification; and it was not without great difficulty that Priuli made its real import obvious to them. The pope did not express himself so decidedly as Luther had done; it was signified to the legate by Cardinal Farnese that his holiness neither accepted nor declined the conclusions arrived at, but that all others who had seen the articles thought they might have been expressed in words much clearer and more precise, if the meaning were in accordance with the Catholic faith.

But, however strenuous this theological opposition, it was neither the only, nor, perhaps, the most effectual one; there was yet another, proceeding from causes partly political.

A reconciliation, such as that contemplated, would have given an unaccustomed unity to all Germany, and would have greatly extended the power of the emperor, who would have been at no loss to avail himself of this advantage. As chief of the moderate party, he would inevitably have obtained predominant influence throughout Europe, more especially in the event of a general council. All the accustomed hostilities were necessarily awakened at the mere prospect of such a result. . . .

Suffice it to say that in Rome, France, and Germany, there arose among the enemies of Charles V., among those who either were, or appeared to be, the most zealous for Catholicism, a determined opposition to his efforts for the conciliation of differences. . . . Those who attribute the whole, or, indeed, the greater share of the blame attached to this failure to the Protestants pass beyond the limits of justice. After a certain time, the pope announced his positive will to the legate, that neither in his official capacity, nor as a private person, should he tolerate any resolution in which the Catholic faith and opinions were expressed in words admitting the possibility of ambiguous acceptation. The formula in which Contarini had thought to reconcile the conflicting opinions as to the supremacy of the pope and the power of councils was rejected at Rome unconditionally. The legate was compelled to offer explanations that seemed in flagrant contradiction to his own previous words.

After hopes so inspiriting, after a commencement so propitious, Contarini saw himself compelled to return without effecting any part of his purpose. He had wished to accompany the emperor to the Netherlands, but neither was this permitted to him. Returning to Italy, it was his lot to endure all the slanders touching his conduct, and the concessions he was charged with making to Protestantism, that from Rome had been circulated over the whole country. This was sufficiently

vexatious, but he had a loftiness of mind that rendered the failure of plans so comprehensive, and so replete with good for all, still more grievous and more permanently painful to him.

How noble and impressive was the position that moderate Catholicism had assumed in his person! But, having failed in securing its benevolent and world-embracing designs, it now became a question whether it would even maintain its own existence. In every great tendency should reside the power of vindicating its own existence, of rendering itself effectual and respected; if it be not strong enough to secure this, if it cannot achieve the mastery, its doom is inevitable; it must sink into irremediable ruin.— *History of the Popes.*

RANKIN, JEREMIAH EAMES, an American clergyman and poet; born at Thornton, N. H., in 1828. He was graduated from Middlebury College in 1848, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1854, after which he was pastor of Presbyterian and Congregational churches at Potsdam, N. Y.; St. Albans, Vt.; Lowell and Charlestown, Mass., and Washington, D. C. In 1870–78 he was a trustee of Howard University, where he was Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in 1878–84. He has written several national hymns, including *For God and Home and Native Land,* and *Keep Your Colors Flying,* and is the author of *The Bridal Ring* (1866); *Auld Scotch Mither* (1873); *Subduing Kingdoms* (1881); *The Hotel of God* (1883); *Atheism of the Heart* (1884); *Christ His Own Interpreter* (1884); *Romano More* (1886); *Ingleside Rhaims* (1887); *Hymns Pro Patria* (1889).

WIMPLIN' BURNIE.

Wimplin' burnie, whither awa',
Through the wood, an' down the fa',
Black wi' shade, an' white wi' faem,
Whither awa' sae fast frae hame?

Wood-birds on thy sparklin' brink
Dip their bills, an' thankfu' blink,
Mak' the forest-arches thrill,
Wi' their warblin' sang an' trill.

Where thy stanes are green wi' moss,
Barefit bairnies wade across —
Thrustin' i' 'ilk covert neuk,
Writhin' worm on treach'rous hook.

Clover-breathin' humane cows,
Stan' beneath the apple-boughs,
Lash their tails and chew their cud,
Knee-deep in thy coolin' flood.

Thou art glidin' smooth an' meek,
While craigs lie upon thy cheek;
Through the simmer an' the glow,
'Neath the winter an' the snow.

What's thy life, I dinna ken!
But thou art to earth an' men,
That Gude gies, the richest gift
Frae His hame within the lift.

IN DUMFRIES KIRKYARD.

In Dumfries kirkyard lies a chield
Whase e'e love kindled; loof was leal;
Proud Scotia's sons, they ken fu' weel,
Though sae lang dead,
'Tis Robert Burns; of God's own seal,
A poet made.

In Ayrshire did his mither bear him,
In Ayrshire did his daddie rear him,
Nor did the great-e'ed beasties fear him,
That dragged the plew;
The silly sheep ran fleetin' near him,
Wham well they knew.

In harvest field he swung the sickle,
O' rural pastimes had fu' meikle,
At ilk man's grief his een wad trickle,
As at his ain;
But, ah! fu' aft his will was fickle,
An' wrought man's pain.

He wooed the secret charms of Nature,
He kenned her beauties, ilka feature,
The bird, the mouse, ilk fearfu' creature,
He still befriended:
The plew-crushed daisy, he maun greet her,
Sae fair, sae ended!

How weel he sang the sacred scene
When cotter trudges hame at e'en,
An' wi his wifie, bairns, and wean,
Sae humble kneels!
Sic holy joys, the weeks atween,
His household feels.

He yielded, ah! to stormy passion;
He madly drank, as was man's fashion,
He sairly sinned, by his confession,
And suffered sair;
He sadly needed God's compassion;
Some need it mair.

Let daisies weep, larks mount abo'e him.
Let peasants come, who read and lo'e him.
Let a' eschew the fawts that slew him,
And laid him there;
While Dumfries kirkyard proud shall ha'e him,
Or rin the Ayr.

— *Ingleside Rhaims.*

RASPE, Rudolph Eric, a German scientist; born in Hanover in 1737; died at Muckross, Ireland, in 1794. In 1763 he contributed some Latin verses to the Leipsic *Nova Acta Eruditorum;* and in 1764 he was appointed secretary to the University Library at Göttingen. Here he translated Leibnitz's philosophical works, which were issued the following year. In 1766 appeared an allegorical poem on chivalry, entitled *Hermin und Gunilde.* About the same time he translated selections from *Ossian,* and published a treatise on Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry,* which first directed German attention to the rich storehouses of mediæval romance. In 1767 he became professor at the Collegium Carolinum in Cassel and keeper of the Landgrave of Hesse's rich collection of antique medals and gems. In 1772 he translated into German Altgarotti's *Treatise on Architecture, Painting, and Opera Music,* at the same time contributing papers on lithography, musical instruments, and other subjects to learned periodicals in Germany. In 1775 he removed to London, where he published *Some German Volcanoes and Their Productions,* and during the next two years he translated into English Ferber's *Mineralogical Travels in Italy and Germany* (1776), and *Baron Born's Travels Through the Bannat of Temeswar, Transylvania and Hungary* (1777), to which was added as an appendix Ferber's *Mineralogical History of Bohemia.* In 1781 he published *The Discovery of Oil Painting* and produced two prose translations; one of Lessing's *Nathan der Weise* and the other of Qachariæ's mock heroic *Tabby in Elysium.* In 1785 he undertook an archæological ex-

pedition into Egypt, and issued at Berlin his *Reise durch England,* dealing with English arts, manufactures, and industries. He obtained in 1782 the post of assay master and store-keeper of some mines at Dolcoath in Cornwall. Here he wrote in 1785, his famous *Baron Munchhausen's Narrative of his Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia.* Raspe compiled his narrative from two sources: first, the personal reminiscences of Hieronymus von Münchausen (*q.v.*), an eccentric old soldier; and, second, from gleanings in his own commonplace book from the writings of Lange's *Deliciæ Academicæ* (1665); *Von Lauterbach's Travels of the Finken Ritter,* and Heinrich Bebel's *Facetiæ Bebelianæ* (1508). In 1791 he translated Baron Born's *New Process of Amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores.* Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster gave him large sums to carry out the "New Process," when he disappeared to County Donegal. Sir Walter Scott uses the tradition to which this incident gave rise in his *Antiquary.* For selections from Raspe's *Münchausen,* see under MÜNCHAUSEN in this LIBRARY.

THE ARTS.

The arts in general and especially those which prove most useful to mankind, have ever been looked upon as great benefits to human nature for the support, the ease and embellishments of life; and it is but common justice to consider them in that light, which raises them every way above the idler speculations of sophists and philosophers.

Positive truths and realities are their objects and their pursuits, and immediate *positive* advantage is their result and reward; whereas the greater part of sciences deal only in *ideal beings,* in intellectual or sentimental objects, and in possibilities, which produce no other advantage but that of pleasing our fancy and of flushing

our self-conceited pride. The history of the arts is a very pleasing and an entertaining subject. It is desirable to the philosopher, and of great use to artists, mechanics, and merchants, for it points out to them from what small beginnings, how, where, and when the arts arose; how they were transmitted to us; by what methods, men, and revolutions they were improved; to what degree of perfection they were brought formerly, or are arrived at at present; and finally, how far they might, or ought to be improved in after years.— *From The Discovery of Oil Painting.*

RAWLINSON, George, an English Orientalist and historian; brother of Sir Henry Rawlinson; born at Chadlington, Oxfordshire, November 23, 1815; died at London, October 6, 1902. He took his degree at Oxford in 1838; became a Fellow and tutor of Exeter College; was Bampton lecturer 1859–61, and Camden Professor of Ancient History from 1861 to 1874, when he was made Canon of Canterbury Cathedral. His principal works are *Historical Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Records* (1860); *The Contrasts of Christianity with Heathenism and Judaism* (1861); *Manual of Ancient History* (1869). His great work is *Seven Great Monarchies of the Eastern World.* These are I. Chaldæa; II. Assyria; III. Media; IV. Babylonia; V. Persia; VI. Parthia; VII. The Sassanian or New Persian Empire. The History of the first five Monarchies was published from 1862 to 1867; of the sixth, in 1873, and of the last, in 1875. His *History of Phœnicia* appeared in 1890. *The Story of Ancient Egypt,* written by

Canon Rawlinson in collaboration with Arthur Gilman for the *Story of the Nations Series,* was published in 1887.

THE LAND OF THE CHALDEES.

The broad belt of desert which traverses the eastern hemisphere from west to east (or, speaking more exactly, of W. S. W. to E. N. E.), reaching from the Atlantic on the one hand nearly to the Yellow Sea on the other, is interrupted about its centre by a strip of rich vegetation, which at once breaks the continuity of the arid region and serves also to mark the point where the desert changes its character from that of a plain at a low level to that of an elevated plateau or table-land. West of the favored district, the Arabian and African wastes are seas of sand, seldom raised much above, often sinking below, the level of the ocean; while east of the same, in Persia, Kerman, Seistan, Chinese Tartary, and Mongolia, the desert consists of a series of plateaus having from 3,000 to nearly 10,000 feet of elevation.

The green and fertile region which is thus interposed between the "highland" and the "lowland" deserts participates curiously enough in both characters. Where the belt of sand is intersected by the valley of the Nile, no marked change of elevation occurs; and the continuous low desert is merely interrupted by a few miles of green and cultivated surface, the whole of which is just as smooth and as flat as the waste on either side of it. But it is otherwise at the more eastern interruption. There the verdant and productive country divides itself into two tracts running parallel to each other, of which the western presents features not unlike those that characterize the Nile valley, but on a far larger scale; while the eastern is a lofty mountain region, consisting for the most part, of five or six parallel ranges, then mounting, in many places far above the region of perpetual snow.

It is with the western, or plain tract, that we are here concerned. Between the outer limits of the Syro-Egyp-

tian desert, and at the foot of the great mountain-range of Kurdistan and Luristan, intervenes a territory long famous in the world's history, and the site of three of the seven empires of whose history, geography, and antiquities it is proposed to treat. Known to the Jews as *Aram Naharaim,* or "Syria of the Two Rivers," to the Greeks and Romans as *Mesopotamia,* or "The Between-River Country," to the Arabs as *Al-Jezireh,* or "The Island," this district has always taken its name from the streams which constitute its most striking feature, and to which, in fact, it owes its existence. If it were not for the two great rivers — the Tigris and the Euphrates — with their tributaries, the northern part of the Mesopotamian lowland would in no respect differ from the Syro-Arabian desert on which it adjoins, and which in latitude, elevation, and general geological character it exactly resembles. Toward the south the importance of the rivers is still greater; for of Lower Mesopotamia it may be said with more truth than of Egypt, that it is an "Acquired land," the actual "gift" of the two streams which wash it on either side; being, as it is, entirely a recent formation — a deposit which the streams have made in the shallow waters of a gulf into which they have flowed for many ages. . . .

The extent of ancient Chaldæa is a question of some difficulty; for the edge of the alluvium to the present coast of the Persian Gulf is a distance of above four hundred and thirty miles, while from the western shore of the Bahi-i-Nedjil to the Tigris is a direct distance of one hundred and eighty-five miles. The present area of the alluvium west of the Tigris may be estimated at about 30,000 square miles. But the extent of ancient Chaldæa can scarcely have been so great. It is certain that the alluvium at the head of the Persian Gulf now grows with extraordinary rapidity. Accurate observations have shown that the present rate of increase amounts to as much as a mile each seventy years; while it is the opinion of those best qualified to judge that the *average* progress during the historic period has been as much as a mile in every thirty years. There is ample reason for believing that at the time when the first Chal-

dæan monarchy was established, the Persian Gulf reached inland one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty miles farther than at present.

We must deduct therefore from the estimate of extent grounded upon the existing state of things a tract of land one hundred and thirty miles long and some sixty or seventy broad, which has been gained from the sea in the course of about forty centuries. This reduction will reduce Chaldæa to a kingdom of somewhat narrow limits; for it will contain no more than about 23,000 square miles. This, it is true, exceeds the area of all ancient Greece, including Thessaly, Acarnania, and the Islands; it nearly equals that of the Low Countries, to which Chaldæa presents some analogy. It is almost exactly that of the modern kingdom of Denmark; but is less than Scotland or Ireland, or Portugal or Bavaria. It is more than doubled by England, more than quadrupled by Prussia, and more than octupled by Spain, France, and European Turkey. Certainly, therefore, it was not in consequence of its size that Chaldæa became so important a country in the early ages; but rather in consequence of certain advantages of the soil, climate, and position.— *Chaldæa: The First Monarchy.*

THE RELIGION OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS.

The Iranic, Median, or Persian system of religion is a revolt from the earlier sensuous and superficial nature-worship of the country. It begins with a distinct recognition of spiritual intelligence — real Persians — with whom alone, and not with Powers, religion is concerned. It divides these intelligences into good and bad, pure and impure, benignant and malevolent. To the former it applies the term *Asuras*, "living" or "spiritual beings," in a good sense; to the latter the term *Devas*, in a bad one. It regards the "Powers" hitherto worshipped chiefly as Devas, but it excepts from this unfavorable view a certain number, and, recognizing them as *Asuras*, places them above the *Izeds*, or "angels." Thus far it has made two advances, each of great importance — the substitution of real Persians for Powers

as objects of the religious faculty, and the separation of the Persians into good and bad, pure and impure, righteous and wicked.

But it does not stop here. It proceeds to assert, in a certain sense, monotheism against polytheism. It boldly declares that at the head of the good intelligences is a single great Intelligence, Ahurô-Mazdâo, or Ormazd, the highest object of adoration, the true Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the universe. It sets before the soul a single Being as the source of all good and the proper object of the highest worship.

It has been said that this conception of Ormazd as the Supreme Being is "perfectly identical with the notion of Elohim, or Jehovah, which we find in the Old Testament." This is, no doubt, an over-statement. Ormazd is less spiritual and less awful than Jehovah. He is so predominantly the author of good things, the source of blessing and prosperity, that he could scarcely inspire his votaries with any feeling of fear. Still, this doctrine of the early Aryans is very remarkable; and its approximation to the truth sufficiently explains at once the favorable light in which its professors are viewed by the Jewish prophets, and the favorable opinion which they form of the Jewish system. Evidently the Jews and the Aryans, when they became known to one another, recognized mutually the fact that they were worshippers of the same great Being. Hence the favor of the Persians toward the Jews, and the fidelity of the Jews toward the Persians. The Lord God of the Jews being recognized as identical with Ormazd, a sympathetic feeling united the peoples. The Jews, so impatient generally of a foreign yoke, never revolted from the Persians; and the Persians, so intolerant, for the most part, of religions other than their own, respected and protected Judaism. . . .

Under the supreme God, Ormazd, the ancient Iranic system placed a number of angels. Some of these, as *Vohu-Manô,* "The Good Mind"; *Mazda,* "The Wise," and *Asha,* "The True," are scarcely distinguishable from attributes of the divinity. *Armaiti,* however, the Genius of the Earth, and *Sraosha,* an angel, are very clearly

personified. Sraosha is Ormazd's messenger; he delivers revelations, shows men the paths of happiness, and brings them the blessings which Ormazd has assigned to their share.

Another of his functions is to protect the true faith. He is called in a very special sense "the friend of Ormazd," and is employed by him not only to distribute his gifts, but also to conduct to him the souls of the faithful, when this life is over, and they enter on the celestial scene.

Armaiti is at once the Genius of the Earth and the Goddess of Piety. The early Ormazd-worshippers were agriculturists, and viewed the cultivation of the soil as a religious duty enjoined upon them by God. Hence they connected the notion of piety with earth-culture, and it was but a step from this to make a single goddess preside over the two. . . . Armaiti, further, "tells men the everlasting laws, which no one may abolish"—laws which she has learnt from converse with Ormazd himself. She is thus naturally the second object of worship to the old Zoroastrian; and converts to the religion were required to profess their faith in her in direct succession to Ormazd. From Armaiti must be carefully distinguished the *Gêus Urvâ,* or "Soul of the Earth"—a being who nearly resembles the *anima mundi* of the Greek and Roman philosophers. This spirit dwells in the Earth itself, animating it as a man's soul animates his body. . . .

The Zoroastrians were devout believers in the immortality of the soul and a conscious future existence. They taught that immediately after death the souls of men, both good and bad, proceeded together along an appointed path to "the bridge of the gatherer" (*chinvat peretu*). This was a narrow road conducting to Heaven or paradise, over which the souls of the pious alone could pass, while the wicked fell from it into the gulf below, where they found themselves in the place of punishment. The good soul was assisted across the bridge by the angel Sraosha—"the happy, well-formed, swift, tall Sraosha"—who met the weary wayfarer, and sustained his steps as he effected the difficult passage. The

prayers of his friends in this world were of much avail to the deceased, and helped him on his journey. As he entered, the archangel Vohu-manô rose from his throne, and greeted him with the words, "How happy art thou who hast come here to us from the mortality to the immortality!" Then the pious soul went joyfully onward to Ormazd, to the immortal saints, to the golden throne, to Paradise. As for the wicked, when they fell into the gulf, they found themselves in outer darkness, in the kingdom of Angrô-mainyus, where they were forced to remain and to feed upon poisoned banquets. . . .

Two phases of the early Iranic religion have been described: The first a simple and highly spiritual creed, remarkable for its distinct assertion of monotheism, its hatred of idolatry, and the strangely marked antithesis which it maintained between good and evil; the second — a natural corruption of the first — Dualistic — complicated by the importance which it ascribed to angelic beings, verging upon polytheism. It remains to give an account of a third phase into which the religion passed, in consequence of an influence exercised upon it from without by an alien system. When the Iranic nations, cramped for space in the countries east and south of the Caspian, began to push themselves farther to the west, and then to the south, they were brought into contact with various Scythic tribes, whose religion appears to have been Magism. . . .

Magism was essentially the worship of the elements — the recognition of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water as the only proper objects of human reverence. The Magi held no personal gods, and therefore naturally rejected temples, shrines, and images, as tending to encourage the notion that gods existed of a like nature with man, *i. e.,* possessing personality — living and intelligent beings. Theirs was a nature-worship, but a nature-worship of a very peculiar kind. They did not place gods over the different parts of nature, like the Greeks; they did not even personify the powers of nature, like the Hindoos; they paid their devotion to the actual material things themselves. Fire, as the most subtle and ethereal

principle, and again as the most powerful agent, attracted their highest regards; and on their fire-altars the sacred flame, generally considered to have been kindled from heaven, was kept burning uninterruptedly from year to year and from age to age by hands of priests, whose special duty it was to see that the sacred spark was never extinguished. To defile the altar by blowing the flame with one's breath was a capital offense; and to burn a corpse was regarded as an act equally odious. Next to Fire, Water was reverenced. Sacrifice was offered to rivers, lakes, and fountains. No refuse was allowed to be cast into a river, nor was it even lawful to wash one's hands in one. Reverence for earth was shown by sacrifice, and by abstention from the usual mode of burying the dead. . . .

The original spirit of Zoroastrianism was fierce and intolerant. The early Iranians abhorred idolatry, and were disinclined to tolerate any religion except that which they had themselves worked out. But with the lapse of ages this spirit became softened. By the time that the Zoroastrians were brought into contact with Magism, the fervor of their religious zeal had abated, and they were in that intermediate condition of religious faith which at once impresses and is impressed, acts upon other systems and allows itself to be acted upon. The result which supervened upon contact with Magism seems to have been a fusion, an absorption into Zoroastrianism of all the chief points of the Magian belief, and all the more remarkable of the Magian religious usages.— *Media: The Third Monarchy.*

RAWLINSON, Sir Henry Creswicke, an English Orientalist and diplomat, brother of the preceding; born at Chodlington, Oxfordshire, April 11, 1810; died at London, March 5, 1895. He entered the East India Company's army in 1827,

and held various important offices, both military and diplomatic, retiring in 1856. In 1858 he was appointed British Minister at Teheran, where he remained one year. He became a member of the Council of India in 1868, and President of the Royal Geographical Society in 1871. In 1891 he was made a baronet. He devoted his leisure to studying the Oriental languages and deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions in Nineveh and other ancient cities. In spite of many obstacles which might have daunted a man of less determination and perseverance, he copied the trilingual inscription at Behistun. As the result of his researches in this line he published works *On the Inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia* (1850); *Outline of the History of Assyria* (1852), and *England and Russia in the East* (1875). He was joint editor of *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia* (1861–70), and several other collections of inscriptions. He served in Parliament from 1865 to 1868.

RUSSIA'S POSITION IN CENTRAL ASIA.

There is a difficulty, which it would be affectation to ignore, in seizing the leading features of Russia's policy in Central Asia, and tracing in broad lines, as we should in regard to other countries, the natural course of its future progress and development; and this difficulty arises not so much from her movements being shrouded in mystery, or from any uncertainty as to their scope and direction, as from the many conflicting influences which control her policy, and which, being for the most part arbitrary and abnormal, baffle any determinate calculation. On one side, His Majesty, the Emperor, who, being at the head of a despotic government, must be supposed to have the ultimate decision on all disputed points in his hands, has repeatedly declared that he considered "extension of territory to be extension of weak-

ness," and that "he was directly opposed to any further conquests"; and in corroboration of these sentiments we know that he proposed in 1869 to restore Samarcand to Bokhárá, that in 1863 he distinctly forbade the annexation of any portion of the Khívan territory, and that still more recently he suspended the preparations for an expedition against the Turcomans. But, on the other side, all good intentions have proved in practice to be mere temporary interruptions in one uniform career of extension and aggrandizement. And, in addition to the results of our own experience, which, as we are interested parties, might be supposed to incline rather to the side of suspicion, we have further been assured by sagacious foreign observers, free from all national prejudice, but who have watched the progress of events, and who have been more or less admitted behind the scenes, that the continued advance of Russia in Central Asia is as certain as the succession of day and night, whether it be from a natural law of increase, or from the preponderating weight of the military classes, thirsting for distinction, or from the deliberate action of a government which aims at augmented power through extension in Asia, or from all these causes combined, we are told on high authority that, in spite of professions of moderation, in spite of the Emperor's really pacific tendencies, in spite even of our remonstrances and possibly our threats, Russia will continue to push on toward India until arrested by a barrier which she can neither remove nor overstep. If this programme be correct, it means of course contact and collision, and such I believe, as far as my own means of observation extend, to be the inevitable result in due course of time. The only uncertain element in the calculation seems to me to be the interval that may elapse before the crisis, an interval to be employed by us in active, but well-considered, preparation.— *England and Russia in the East, London, 1875.*

RAY, JOHN, an English naturalist; born at Black Notley, Essex, November 29, 1627; died there January 17, 1705. He was educated at Braintree and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1651 he became Greek lecturer of his college; then mathematical lecturer; then, in 1655, humanity reader. In 1658 he made a tour of Wales; and two years later he published his *Catalogus Plantarum circa Cantabrigiam Nascentium.* In 1663 he went on a tour of three years through France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and as far as Sicily and Malta. In a subsequent home tour he made a collection of local words and adages, which were inserted in his *Collection of Proverbs.* He was elected a member of the Royal Society in 1667; and the same year he translated from the Latin the *Real Character* of his friend Wilkins. His principal works, besides those already mentioned, are *Catalogus Plantaraum Angliæ et Insularum adjacentium* (1677); *Historia Plantarum Generalis* (1686); *Methodus Plantarum Nova* (1682); *Stirpium Europœarum extra Britanniam crescentium Sylloge* (1694); *Observations Made in a Journey Through Part of the Low Countries; Collection of English Words.* He also edited several zoölogical works, some of which he also translated into English; and he issued a number of works of his own on the same subject. The most important character of these last is the precise and clear method of classification which he adopted. The primary divisions of his system were founded on the structure of the heart and organs of respiration. Buffon, Linnæus, and many other naturalists have borrowed largely from Ray; and the

French have transferred him bodily into their encyclopædias. Besides his scientific writings, he has written on divinity and other subjects. His best known works are *A Collection of Proverbs* (1672); *The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of Creation* (1690); three physico-theological discourses on *Chaos, The Deluge,* and *The Dissolution of the World* (1692); *A Persuasion to a Holy Life* (1700). His *Select Remains* were published in 1760 by George Scott.

ALL THINGS NOT MADE FOR MAN.

There are infinite other creatures without this earth, which no considerate man can think were made only for man. For it seems to me highly absurd and unreasonable to think that bodies of such vast magnitude as the fixed stars were only made to twinkle to us; nay, a multitude of them there are that do not so much as twinkle, being, either by reason of their distance or their smallness, altogether invisible to the naked eye, and only discoverable by a telescope; and it is likely, perfecter telescopes than we yet have may bring to light many more; and who knows how many lie out of the ken of the best telescope that can possibly be made? And I believe there are many species in nature, even in this sublunary world, which were never taken notice of by man, and consequently no use to him, which yet we are not to think were created in vain; but may be found out by, and of use to, those who shall live after us in future ages. But though in this sense it be not true that all things were made for man, yet thus far it is, that all the creatures in the world may be some way or other useful to us, at least to exercise our wits and understanding, in considering and contemplating of them, and so afford us subject of admiring and glorifying their and our Maker. Seeing, men, we do believe and assert that all things were in some sense made for us, we are thereby obliged to make use of them for those purposes for which they serve us, else

we frustrate this end of their creation. Some reproach methinks it is to learned men that there should be so many animals still in the world whose outward shape is not yet taken notice of or described, much less their way of generation, food, manners, uses, observed.— *From The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of Creation.*

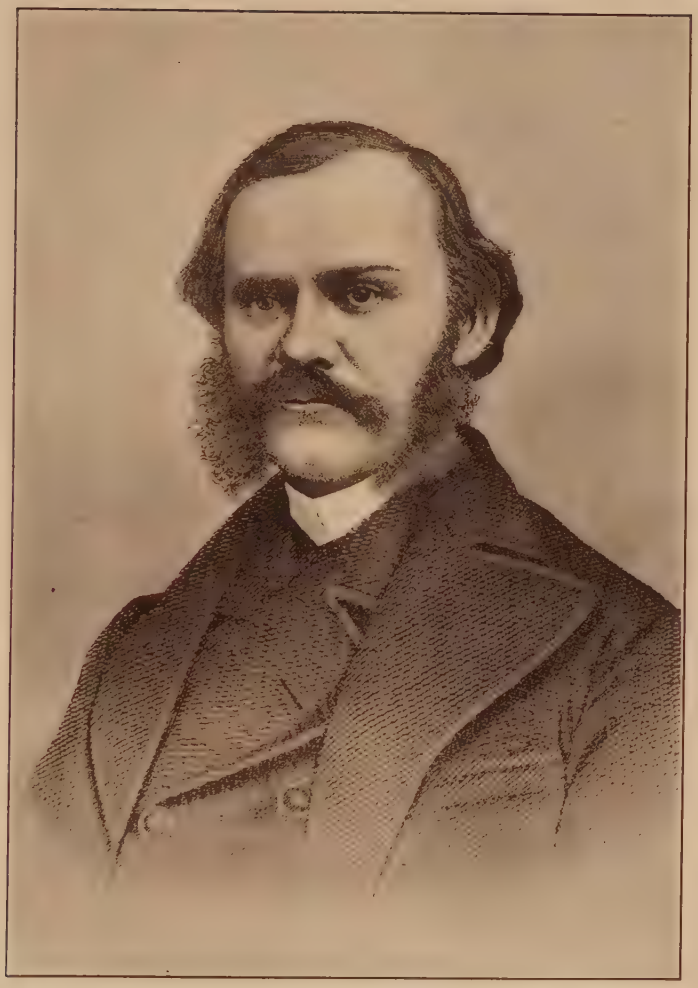
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE.

As there are few controversies more important, so there are not many that have been more curiously and warmly disputed than the question, whether a public or private life is preferable. But, perhaps, this may be much the nature of the other question, whether a married life or single ought rather to be chosen — that being best determinable by the circumstances of particular cases. For though, indefinitely speaking, one of the two may have advantages above the other, yet they are not so great but that special circumstances may make either of them more eligible to particular persons. They that find themselves furnished with abilities to serve their generation in a public capacity, and virtue great enough to resist the temptation to which such a condition is usually exposed, may not only be allowed to embrace such an employment, but obliged to seek it. But he whose parts are too mean to qualify him to govern others, and perhaps to enable him to govern himself, or manage his own private concerns, or whose graces are so weak, that it is less to his virtues, or to his ability of resisting, than to his care of shunning the occasions of sin, that he owes his escaping the guilt of it, had better deny himself some opportunities of good than expose himself to probable temptations. For there is such a kind of difference betwixt virtue shaded by a private or shining forth in a public life, as there is betwixt a candle carried aloft in the open air, and enclosed in a lanthorn; in the former place, it gives more light, but in the latter, it is in less danger of being blown out.

RAYMOND, HENRY JARVIS, an American journalist; born at Lima, N. Y., January 24, 1820; died at New York, June 18, 1869. He was graduated from the University of Vermont. He began writing for the press by contributing to the *New Yorker,* edited by Horace Greeley, and when Mr. Greeley founded the New York *Tribune,* in 1841, he was made assistant editor. From 1843 to 1851 he was on the editorial staff of the New York *Courier and Enquirer.* In 1849 he was elected to the State Legislature, and was Speaker of the Assembly in 1851 and again in 1861. In 1851 he founded the New York *Times,* which he edited until his death. He was Lieutenant-Governor of New York from 1855 to 1857, and Republican member of Congress from 1865 to 1867. He published *Political Lessons of the Revolution* (1854); *Letters to Hon. W. L. Yancey* (1860); *A History of the Administration of President Lincoln* (1864), and *Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln; with His State Papers* (1865).

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SUCCESS.

In one respect President Lincoln has achieved a wonderful success. He has maintained, through the terrible trials of his administration, a reputation, with the great body of the people, for unsullied integrity of purpose and of conduct which even Washington did not surpass, and which no President since Washington has equalled. He has had command of an army greater than that of any living monarch; he has wielded authority less restricted than that conferred by any other constitutional government; he has disbursed sums of money equal to the exchequer of any nation in the world; yet no man, of any party, believes him in any instance to have aimed



HENRY J. RAYMOND.

at his own aggrandizement, to have been actuated by personal ambition, or to have consulted any other interest than the welfare of his country, and the perpetuity of its republican form of government. This of itself is a success which may well challenge universal admiration, for it is one which is the indispensable condition of all other forms of success. No man whose public integrity was open to suspicion, no matter what might have been his abilities or his experience, could possibly have retained enough of public confidence to carry the country through such a contest as that in which we are now involved. No President suspected of seeking his own aggrandizement at the expense of his country's liberties could ever have received such enormous grants of power as were essential to the successful prosecution of this war. They were lavishly and eagerly conferred upon Mr. Lincoln, because it was known and felt everywhere that he would not abuse them. Faction has had in him no mark for its assaults. The weapons of party spirit have recoiled harmlessly from the shield of his unspotted character.

It was this unanimous confidence in the disinterested purity of his character, and in the perfect integrity of his public purposes, far more than any commanding intellectual ability, that enabled Washington to hold the faith and confidence of the American people steadfast for seven years, while they waged the unequal war required to achieve their independence. And it certainly is something more than a casual coincidence that this same element, as rare in experience as it is transcendent in importance, should have characterized the President upon whom devolves the duty of carrying the country through this second and far more important sanguinary struggle. — *History of the Administration of President Lincoln.*

HIS MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS.

No one can read Mr. Lincoln's state papers without perceiving in them a most remarkable faculty of "putting things" so as to command the attention and assent of the common people. His style of thought, as well as of

expression, is thoroughly in harmony with their habitual modes of thinking and of speaking. His intellect is keen, emphatically logical in its action, and capable of the closest and most subtle analysis: and he uses language for the sole purpose of stating, in the clearest and simplest possible form, the precise idea he wishes to convey. He has no pride of intellect — not the slightest desire for display — no thought or purpose but that of making everybody understand precisely what he believes and means to utter. And while this sacrifices the graces of style, it gains immeasurably in practical force and effect. It gives to his public papers a weight and influence with the mass of the people which no public man of this country has ever before attained. And this is heightened by the atmosphere of honor which seems to pervade his mind, and which is just as natural to it, and as attractive and softening a portion of it, as the smoky hues of Indian Summer are of the charming season to which they belong. His nature is eminently genial, and he seems to be incapable of cherishing an envenomed resentment. And although he is easily touched by whatever is painful, the elasticity of his temper and his ready sense of the humorous break the force of anxieties and responsibilities under which a man of a harder though perhaps higher nature would sink and fail. — *History of the Administration of President Lincoln.*

READ, OPIE PERCIVAL, an American journalist and novelist; born at Nashville, Tenn., December 22, 1852. He was educated at Gallatin, Tenn., and from 1878 to 1881 was editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* at Little Rock, Ark. In 1883 he founded the *Arkansas Traveler,* which he edited until 1893, when he removed to Chicago. His novels include: *Len Gansett* (1888); *Up Terrapin River*

(1889); *A Kentucky Colonel* (1890); *My Young Master* (1896); *The Jucklins* (1897); *The Colossus* (1898); *The Wives of the Prophets* (1899); *A Tennessee Judge* (1900); *In the Alamo* (1900); *Emmet Bonlore* (1901); *Our Josephine* (1902); *The Starbucks* (1903); *The Harkriders* (1904); *Turk* (1905), and *An American in New York* (1905). Several of these novels have been successfully dramatized. Mr. Read has also written many short stories illustrative of southern life and character.

POLITICS IN SIMPSON COUNTY.

Simpson County, Ky., was in a great political ferment over the approaching election of a county judge. The nominating convention was to meet on Saturday, and, on Friday night, two well-known politicians, caught in a rain storm, stopped at the house of old John Perdue. The politicians, Major Bloodgood and Colonel Noix, were sly candidates for the coveted position, so sly, in fact, that neither one knew of the schemes of the other.

After supper, while old John and his guests were sitting on the porch, talking over the coming struggle and listening to a wet katydid that held vesper services in a locust tree, old John, getting up and stretching himself, said to the major:

"Let me see you a moment, please."

The major followed him to the end of the gallery. "Major," old John whispered, "I am compelled to tell you something. You gentlemen are welcome to stay as long as you like, but ability to accommodate cannot always be measured by willingness to do so. The truth is, I have but one spare bed."

"But can't the colonel and I sleep together?" the major rejoined.

"Yes, you can, but the truth is, the colonel is awfully peculiar."

"How so?"

"Well, as rational as he appears stirring about, he's

a strange man in bed. Our families, you know, are well acquainted, and I therefore know all about him. His peculiarity comes from a scare he received when he was a child. It seems that a dog once tried to bite him; and now, just as he dozes off to sleep, he begins to growl, and unless something is done to stop him, he begins to bite fearfully."

"Humph!" the major grunted. "That's odd; but what can be done to stop him after he begins to growl?"

"Well, his brother told me how he used to work it. He always took a coarse comb to bed with him, and would rake the colonel with it when he began to growl. As strange as it may seem, it was the only thing that would quiet him. The family doctor said that a comb was somehow the only thing that would start the blood to circulating."

"That's very odd. And would it quiet him?"

"Would make him act just like a lamb. Why, he used to insist that his brother take the comb to bed with him. He don't like for anyone to mention the freakish misfortune, as he always terms it, but it would be doing him a great favor if you would take the comb to bed with you, in case he should begin to growl. I am telling you this because I am your friend; because I know that you are good timber, and especially I hope that you may secure his influence if you should desire any office. Don't you know that we always respect the man that understands our peculiarities before we are asked to explain them to him? He is sensitive that way, and if he sees that you understand him he will then know that you have had your eye on him — have held him in your mind."

"All right; you get me the comb, and I'll go through the ceremony when the time comes."

"Here's one; put it in your pocket."

They returned to the colonel, and, after a while, when the major stepped into the house to get a drink of water, the old man said:

"You and the major are good friends, I am glad to see."

"Yes," replied the colonel; "I think he is a first-rate fellow."

"Glad you like him, for he and you will have to sleep together to-night, for the fact is, I have only one spare bed."

"That will be all right, I reckon," said the colonel.

"Yes, but the truth is, the major is the most peculiar fellow you ever saw."

"In what way?"

"As a bedfellow. I was very intimate with his family and knew all about him. It seems that he had a nervous trouble when he was a boy, and could not go to sleep until someone growled like a dog. I have known him to lie tossing in bed for hours at a time, and then, when I would go to his bed and growl, he would doze off like a lamb."

"I never before heard of an affliction so strange," said the colonel.

"I either, but then it's a very easy matter to relieve him. He and a fellow named Buck Johnson were once opposing candidates for prosecuting attorney. Well, they had to sleep together one night. Buck knew of his peculiar affliction, and shortly after they went to bed Buck began to growl. The major didn't say anything that night, but the next day he withdrew from the race, declaring that he would not run against so good a man as Buck."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Yes, I do, and I know it to be a fact. I would advise you to humor him in the same way."

"I'll do so."

"Hush! he's coming back."

"We are going to have more rain, I think," said the major, as he resumed his seat.

"Yes," the colonel responded, "but I hope that will not interfere with the convention. If the attendance is large and the proceedings harmonious, the result will be of great benefit to the county."

"Who you reckon will be nominated for judge?" old John asked.

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN, an American artist and poet; born in Chester County, Pa., March 12, 1822; died at New York,, May 11, 1872. At the age of fifteen he made his way to Cincinnati, where he learned the trade of a sign-painter; and not long afterward he became a portrait-painter in the West. In 1842 he took up his residence at Boston. In 1850 and again in 1853, he went to Italy in order to study art. He returned to the United States a short time before the outbreak of the Civil War, during which he composed several patriotic ballads, one of which, *Sheridan's Ride,* became very popular. One of his best paintings is his illustration of this poem. His first volume of poems appeared in 1847. It was followed the next year by a collection of *Lays and Ballads.* A complete collection of his *Poems* was published in 1867. He possessed considerable merit as a painter, and made some not unsuccessful attempts as a sculptor. During most of the late years of his life he resided at Rome.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks,
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius's misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder — bluest of the isles —
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals.
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by —
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled:
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies;
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oils and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips,
Sings as he skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course to run,
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh, happy ship,
To rise and dip
With the blue crystal at your tip!
Oh, happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung:

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east —
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with its inverted torch;

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow — he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume —
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Regave the swords — but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
  Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
  Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped — her head was bowed;
  Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene —
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
  While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

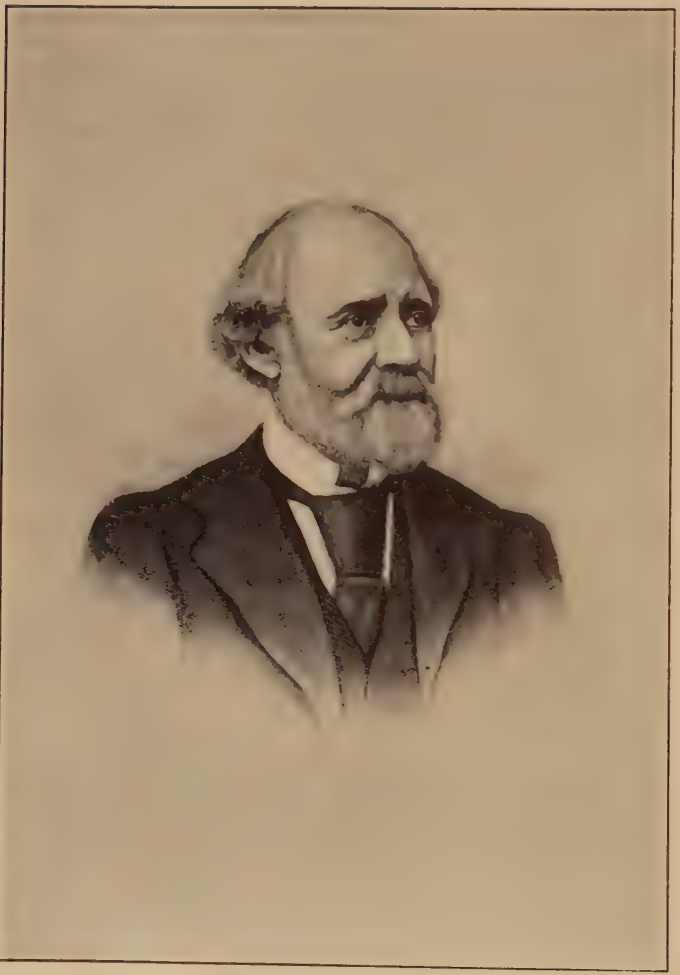
But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs thundering south
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of comet, sweeping faster and faster,

Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of ire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of defeat checked its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."
Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester — twenty miles away."



CHARLES READE.

READE, CHARLES, an English novelist and dramatist; born at Ipsden House, Oxfordshire, June 8, 1814; died at London, April 11, 1884. He took his degree at Oxford in 1840; became a Fellow of his college in 1842, and in 1843 was called to the bar, as a member of Lincoln Inn. Between 1850 and 1854 he produced several dramatic pieces. His first novel, *Peg Woffington,* appeared in 1853. His first play, *Gold,* appeared in 1850; and he subsequently wrote *Masks and Faces,* with Tom Taylor; *Christie Johnstone* (1853); *Clouds and Sunshine* and *Art* (1855); *It's Never Too Late to Mend* and *White Lies* (1856); *The Course of True Love* (1857); *Drink* (from Zola's *L'Assommoir*); *Love Me Little, Love Me Long* (1859); *The Cloister and the Hearth* (1861); *Hard Cash* (1862); *Griffith Gaunt* (1867); *Foul Play* (1868); *Put Yourself in His Place* (1870); *A Terrible Temptation* (1871); *The Wandering Heir* (1872); *A Simpleton* (1873); *A Woman Hater* (1878); *The Scuttled Ship* (with Dion Boucicault, from *Foul Play*) (1879); *A Perilous Secret* and *The Jilt and Other Tales* (1884).

TWO SCOTTISH FISHWOMEN.

"Saunders," said Lord Ibsden, "do you know what Dr. Aberford means by the lower classes?"

"Perfectly, my lord."

"Are there any about here?"

"I am sorry to say that they are everywhere, my lord."

"Get me some."

Out went Saunders, with his usual graceful *empressement,* but with an internal shrug of the shoulders. He

was absent an hour and a half; he then returned with a double expression on his face — pride at his success in diving to the very bottom of society, and contempt for what he had fished up thence. He approached his lord mysteriously, and said, *sotto voce,* but impressively. "This is low enough, my lord." Then he glided back, and ushered in, with polite disdain, two lovelier women than he had ever opened a door to in the whole course of his perfumed existence.

On their heads they wore caps of Dutch or Flemish origin, with a broad lace border, stiffened and arched over the forehead, about three inches high, leaving the brow and cheeks uncovered. They had cotton jackets on, bright red and yellow, mixed in the patterns, confined at the waist by the apron-strings but bob-tailed at the waist; short woollen petticoats with broad vertical stripes, red and white, most vivid in color; white worsted stockings, and neat though high-quartered shoes. Under their jackets they wore a thick, spotted cotton handkerchief, about one inch of which was visible round the lower part of the throat. Of their petticoats the outer one was kilted, or gathered up toward the front, and the second, of the same color, hung in the usual way.

Of these young women, one had an olive complexion, with the red blood mantling under it, and black hair and gloriously black eyebrows. The other was fair, with a massive but shapely throat, as white as milk; glossy brown hair, the loose threads of which glittered like gold; and a blue eye which, being contrasted with dark eyebrows and eyelashes, took the luminous effect peculiar to that rare beauty. Their short petticoats revealed a neat ankle and a leg with a noble swell; for nature, when she is in earnest, builds beauty on the lines of the ancient sculptors and poets, not of modern poetasters, who, with their airy-like sylphs and their want of fact in poetry as parallel beauties. These women had a grand corporeal trait; they had never known a corset! So they were straight as javelins; they could lift their hands above their heads — actually! Their supple persons moved as nature intended; every

gesture was ease, grace, and freedom. What with their own radiance, and the snowy brightness and cleanliness of their costume, they came like meteors into the apartment.

Lord Ibsden, rising gently from his seat, with the same quiet politeness with which he would have received two princes of the blood, said, "How do you do?" and smiled a welcome.

"Fine; hoow's yourself?" answered the dark lass, whose name was Jean Carnie, and whose voice was not so sweet as her face. "What'n lord are ye?" continued she. "Are ye a juke? I wad like fine to hae a crack wi' a juke."

Saunders, who knew himself the cause of the question, replied, *sotto voce*, "His lordship is a viscount."

"I dinna ken't," was Jean's remark; "but it has a bonny soond."

"What mair would ye hae?" said the fair beauty, whose name was Christie Johnstone. Then appealing to his lordship as the likeliest to know, she added: "Nobeelity is just a soond itsel, I'm tauld."

The viscount, finding himself expected to say something on a topic he had not much attended to, answered dryly: "We must ask the republicans; they are the people that give their minds to such subjects."

"And yon man," asked Jean Carnie, "is he a lord, too?"

"I am his lordship's servant," replied Saunders gravely, not without a secret misgiving whether fate had been just.

"Na, na!" replied she, not to be imposed upon. "Ye are statelier and prooder than this one!"

"I will explain," said his master. "Saunders knows his value; a servant like Saunders is rarer than an idle viscount." — *Christie Johnstone.*

A BIT OF PRISON LIFE.

The next day it was little Joseph's turn to suffer. The governor put him on a favorite crank of his, and gave him eight thousand turns to do in four hours and a half.

He knew the boy could not do it, and this was only a formula he went through previous to pillorying the lad. Josephs had been in the pillory about an hour, when it so happened that the Reverend John Jones, the chaplain of the jail, came into the yard. Seeing a group of warders at the mouth of a labor-cell, he walked up to them and there was Josephs in *peine forte et dure*.

"What's this lad's offence?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"Refractory at the crank," was the reply.

"Why, Josephs," said the reverend gentlemen, "you told me you would always do your best."

"So I do, your reverence," gasped Josephs; "but this crank's too heavy for a lad like me, and that is why I am put on it, to get punished."

"Hold your tongue!" said Hodges, roughly.

"Why is he to hold his tongue, Mr. Hodges?" said the chaplain, quietly. "How is he to answer my question if he holds his tongue? You forget yourself."

"Ugh! beg your pardon, sir; but this one has always got some excuse or other."

"What's the matter?" roared a rough voice behind the speakers. This was Hawes, who had approached them unobserved.

"He is gammoning his reverence, sir — that is all."

"What has he been saying?"

"That the crank is too heavy for him, sir; and the waistcoat is strapped too tight, it seems."

"Who says so?"

"I think so, Mr. Hawes," said Mr. Jones.

"Will you take a bit of advice, sir? If you wish a prisoner well, don't you come between him and me. It will always be the worse for him; for I am master here, and master I will be."

"Mr. Hawes," replied the chaplain, "I have never done or said anything in the prison to lessen your authority; but privately I must remonstrate with you against the uncommon severities practised upon prisoners in this jail. If you will listen to me, I shall be obliged to you; if not, I am afraid I must, as a matter of conscience, call the attention of the Visiting Justices to the question."

"Well, Parson, the Justices will be in the jail to-day; you tell them your story, and I will tell them mine," said Hawes, with a cool air of defiance.

Sure enough, at five o'clock in the afternoon two of the Visiting Justices arrived, accompanied by Mr. Wright, a young magistrate. They were met at the door by Hawes, who wore a look of delight at their appearance. They went round the prison with him, whilst he detained them in the centre of the building until he had sent Hodges secretly to undo Josephs, and set him on the crank; and here the party found him at work.

"You have been a long time on the crank, my lad," said Hawes; "you may go to your cell."

Josephs touched his cap to the governor and the gentlemen, and went off.

"That's a nice, quiet-looking boy," said one of the Justices. "What is he in for?"

"He is in this time for stealing a piece of beef out of a butcher's shop."

"This time! What, is he a hardened offender? He does not look it."

"He has been three times in prison; once for throwing stones, once for orchard-robbery, and this time for the beef."

"What a young villain! At his age ——"

"Don't say that, Williams," said Mr. Wright, dryly; "you and I were just as great villains at his age. Didn't we throw stones? Rather!"

Hawes laughed in an adulatory manner; but observing that Mr. Williams, who was a grave, pompous personage, did not smile at all, he added — "But not to do mischief like this one, I'll be bound."

"No," said Mr. Williams, with ruffled dignity.

"No!" cried the other; "where's your memory? Why, we threw stones at everything and everybody; and I suppose we did not always miss, eh! I remember your throwing a stone through the window of a place of worship. I say, was it a Wesleyan shop or a Baptist? for I forget. Never mind; you had a fit of orthodoxy. What was the young villain's second offence?"

"Robbing an orchard, sir."

"The scoundrel! Robbing an orchard! Oh, what sweet reminiscences those words recall! I say, Williams, do you remember us two robbing Farmer Harris's orchard?"

"I remember your robbing it, and my character suffering for it."

"I don't remember that; but I remember my climbing the pear-tree, and flinging the pears down, and finding them all grabbed up on my descent. What is the young villain's third offence? Oh, snapping a bit of beef off a counter. Ah! we never did that — because we could always get it without stealing it."

With that, Mr. Wright strolled away from the others, having had what the jocose wretch used to call "a slap at humbug." His absence was a relief to the others. They did not come there to utter sense in jest, but to jest in sober earnest. Mr. Williams hinted as much; and Hawes, whose cue it was to assent in everything to the Justices, brightened his face at the remark.

"Will you visit the cells, gentlemen?" said he, with an accent of cordial invitation, "or inspect the book first?"

They gave precedence to the first. By "the book" was meant the log-book of the jail. In it the governor was required to report for the Justices and the Home Office all jail events a little out of the usual routine. For-instance, all punishments of prisoners, all considerable sickness and deaths, and their supposed causes, etc., etc.

"This Josephs seems to be an ill-conditioned fellow; he is often down for punishment."

"Yes, he hates work. About Gillies, sir" — ringing his bell, and pretending it was by accident.

"Yes! How old is he?"

"Thirteen."

"Is this his first offence?"

"Not by a good many. I think, gentlemen, if you were to order him a flogging, it would be better for him in the end."

"Well, give him twenty lashes; eh, Palmer?"

Mr. Palmer assented by nod.

The Justices then went around the cells, accompanied

by Hawes. They asked several prisoners if they were well and contented. The men answered to please Hawes, whose eye was fixed on them, and in whose power they felt they were. All expressed their content; some in tones so languid and empty of heart, that none but Justice Shallow could have helped seeing through the humbug. Others did their business better, and not a few overdid it. They thanked heaven that they had been pulled up short in an evil career that must have ended in their ruin, body and soul. The jail-birds who piped this tune were without exception the desperate cases at this moral hospital — old offenders — hardened criminals who meant to rob and kill and deceive to their dying day. While in prison, their game was to make themselves as comfortable as they could. Hawes could make them uncomfortable. Under these circumstances, to lie came on the instant as natural to them as to rob would have come had some power transported them instantly outside the prison doors, with these words of penitence on their lips. — *It's Never Too Late to Mend.*

REALF, RICHARD, an Anglo-American poet; born at Framfield, Sussex, England, June 14, 1834; died at Oakland, Cal., October 28, 1878. Born of good but humble parentage, reared and educated through the munificence of a wealthy friend of the family, amid cultured surroundings, he removed to New York in 1854, and took a position at the Five Points House of Industry. His sympathies were enlisted in the anti-slavery cause, and, in 1855, he went to Kansas as a newspaper correspondent, writing for the New York *Tribune* and other journals. In 1857 he joined the then embryonic John Brown movement. He was a member of the famous Chatham convention,

and then went to England and France to lecture for the benefit of the movement. During his absence the tragedy of Harper's Ferry occurred. A couple of months spent in a "Shaker" village in the West, preaching and lecturing, brought the poet to an exalted, patriotic state of mind which led him to enlist in the Union army. He served, in the 88th Illinois Regiment, participated in the campaigns of Perryville, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, and Atlanta, and was commended a number of times for gallantry.

Just prior to the war Realf married Miss Sophie E. Graves, a Maine lady. While at the front, report reached him of his wife's death. After the war, in what he himself calls a moment of mental aberration, he married, in Rochester, N. Y., Catharine Cassidy, who proved his nemesis. On coming to himself he began proceedings for divorce, and thought he had secured one, and married a third time. The decree of divorce, however, was set aside by a higher court, and Realf found himself a bigamist, with his Rochester wife pursuing him vindictively. To further aggravate his misery he then learned that his first and real wife was still living. The strain of all this, together with hard work necessary to provide for the four children by his third wife, beggared him and broke down his health. He went to a hospital and from there, penniless and almost friendless, managed to get to San Francisco, where, through the influence of friends, he secured an appointment in the United States mint. His Rochester wife, learning of his whereabouts, reached San Francisco in pursuit of him, in 1878, and on October 28, the poet was found in his bed cold in death, with a bottle of laudanum at his side. Beside his body was found this poem, one of

the most wonderful of his compositions. The last stanza was in pencil, and was added evidently after he had prepared to die.

THE SUICIDE'S FAREWELL.

I.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum!" When
For me the end has come, and I am dead,
And little, voluble, chattering daws of men
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said,
By some one brave enough to speak the truth:
"Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong."
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth,
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart
He wrought for liberty; until his own wound
(He had been stabbed), concealed with painful art,
Through wasting years, mastered him, and he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now.
With that word "Failure" written on his brow.

II.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage
Of the world's deft lackeys, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the poets — for he was
Born unto singing — and a burthen lay
Mightily upon him, and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter to the day
What God taught him in the night. Sometimes, nathless,
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress
And benedictions from black pits of shame,
And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
And a great Hand that led him unawares.

III.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With thick films — silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips,
But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb.
And all His arching skies were in eclipse.
He was aweary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light,
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet —
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

A collection of Realf's *Poems,* edited by R. J. Hinton, was published in 1899.

INDIRECTION.

I.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle
suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps
it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes
it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ but the meaning outmas-
tered the meter.

II.

Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth the
growing;
Never a river that flows but a majesty scepters the
flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared but a stronger than he
did enfold him,

Nor ever a prophet foretells but a mightier seer hath
foretold him.

III.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and
hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is
bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the
revealing.

IV.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is sym-
boled is greater;
Vast to create and behold, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sounds broods the silence, back of the gift
stands the giving;
Back of the hands that receive thrill the sensitive nerves
of receiving.

V.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone, by the
doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart
of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from
the heights where those shine
Twin voices and shadows swim starward and the essence
of life is divine.

REDPATH, JAMES, an Anglo-American journalist; born at Berwick-on-Tweed, England, August 14, 1833; died at New York, February 10, 1891. In 1848 he removed to the United States and in 1852, became connected with the New York *Tribune*. In 1855 he went to Kansas, where he participated in the Free Soil movement, and became a friend and companion of John Brown of Ossawatomie fame. During the Civil war he served as war correspondent for the *Tribune* and other newspapers. In 1868 he organized the Redpath Lyceum Bureau in Boston, but later resumed editorial work upon the *Tribune*. In 1886 he was attached to the staff of the *North American Review*. He assisted Jefferson Davis in preparing the *History of the Southern Confederacy*, and wrote among other works, *The Roving Editor* (1859); *Public Life of Captain John Brown* (1860), and *Talks About Ireland* (1881).

JOHN BROWN IN KANSAS.

Thus far John Brown's action has been exclusively *defensive;* even according to the usual but unjust definition of the word. He had never struck a blow but in defence of a threatened party. He had fought against the invaders of Free Soil, but never yet invaded a slave country.

We are now to see him acting as an aggressor — if we accept the popular interpretation of the phrase. Rather, in truth, we are now to see him as a defender of the faith delivered to the fathers. For error is always an innovater — ever an aggression. It has supplanted and fills the place that God intended for the truth. Hence the radical reformer is the only conservative; and the monomaniac is the man who supports any untrue thing, whether creed, party, church, or civil institution.

The North says that slavery is a wrong. Why not, then, destroy it? The Constitution, the Union, Federal laws, State rights, it answers; refusing to believe that no real good can be gained by nourishing a gigantic wrong.

When John Brown walked, he neither turned to the right nor left. With a solemn, earnest countenance, he moved straight on, and every one he met made way for him. So in his ideas. He felt that he was sent here, into this earnest world of ours, not to eat, and sleep, and dress, and die merely, but for a divinely pre-appointed purpose — to see justice done, to help the defenceless, to clear God's earth of the Devil's lies, in the shortest time and at any cost.

He looked over the American field, and saw a huge embodied falsehood there; a magazine of all manner of ungodliness — the sum of all villanies. He heard people call it slavery, and regret its existence; others style it the peculiar institution, and hope that it might finally disappear. Others he heard loudly cursing it, but not one grappling with it. He was amazed at what he saw and heard; and, when he said so, people called him a monomaniac. He saw some afraid to assail it, because it was guarded by two lions in the way — called the Union, and the Constitution; while others, seeing the cotton that it belched from its mouth, were so pleased with that performance, that they would not look behind the bales. Some he saw bound with chains of policy, and others with the menacles of non-resistance. But not one living, dreadfully-in-earnest foe among them all!

That is what he saw, or thought he saw. Perhaps, had he seen the hidden mines that some men were digging, he would have changed his opinion of the value of their labor; but even had he known it, as he was not a miner, but a fighter on the earth, he still would have acted as he did act. He marched straight ahead, trampling under foot the rotten stubble of unjust laws and constitutions, that stood between him and his foe. It is true that he finally fell among them; but not before he proved how very powerful they are to resist a MAN.— *Public Life of Captain John Brown.*

REED, MYRTLE, an American novelist and poet; born at Chicago, Ill., September 27, 1874. Her published works include *Love Letters of a Musician* (1899); *Later Love Letters of a Musician* (1900); *The Spinster Book* (1901); *Lavender and Old Lace* (1902); and *At the Sign of the Jack O' Lantern* (1905).

AFTERMATH.

The reapers sing amid the ripened grain,
While in the Autumn sun the sickles gleam,
And far afield the silken poppies seem
To spread their splendid scarlet all in vain;
The harvest moon swings slowly up again,
In majesty resplendent and supreme;
Then, like the far, faint darkness of a dream,
A purple twilight comes upon the plain.

Down in the stubble, silvery cobwebs shine,
As if, in answer to September's kiss,
A strange and ghostly beauty Earth should yield;
And, if Death should divide thy love from mine,
Upon my life must come a peace like this —
The memory of the harvest on the field.

— *The Smart Set.*

THE YEAR OF MY HEART.

A sigh for Spring, full-flowered, promised Spring,
Laid on the tender earth, and those dear days
When apple blossoms gleamed against the blue!
Ah, how the world of joyous robins sang:
"I love but you, Sweetheart, I love but you!"

A sigh for Summer fled. In warm, sweet air
Her thousand singers sped on shining wing;
And all the inward life of budding grain

Throbbed with a thousand pulses, while I clung
To you, my Sweet, with passion near to pain.

A sigh for Autumn past. The garnered fields
Lie desolate to-day. My heart is chill
As with a sense of dread; and on the shore
The waves beat gray and cold, and seem to say:
"No more, oh waiting soul, oh nevermore!"

A sigh for winter come. No singing bird
Nor harvest field is near the path I tread;
An empty husk is all I have to keep.
The largess of my giving left me bare,
And I ask God but for His Lethe — sleep.

— *The Critic.*

REID, THOMAS MAYNE, a British novelist; born at Ballyroney, Ireland, April 4, 1818; died at London, October 22, 1883. He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and was educated with a view to the ministry; but, having determined upon a more active and adventurous life, he sailed for America at the age of twenty. Landing at New Orleans, he made his way to Mexico, went upon trading excursions up the Red River, then ascended the Missouri, and at one time or another visited almost every part of North America, finally taking up his residence at Philadelphia, where he engaged in literary pursuits. When the war with Mexico broke out, he entered the United States service, was severely wounded at Chapultepec, and received the brevet rank of captain. In 1849 he sailed for Europe, with the purpose of joining the Hungarians in their

struggle with Austria; but on reaching Paris he found that the war was over, and he went to London, where he entered upon a successful career as writer of stories for boys. His numerous tales are replete with adventure; but a leading purpose is to describe the regions where the scene is laid — their physical features, inhabitants, and natural history. Among his tales are *The Rifle Ranger* (1849); *Scalp Hunters* (1850); *Boy Hunters* (1853); *Young Voyagers* (1854); *Bush-Boys* (1856); *Osceola* (1858); *Ran Away to Sea* (1861); *The Maroon* (1862); *The Cliff-Climbers* (1864); *The Castaways* (1870); *The Flag of Distress* (1876).

FRIGHTENED BY A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

A dark mass — in form like a quadruped, but one of gigantic size — could be seen going off in the direction of the lake. It moved in majestic silence; but it could have been no shadow; for, in crossing the stream, near the point where it debouched into the lake, the plashing of its feet could be heard as it waded through the water, and eddies could be seen upon the calm surface. A simple shadow would not have made such a commotion as that.

"Sahib," said Ossaroo, in a tone of mysterious gravity, "he be one of two ting. He eider be de god Brahma or —"

"Or what?" demanded Caspar.

"An ole rogue."

"An old rogue?" said Caspar, repeating the words of the shikaree. "What do you mean by that, Ossy?"

"What you Feringhee, Sahib, call rogue elephant."

"Oh, an elephant?" echoed Karl and Caspar, both considerably relieved at this natural explanation of what had appeared so like a supernatural apparition.

"Certainly the thing looked like one," continued Caspar.

"But how could an elephant enter this valley?"

Ossaroo could not answer this question. He was himself equally puzzled by the appearance of the huge quadruped, and still rather inclined to the belief that it was one of his trinity of Brahmanese gods that had for the nonce assumed the elephantine form. For that reason he made no attempt to explain the presence of such an animal in the valley.

"It is possible for one to have come up hither from the lower country," remarked Karl, reflectively.

"But how could he get into the valley?" again inquired Caspar.

"In the same way we got in ourselves," was Karl's reply; "up the glacier, and through the gorge."

"But the crevasse that hinders us from getting out? You forget that, brother. An elephant could no more cross it than he could fly; surely not."

"Surely not," rejoined Karl. "I did not say that he could have crossed the crevasse."

"Oh, you mean that he may have come up here before we did."

"Exactly so. If it be an elephant we have seen — and what else can it be?" pursued Karl, no longer yielding to a belief in the supernatural character of their nocturnal visitant; "it must, of course, have got into the valley before us. The wonder is our having seen no signs of such an animal before. You, Caspar, have been about more than any of us. Did you never, in your rambles, observe anything like an elephant's track?"

"Never. It never occurred to me to look for such a thing. Who would have thought of a great elephant having climbed up here? One would fancy such an unwieldly creature quite incapable of ascending a mountain."

"Ah! there you would have been in error; for, singular as it may appear, the elephant is a wonderful climber, and can make his way almost anywhere that a man can go. It is a fact that in the island of Ceylon the wild elephants are often found upon the top of Adam's Peak, to scale which is trying to the nerves of the stoutest travellers. It would not be surprising to

find one here. Rather, I may say, it *is* not; for now I feel certain that what we have just seen is an elephant, since it can be nothing else. He may have entered the valley before us, by straying up the glacier as we did, and crossing the chasm by the rock-bridge — which I know he could have done as well as we. Or else," continued Karl, in his endeavor to account for the presence of the huge creature, "he may have come here long ago, even before there was any crevasse. What is there impossible in his having been here many years — perhaps all his life? And that may be a hundred years or more."

"I thought," said Caspar, "that elephants were only found on the plains, where the vegetation is tropical and luxuriant."

"That is another popular error," replied Karl. "So far from affecting tropical plains, the elephant prefers to dwell high up on the mountain; and whenever he has the opportunity, he climbs thither. He likes a moderately cool atmosphere, where he may be less persecuted by flies and other troublesome insects; since, notwithstanding his great strength, and the thickness of his hide, so small an animal as a fly can give him the greatest annoyance. Like the tiger, he is by no means an exclusively tropical animal; but can live, and thrive, too, in a cool, elevated region, and in a high latitude of the temperate zone."

Karl again expressed surprise that none of them had before that time observed any traces of this gigantic quadruped that must have been their neighbor ever since the commencement of their involuntary residence in the valley. Of course the surprise was fully shared by Caspar. Ossaroo participated in it, but only to a very slight degree. The shikaree was still inclined toward indulging in his superstitious belief that the creature they had seen was not of the earth, but some apparition of Brahma or Vishnu.

Without attempting to combat this absurd fancy, his companions continued to search for an explanation of the strange circumstances of their not having sooner encountered the elephant. . . .

All three remained awake for more than an hour; but as the object of their speculations appeared to have gone altogether away, they gradually came to the conclusion that he was not going to return, at least for that night; and their confidence being thus restored, they once more betook themselves to sleep, resolved in the future to keep a sharp lookout for the dangerous neighbor that had so unexpectedly presented himself to their view.—*The Cliff-Climbers.*

REID, WHITELAW, an American journalist, statesman and diplomat; born at Xenia, Ohio, October 27, 1837. He was graduated from Miami University in 1856; and began his journalistic career as editor of the Xenia *News,* in 1858–9. In 1860 he became a reporter for the Cincinnati *Gazette,* in 1861–2 was war correspondent, and later Washington correspondent for the same paper. The brilliancy and accuracy of his war reports attracted considerable attention among newspaper men. He was aide-de-camp on the staff of General Morris and General Rosecrans in West Virginia. In 1863–6 he was librarian of the House of Representatives and after the war spent some time on a cotton plantation in Corcordia Parish, La. In 1868 he joined the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune;* in 1869 became managing editor; and in 1872 editor-in-chief. Under his management the *Tribune* has come to rank among the leading papers of the city in the trustworthiness of its news reports. He twice declined an appointment as Minister to Germany, was Minister to France in 1889–92 and negotiated important reciprocity treaties, and in 1892 was

the unsuccessful Republican candidate for Vice-President. He was the special ambassador from the United States to Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1897; was a member of the American-Spanish peace commission in Paris in 1898; and was special ambassador at the coronation of Edward VII. in 1902. He has been a regent of the University of New York since 1878. In 1905 he was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James.

He has written: *After the War, a Southern Tour* (1867); *Ohio in the War* (1868), an important contribution to the local history of the State; *Schools of Journalism* (1870); *The Scholar in Politics* (1873); *Newspaper Tendencies* (1874); *Town Hall Suggestions* (1881); *Two Speeches at the Queen's Jubilee* (1897); *Some Consequences of the Late Treaty of Paris* (1899); *Our New Duties* (1899); *A Continental Union* (1900); *Our New Interests* (1900); and *Problems of Expansion* (1900).

THE DUTY OF AN AMBASSADOR.

The work of speechmaking is not the chief duty for which the country sends out its Ambassador. There are graver tasks, and by the record as to them the final judgment is made up. We have long been admirably served in London. Nevertheless, Reverdy Johnson and James Russell Lowell and Edward J. Phelps and Robert T. Lincoln and Thomas F. Bayard, and then the man who passed from the Ambassadorship to the front rank of modern Secretaries, John Hay, and now our laurelled and radiant Choate, not to speak of others,— all men I have been proud to claim as my friends, and the least of whom, if there is a least among them, I am grateful to be thought not wholly unworthy to follow,— all, more or less in spite of themselves, drifted into becoming known as occasional and always successful speechmakers.

Yet the brilliancy of the whole distinguished array has not dimmed the fame of the silent Benjamin Franklin, Agent in London for the Colonies, or of those earlier Ministers for the Republic, John Jay and Charles Francis Adams — the one of whom by a great and unpopular act of statesmanship helped the tottering infant nation to its feet, while the other guarded it with austere fidelity and splendid success throughout as great dangers as it has encountered since Valley Forge. And now, can any one of you at the moment recall a notable public speech either of them ever made in the whole course of his diplomatic career? Verily, I say unto you, an Ambassador cannot live on speeches alone!

At the dinner of the Gridiron Club in Washington last winter a newspaper man was placed under hypnotic influence, told that he was the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and instructed to make an after dinner speech for a London banquet. He promptly began: "Gentlemen, blood is thicker than water. Oh, how we love our kinsfolk in the land of our ancestors! Hands across the sea. Common language, common blood, common literature, the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race. We are brothers all. Three cheers for the King!"

Well, gentlemen, those are good phrases. We have heard them before. We may have used some of them ourselves — in fact, I think I have. They were right, and there is no harm in using them again. But as means for persuading the people of the two countries to mutual good will they have served their purpose and have ceased to-day to be a part of the working tools of diplomacy on either side of the Atlantic. There was a time in our own history when some of us thought a Philadelphia arm in arm convention a useful object lesson. In that day and under those circumstances it did serve its purpose. But nobody thinks it needful now to see South Carolina and Massachusetts delegates walking arm in arm into a national assemblage, in order to be convinced that they feel and know they belong to the same undissolved and indissoluble Union. So nobody needs now to be told of clasping hands across the seas, or of common blood, or a common literature, to know that Great Britain and the United States,

in the nature of things, do inevitably sustain peculiar relations to each other not held by either with any other nation, that they are now on very good terms, better than for over a century, and that from this time on the better they know each other and the more frequent and intimate their intercourse the better and more durable will be their good understanding.

Some one spoke the other day of the duty of our Embassy as consisting merely in "jollying the English." In so far as this means that whenever an Ambassador has to say anything he should say a friendly thing if he can, the remark is well enough. Surely the meanest disposition in the world is that which grudges uttering the truth because it may be pleasant to others to hear it.

But there is a duty of an Ambassador more important even than promoting good will — highly important as we all consider that to be. The very people and government to whom he is sent would recognize the superior and imperative nature of this other duty. An Ambassador is sent to look after the interests *of his own country*. Happy his lot if the interests of the country that sends him and those of the country to which he is sent are not conflicting. That is an ideal state very nearly approached in this case at this moment, but not to be counted on anywhere definitely as a permanence. If, unhappily, these interests are ever found to conflict, the most injurious and the most treacherous fault an Ambassador can commit is to sacrifice or imperil the interests of his own country, whether merely through a judgment warped by the subtle influence of his foreign associations, or in the deliberate and sordid hope of remaining persona grata in the country in which he temporarily resides.

We are sometimes liable to a curious self-deception in such matters. We assume that a man is necessarily succeeding when the country to which he is sent praises him. It is, of course, most agreeable to us to hear such praise; yet we never base our estimate of any other agent's success in the agreements we send him to make for us entirely on the pleasure the other side shows about his work. Long ago one heard of diplomatic servants enshrined in the popular regard at home because of a for-

eign approval which found no echo in the secret records of the State Department. We can never afford to lose sight of two facts about the real business of our Ambassadors — that their first duty is to look after the interests of their own country, and that the greatest of these interests is, now and always, peace — the peace of justice.

With all our modern improvements our diplomacy has no better standards yet than those set by John Jay and Charles Francis Adams. Neither was exactly a "jollier," and perhaps neither was at the moment exuberantly popular in the capital to which he was accredited. But they retired with the sincere respect of both countries, deserve to be honorably remembered in the annals of both and are sure at least of lasting names and the gratitude of coming generations in the land they served.

It was a happy and illuminating phrase of our great Secretary of State when, in a humorous vein, he told us that our foreign policy consists chiefly in the Golden Rule and the Monroe Doctrine. It requires but another word, in fact, to make it completely comprehensive. To the Golden Rule and the Monroe Doctrine we need only add the Dix Doctrine to sum up the whole body of State Department instructions for our dealings with foreign nations. No one here, no New-Yorker, no American, ever forgets the Dix Doctrine. "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Neither that nor the Monroe Doctrine is international law, but both are sure to remain, indefinitely, fundamental parts of American international policy, and when you illumine both by the Golden Rule you have set forth what I firmly believe is the sincere and devout wish of the United States with regard to all its foreign relations and the work of all its representatives in the diplomatic service. Our use for the big stick is much the same as that of the quiet citizen — to keep off footpads and the dogs. We covet no nation's lands or other possessions. We seek only to preserve and protect our own. We have a passionate preference, manifested on all suitable occasions through more than half a century, for doing this whenever practicable by international arbitration rather than by war. We sincerely wish the prosperity and advancing freedom of all; and I fully

believe we are to-day, from Atlantic to Pacific, and from President to humblest citizen, as peace loving a nation as exists in the world.— *Speech Before the New York Republican Club May 23, 1905.*

RENAN, Joseph Ernest, a French philologist, philosopher and historian; born at Tréguier, Côte-de-Nord, January 27, 1823; died at Paris, October 2, 1892. He entered the Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, but devoted himself to Oriental philology and philosophy, rather than to theology. In 1848 he gained the Volney prize for an essay on the Semitic languages; in 1849 he published an essay on the Greek language during the Middle Ages which was "crowned" by the Institute, and he was sent to Italy by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, to make certain archæological investigations. In 1852 he was placed in charge of the department of manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale. In 1860 he was sent by the Government upon a literary mission to Syria. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Hebrew in the Collège de France, but his inaugural address so deeply offended the religious feeling of the clergy that it was not considered advisable that he should hold this professorship. In 1863 he published his *Life of Jesus,* the best known of all his works, and also embodied in his *History of the Origins of Christianity,* which, ultimately extending to seven volumes, was not completed until 1882. M. Renan's works cover a great variety of subjects, and have occasioned much hostile criticism on account of their alleged anti-

JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN.

Christian character. Notwithstanding the theological opposition to him, he was in 1881 chosen Director of the French Academy, and in 1883 was made Vice-Rector of the Collège de France. In 1883 he published his *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse,* in which he sets forth the reasons which led him to separate himself from the Catholic Church, although claiming still to be "a moral disciple of Jesus." M. Renan's latest works are *L'Histoire du Peuple d'Israel* (1887); *L'Avenir de la Science* (1890); *Feuilles Détachées* (1892), and *Recollections and Letters* (1892).

He was the acknowledged leader of the school of critical philosophy in France.

THE TRUE KINGDOM OF GOD.

By an exceptional destiny pure Christianity still presents itself, at the end of eighteen centuries, with the character of a universal and eternal religion. It is because the religion of Jesus is, in fact, in some respects, the final religion; the fruit of a perfectly spontaneous movement of souls. Free at its birth from every dogmatic restraint, having struggled three hundred years for liberty of conscience, Christianity, in spite of the falls which followed, still gathers the fruits of this surpassing origin. To renew itself it has only to turn to the Gospel. The kingdom of God, as we conceive it, is widely different from the supernatural apparition which the first Christians expected to see burst forth in the clouds. But the sentiment which Jesus introduced into the world is really ours. His perfect idealism is the highest rule of unworldly and virtuous life. He has created that heaven of free souls in which is found what we ask in vain on earth — the perfect nobility of the children of God, absolute purity, total abstraction from the contamination of the world; that freedom, in short, which material society shuts out as an impossibility, and which finds all its amplitude only in the domain of

thought. The great Master of those who take refuge in this kingdom of God is Jesus still. He first proclaimed the kingliness of the Spirit; he first said, at least by his acts, "My kingdom is not of this world." After him there is nothing more but to develop and fructify.

CHRISTIANITY AND RELIGION.

"Christianity" has thus become almost synonymous with "Religion." All that may be done outside of this great and good Christian tradition will be sterile. Jesus founded religion on Humanity, as Socrates founded philosophy, as Aristotle founded science. There had been philosophers before Socrates, and science before Aristotle. Since Socrates and Aristotle philosophy and science have made immense progress; but all has been built upon the foundations which they laid. And so before Jesus religion had passed through many revolutions; since Jesus it has made many conquests; nevertheless it has not departed — it will not depart — from the essential condition which Jesus created. He has fixed for eternity the idea of true worship. The religion of Jesus, in this sense, is not limited. Jesus founded the absolute religion, excluding nothing, determining nothing save its own essence. His symbols are not fixed dogmas, but images susceptible of indefinite interpretations. We should seek vainly in the Gospels for a theological proposition. Whatever may be the transformation of dogmas, Jesus will remain in religion the creator of its pure sentiment. The Sermon on the Mount will never be surpassed. No revolution will lead us not to join in religion the grand intellectual and moral line at the head of which beams the name of Jesus. In this sense we are Christians, even though we separate upon almost all points from the Christian tradition which has preceded us.— *The Life of Jesus.*

REPPLIER, AGNES, an American critic and essayist; born at Philadelphia, Pa., April 1, 1855. She was educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Torresdale. She early began to write for the literary magazines and became well known as an essayist. Her work is characterized by lightness of touch and a keen sense of the humorous side of things. She has published *Books and Men* (1888); *Points of View* (1892); *In the Dozy Hours* (1893); *Essays in Idleness* (1894); *Essays in Miniature* (1895); *Varia* (1897); *Philadelphia: the Place and the People* (1898); *The Fireside Sphinx* (1901); *A Book of Famous Verse* (1902); *Compromises* (1904), and *In Our Convent Days* (1905).

ON THE CONDESCENSION OF BORROWERS.

"I lent my umbrella," said my friend, "to my cousin Maria. I was compelled to lend it to her, because she could not leave my house in the rain without it. I was attached to that umbrella, and I tried to make it as clear as the amenities of language permitted that I expected it returned. Maria said patronizingly that she hated to have strange umbrellas littering the house, which gave me a momentary gleam of hope. Two months later I saw it in the hands of her ten-year-old son, who was being marshalled with his brothers and sisters to dancing school. In the first joyful flash of recognition, I ventured to observe 'Oswald, that is my umbrella you are carrying;' whereupon Maria said still more patronizingly than before: 'Oh! yes, don't you remember?' (as if reproaching me for my forgetfulness), 'you gave it to me that Saturday I lunched with you and it rained so hard. The boys use it for school. Where there are children, you can't have too many old umbrellas on hand. They lose them so fast.' She spoke," said my friend im-

pressively, "as if she were harboring my umbrella from pure kindness of heart, and because she did not like to hurt my feelings by sending it back to me. She made a virtue of giving it shelter."

This is the splendid arrogance which has placed the borrower, as Charles Lamb discovered long ago, among the great ones of the earth, among those whom their brethren serve. Lamb loved to contrast the "instinctive sovereignty," the open, generous bonhomie of the man who borrows with the "lean and suspicious" aspect of the man who lends. He stood lost in admiration before the great borrowers of the world,— Alcibiades, Falstaff, Steele and Sheridan; an incomparable quartette, to which Leigh Hunt would make a worthy fifth. Indeed, all the characteristic qualities of the race were united in Leigh Hunt, as in no other single representative. Falstaff was the prince of good fellows. So was Sheridan, and a wit to boot. Steele was the most lovable of men. But Leigh Hunt combined in the happiest manner a readiness to extract favors with a confirmed habit of never acknowledging the smallest obligation for them. He is a shining example of the condescending borrower, of the man who permits his friends to relieve his necessities as a pleasure to themselves, who rides lightly through deep currents on other people's shoulders, and who never dreams of gratitude or loyalty. It would be interesting to calculate the amount of money which Leigh Hunt's acquaintances contributed to his support in life. Shelley, we know, gave him at one time fourteen hundred pounds, an amount the poet could ill spare, but which was instantly swallowed up in a misty ocean of liabilities. Lord Byron, generous at first, wearied of his position in Hunt's commissariat, and definitely withdrew. His withdrawal was doubtless inconvenient, and has been sharply criticised. For some reason, never legitimately explained, Byron's friends always held themselves entitled to dispose of his income. If they did not want it themselves, they knew of others who did. When *The Siege of Corinth* was published, Rogers and Sir James Mackintosh wrote him genially, proposing that he should give six hundred pounds — two-thirds of the purchase money

— to William Godwin, who was then — as ever — "in difficulties." Byron, being in difficulties himself, paid his own debts instead of Godwin's, and was branded as mercenary forever.

These are the magnificent aspects of borrowing, its splendid insolences, its stately condescensions. The same spirit holds good in trivial matters, in the inconspicuous appropriation of umbrellas, walking-sticks, and books. The library of Lucullus was, we are told, "open to all," and it would be interesting to know how many precious manuscripts remained in his possession. Richard Heber, that most princely of collectors, so well understood the perils of his position that he met them bravely by buying three copies of every book,— one for show, one for use, and one for the service of his friends. The position of the show book seems rather melancholy, but perhaps it replaced in time the borrowed volume. Heber's generosity has been nobly praised by Scott, who contrasts the hard-heartedness of other bibliophiles, those "gripple" owners who preferred holding on to their treasures, with his friend's careless liberality.

> "Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
> Delight, amusement, science, art,
> To every ear and eye impart.
> Yet who, of all who thus employ them,
> Can, like the owner's self, enjoy them?"

The "gripple" niggards might have pleaded feebly in their own behalf that they could not all afford to spend, like Heber, a hundred thousand pounds in the purchase of books, and that an occasional reluctance to part with some hard-earned, hard-won volume might be pardoned, if it could never be replaced. Lamb aptly compares a man who is rash enough to praise his books before a possible borrower to a lover who extolls the beauty of his mistress before a formidable rival; and the heaviest curse he launches at the head of a grievous ill-doer is, "May he lend a third volume, before he has finished the second, to a friend who shall lose it."

This formidable anathema offsets that wayward utter-

ance, "Books belong with the highest propriety to those who understand 'em best," — a phrase which has been too often quoted in deference of depredations that Lamb would have scorned to commit. By this ruling, Garrick's books belonged rather to Johnson than to Garrick,— a point which could never be settled satisfactorily between the two friends, and which went near to wrecking their friendship. Garrick loved books with the chilly yet imperative love of a collector. Johnson loved them as he loved his own soul. Garrick took pride in their immaculate sumptuousness, in their unstained virginal splendor. Johnson gathered them to his heart with scant regard for outward magnificence, for the glories of calf and vellum. Garrick bought books. Johnson borrowed them. Each considered he had the prior right to the objects of his legitimate affection. We, looking back with softened hearts, are fain to think that we should hold our volumes doubly dear if they had lain for a space by Johnson's humble fireside; if he had pored over them at three o'clock in the morning, and had left the imprint of that "observant thumb" (Johnson, his mark) upon many a spotless page. But it is hardly fair to blame Garrick for not dilating with these emotions. Every grease spot, every spattering of snuff upon his stately folios hurt him too sorely for endurance. The time came when he refused to lend, and one set of sympathies between livelong friends was broken rudely and forever. "The history of book-collecting," says a caustic critic, "is a history relieved but rarely by acts of pure and undiluted unselfishness." This is true, but are there not virtues so heroic that plain human nature can hardly hope to compass them?

There is something piteous in the unavailing efforts of reluctant lenders to save their property from depredation. They place their reliance upon feeble makeshifts that never yet were known to stay the borrower's hand. They have their names and addresses engraved on foolish little plates, which, riveted to their umbrellas, they think will suffice to insure the return of these too useful articles. As well might the lowland farmers have engraved their names and addresses on the collars of their grazing flocks,

in the hope that mountain raiders would respect these symbols of ownership. The history of book-plates is largely the history of borrower versus lender. The sanguine mind is wont to believe that a distinctive mark, irrevocably attached to every volume, will ensure permanent possession. I have heard people say as much before they learned their error. It has even happened that some churlish maxim, like "Loan oft loses both itself and friend," has been engraved upon the plate, by way of discouragement to marauders. When I was a girl, I had access to a slender and well-chosen library (not greatly exceeding Montaigne's four-score volumes), each book enriched with a quaint device of scaly serpent guarding the apples of Hesperides. Beneath the apples was the Johnsonian motto (Johnsonian in form, not substance), "Honour and Obligation demand the prompt return of borrowed Books." These words — I was very young — ate into my soul all the time I was reading. Doubts as to the exact nature of "prompt return" made me painfully uncertain as to whether a day, a week, or a month were the prescribed limit. But other borrowers were less sensitive, and I have reason to believe that — books being a rarity in that small Southern town — most of the volumes were eventually absorbed by the gaping shelves of neighbors. Perhaps even now — their generous owner long since dead — these antiquated copies of Elia, of Herrick, of Byron and Sir Thomas Browne may still be found buried in dusty and forgotten corners, like the gems that magpies hide.

It is vain to struggle with fate, with the elements, and with the borrower. "Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend. When thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way." Resistance to an appointed force is but a foolish waste of strength.— *Book News.*

REUTER, Fritz, a German poet; born at Stavenhagen, November 7, 1810; died at Eisenach, July 12, 1874. He is known to the world only as Fritz; his full baptismal name was Heinrich Ludwig Christian Friedrich. His father was burgomaster in Mecklenburg-Schwerin during the French occupation. After attending the school in Parchim, he went to Rostock University in 1831, and to Jena in 1832, where he became a member of the Germania, the most advanced of the Burschenschaften. The next year, owing to Metternich's proclamations against these societies, he was summoned home, but during a visit to Berlin in October, 1833, he was arrested and imprisoned at Silberberg. He was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment, but upon the accession of Frederick William IV., in 1840, he was released after seven years' confinement in Magdeburg, Berlin. Upon his return home he supported himself for some years by farming and by teaching gymnastics. In 1850 he went to Treptow and there published, three years later, his first volume of humorous poems in Low German, entitled *Laüschen un Rimels.* In 1856 he moved to New Brandenburg, and published some comedies and a second book of poems. In 1859 he published the first part of the *Olle Kamellen,* a series of prose tales including his greatest works, namely: *Wo aus ik tan ne Fru kamm* (How I Got a Wife); *Ut de Franzsosentid* (1859), translated with the title *The Year Thirteen; Ut mine Festungstid* (My Prison Life) (1862); *Ut mine Stromtid* (1862–64), translated in 1878 as *An Old Story of My Farming Days;* and *Dörchlaüchting* (His Highness) (1865). Of his other works we

mention *Hanne Nüte*, a poem, which appeared in 1860, and *Schurr Murr*, published in 1861.

UNCLE HUSE'S PLANS.

"Now, I ask you, Miller Voss," said my Uncle Huse, as he and the miller, with Witte, the baker, were being carried off prisoners by the French, "when you see this mill, Miller Voss, what idea comes into your head?"

"Herr Rathsherr," said the miller, as he got up and stood a little distance off, "I hope you don't mean to treat me in that manner?"

"I only ask you, Miller Voss, what idea comes into your head?"

"Well," said the miller, "what idea ought to come? I think it's a rusty old thing, and that, in spring it ought to have new sails; and that, if the stones are no better than these down here, the Stemhagen folks must get a lot of sand along with their flour."

"And you are right there, neighbor," said the baker.

"And he's wrong there!" cried my Uncle Huse. "If he had answered properly, he would have said that it must be set fire to. And it will be set fire to; all the mills in the whole country must be set fire to." And he stood up and walked with long strides about the millstones.

"Lord save us!" said Miller Voss. "Who is to do this wickedness?"

"I," said my Uncle Huse; and he slapped himself on the breast. "When the Landsturm rises we must set fire to all the mills as a signal — that's called a beacon."

"Herr Rathsherr," said Miller Voss. "it's all the same to me whether it's a beacon or a deacon, but whoever sets fire to my water-mill had better look out."

"Water-mill? Wind-mills I mean; who ever said anything about water-mills? Water-mills lie in the ground and don't burn. And now I ask you, has the Burmeister as much knowledge and courage to act in time of war as I have?"

"He's never said he would set mills on fire," said the baker, and looked at the Herr Rathsherr rather doubt-

fully, as if he did not quite know whether he was in fun or earnest.

"My dear Witte, you look at me like a cow at a new gate. You knead your dough with your hands in the baking-trough; I knead mine in my head, by thought. If I were where I ought to be, I should be in the presence of the King of Prussia, talking with the man. 'Your Majesty,' I should say, 'you are rather in difficulties, I think.' 'That I am, Herr Rathsherr,' he would say, 'money is scarce just now.' 'Nothing else,' I would say; 'that's a mere trifle' (and he proceeded to explain how he would get the money by means of a forced loan from the Jews, and, with twenty or thirty regiments, he would fall on the enemy's rear and defeat him). You must always fall on the enemy's rear, that is the chief thing; everything else is rubbish. A tremendous battle! Fifteen thousand prisoners! He sends me a trumpeter. 'A truce.' 'No good,' says I, 'we have not come here to play.' 'Peace,' he sends me word. 'Good,' says I, 'Rheinland and Westphalia, the whole of Alsatia and three-fourths of Lothringen.' 'I can't,' says he, 'my brother must live.' 'Forward then, again!' I march to the right and quiet Belgium and Holland; all at once I wheel to the left. 'First regiment of grenadiers, charge!' I command; the battery is taken. 'Second regiment of hussars to the front!' He ventures too far forward with his staff. Swoop, the hussars come down upon him. 'Here is my sword,' says he. 'Good,' says I, 'now come along with me. And you, my boys, can now go home again; the war is at an end.' I now lead him in chains to the foot of the throne. 'Your Majesty of Prussia, here he is.' 'Herr Rathsherr,' says the king, 'ask some favor.' 'Your Majesty,' says I, 'I have no children, but, if you wish to do something for me, give my wife a little pension when I leave this life. Otherwise I wish for nothing but to retire to my former position of Stemhagen Rathsherr.' 'As you like,' says the king, 'but remember, that whenever you may happen to come to Berlin, a place will be kept for you at my table.' I make my bow, say 'good day,' and am back

again to Stemhagen."—*From Ut der Franzsosentid; translation of* CHARLES LEWES.

REXFORD, EBEN EUGENE, an American poet; born at Johnsburg, N. Y., July 16, 1848. He received his education at Lawrence University, Wis., and at an early age began to write poems and stories for magazines. He has written several popular songs, including *Silver Threads Among the Gold* and *Only a Pansy Blossom,* and has published in book-form a poem entitled *Brother and Lover* (1887); *Grandmother's Garden* (1887); *John Fielding and His Enemy* (1888); *The Swamp Secret* (1897); *Flowers: How to Grow them* (1898); *Into the Light* (1899). Since 1885 he has devoted himself to horticulture, and has conducted departments on this subject for magazines.

A MOTHER'S PASSING.

I never shall forget the summer day
When mother died. If I but close my eyes
It all comes back to me, as, after dreams,
Remembrance of them haunts our waking hours.
I hear the low, soft twitter of the birds
Whose nest was hidden in the cherry-tree
Beside the window, as they talked about
Their little brood. I hear the summer wind
Among the flowers in the garden-beds —
Sweet-smelling pinks, old-fashioned marigolds,
And lilies, each a cup at early morn,
Brimmed with cool dew for sunshine-elves to drink,
And after that a cradle for the bee,
Rocked by the wind. And I can hear the song

Of mowers in the valley, and the ring
Of sharpening scythes, and see the fragrant grass
Tremble and fall in long and billowy swaths,
As if green waves from some advancing tide
Broke at the mowers' feet; and I can see
The meadows over which swift shadows pass,
As the clouds go by between it and the sky,
And fancy it a sea whene'er the wind
Blows over it, and crinkling billows run
From isles of shade to golden shores of sun:
And one white mullein seems the filling sail
Of a fair shallop on this summer sea,
Freighted with fancies from some far Cathay,
Where dreams are gathered as we gather flowers
In idle mood, scarce knowing what we do.

It all comes back to me like yesterday —
That summer hour, across whose sunshine fell
The lonesome shadow of an unmade grave.

In those long days, when sense of coming loss
Hung like a cloud between me and the world,
And seemed to shut me in, a prisoner there,
Away from those who had no care to vex —
No grief to bear — I used to sit and think
Of what must be. — I saw dear mother's face
Grow thinner, paler, like a sail that fades
In the gray distance, and I knew full well
That she was drifting out upon the tide
That sets toward the Infinite Sea, and soon
Where her dear face made sunshine in the room
The shadow of dread Azrael's wing would fall.
Where was the Heaven she was going to?
So far away that she could no more see
The children she had loved and left behind?
When trouble came to us, could her warm heart —
No less a mother's heart in Heaven than it had been
A mother's heart on earth — know of it all,
And understand our sorrows as of old?
What Heaven was I hardly understood,
For childhood's thoughts are vague ones at the best

About the mysteries of life and death;
But I was sure that Heaven would not be
The Heaven of my fancy if it shut
Our mother and her love away from us. . . .
Years have gone by since then, but to this day
I always think of mother and of Rob
As on the hill's far side. When I have climbed
The pathway to the summit, I shall see
The dear ones I have loved and missed so much,
For just beyond the hill-top it is Heaven.

It was at sunset when she went away.
The robin sang, high in the cherry-tree,
A little vesper song; sang soft and low,
As if he feared the silver sound might break
The spell of peace that rested on the world.
We heard the drowsy tinkling of the bells
Of cattle coming homeward down the hill,
And pleasant sights and sounds were everywhere
About us and above us. All at once
She called us, and we went to her. She put
The mother-arms about us, folding close
Her children to the mother-heart once more,
And kissed us many times, while whispering o'er
The tender names her love had given us —
The dear, pet names that never sound so sweet
As when a mother speaks then to the child
Upon her breast — between each one a kiss. . . .

A little silence fell,
While I cried softly on her breast, and Rob
Was still, awed by the mystery in the air,—
His eyes full of vague wonderment as he
Looked up in mother's face. The sunset lit
The room with sudden splendor, and I thought —
Strange how such thoughts will come at such a time —
Of something in the Bible I had heard
My mother read: the Revelator's tale
Of what he saw in vision, when the gates
Of Heaven were opened. And I wondered then
If the great gates had not been swung apart,

And sunset's sudden glory was a glimpse
Of what the poet prophet saw. The hills
Were crested all with fire, and every tree
Seemed to have changed its leaves of green for gold.
The branches of the cherry at the pane
Kept tap, tap, tapping, as if unseen hands
Were there, and I remember wondering
If messengers from God's white city stood
Outside the window, waiting to come in.
The glory of the sunset died away,
And shades of twilight filled the silent room.
I thought that mother slept, but suddenly
She stirred and spoke my name. I put my face
Close to her own, for answer, in the dusk.
"And Robbie, is he here?" — I laid his head
Upon her breast. She kissed him many times.
"Be good to him, my little Ruth," she said,
"Be good to him, — be mother's own good girl.
God bless you both and have you in His care
Forever — ever — "
Then her voice was still,
And I was sure that mother slept again.

Mysterious sleep — from which none ever wake
To tell us what they dream of, if they dream.

The robin by his nest sang all at once
A little strain that trembled through the dusk
In sounds that were like ripples on a pool —
Fainter and fainter as the circles grow;
Until they touch the shores. So softly died
The ripple of the robin's song away
Upon the shore of silence.
Who shall say
He did not hear some echo of the song
The angels sang when mother went away,
And sang because the music was so sweet
That he could not be silent? Ah, who knows?

RHODES, James Ford, an American historian; born at Cleveland, Ohio, May 1, 1848. He was educated at the University of the City of New York and the Chicago University. In 1867 he went to Paris and attended lectures at the Collège de France, following which he pursued a course in metallurgy at the School of Mines in Berlin. In 1885 he began the preparation of his *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850.* In 1891 he removed to Cambridge, Mass., and the next year the first two volumes of his work were published. In 1904 he had produced four volumes, being the *History* down to 1864. The Loubet prize was awarded him by the Berlin Academy of Sciences in 1901. In 1899 he was elected president of the American Historical Association.

THUCYDIDES AND TACITUS.

It is pretty clear that Thucydides spent a large part of a life of about threescore years and ten in gathering materials and writing his history. The mass of facts which he set down or stored away in his memory must have been enormous. He was a man of business, and had a home in Thrace as well as in Athens, traveling probably at fairly frequent intervals between the two places; but the main portion of the first forty years of his life was undoubtedly spent in Athens, where, during those glorious years of peace and the process of beautifying the city, he received the best education a man could get. To walk about the city and view the buildings and statues was both directly and insensibly a refining influence. As Thucydides himself, in the funeral oration of Pericles, said of the work which the Athenian saw around him, "The daily delight of them banishes gloom." There was the opportunity to talk with as good conversers as the

world has ever known; and he undoubtedly saw much of the men who were making history. There was the great theatre and the sublime poetry. In a word, the life of Thucydides was adapted to the gathering of a mass of historical materials of the best sort; and his daily walk, his reading, his intense thought, gave him an intellectual grasp of the facts he has so ably handled. Of course he was a genius, and he wrote in an effective literary style; but seemingly his natural parts and acquired talents are directed to this: a digestion of his materials, and a compression of his narrative without taking the vigor out of his story in a manner I believe to be without parallel. He devoted a life to writing a volume. His years after the peace was broken, his career as a general, his banishment and enforced residence in Thrace, his visit to the countries of the Peloponnesian allies with whom Athens was at war, — all these gave him a signal opportunity to gather materials, and to assimilate them in the gathering. We may fancy him looking at an alleged fact on all sides, and turning it over and over in his mind; we know that he must have meditated long on ideas, opinions, and events; and the result is a brief, pithy narrative. Tradition hath it that Demosthenes copied out this history eight times, or even learned it by heart. Chatham, urging the removal of the forces from Boston, had reason to refer to the history of Greece, and, that he might impress it upon the lords that he knew whereof he spoke, declared, "I have read Thucydides."

Of Tacitus likewise is conciseness a well-known merit. Living in an age of books and libraries, he drew more from the written word than did Thucydides; and his method of working, therefore, resembled more our own. These are common expressions of his: "It is related by most of the writers of those times;" I adopt the account "in which the authors are agreed;" this account "agrees with those of the other writers." Relating a case of recklessness of vice in Messalina, he acknowledges that it will appear fabulous, and asserts his truthfulness thus: "But I would not dress up my narrative with fictions, to give it an air of marvel, rather than relate what has been stated to me or written by my seniors."

He also speaks of the authority of tradition, and tells what he remembers "to have heard from aged men."

The periods of fruitful meditation out of which emerged the works of Thucydides and Tacitus seem not to be a natural incident of our time. To change slightly the meaning of Lowell, "the bustle of our lives keeps breaking the thread of that attention which is the material of memory, till no one has patience to spin from it a continuous thread of thought." We have the defects of our qualities. Nevertheless, I am struck with the likeness between a common attribute of the Greeks and Matthew Arnold's characterization of the Americans. Greek thought, it is said, goes straight to the mark, and penetrates like an arrow. The Thucydides or Tacitus of the future will write his history from the original materials, knowing that there only will he find the living spirit; but he will have the helps of the modern world. He will have at his hand monographs of students whom the professors of history in our colleges are teaching with diligence and wisdom, and he will accept these aids with thankfulness in his laborious search. He will have grasped the generalizations and methods of physical science, but he must know to the bottom his Thucydides and Tacitus. He will recognize in Homer and Shakespeare the great historians of human nature, and he will ever attempt, although feeling that failure is certain, to wrest from them their secret of narration, to acquire their art of portrayal of character. He must be a man of the world, but equally well a man of the academy. If, like Thucydides and Tacitus, the American historian chooses the history of his own country as his field, he may infuse his patriotism into his narrative. He will speak of the broad acres and their products, the splendid industrial development due to the capacity and energy of the captains of industry; but he will like to dwell on the universities and colleges, on the great numbers seeking a higher education, on the morality of the people, their purity of life, their domestic happiness. He will never be weary of referring to Washington and Lincoln, feeling that a country with such exemplars is indeed one to

awaken envy, and he will not forget the brave souls who followed where they led.—*Inaugural Address, American Historical Association, Boston, December 27, 1899.*

RHODES, William Barnes, an English dramatist; born at Leeds, December 25, 1772; died at London, November 21, 1826. In early life he was a writer in an attorney's office, but about 1799 he obtained the post of clerk in the Bank of England. His ability and assiduity led to his promotion in 1823 to the office of a chief teller, which he held till his death. Rhodes is chiefly known as the author of a long-popular burlesque, *Bombastes Furioso,* which was produced, anonymously, at the Haymarket Theatre in 1810, when Mathews took the part of Utopia, and Liston that of Bombastes. It was first printed in Dublin in 1813, but was not published with the author's name until 1822. Since then numerous editions have been issued. He was a noted collector of dramatic literature. Among his writings, besides the work mentioned above, were a translation of *The Satires of Juvenal* (1801), and a volume of *Epigrams* (1803).

The farce *Bombastes Furioso* is a burlesque of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso.* It takes its name from the principal character, a victorious general, who returns from the wars with his army, which consists of four badly assorted warriors. He discovers his king, Artaxominous, visiting Distaffina, his betrothed, and resolves to go mad, which he does. His howling, despairing, bombastic rant has caused his name to become proverbial. He fights and kills his king for a pair of

jack-boots which he had hung up as a challenge, and is in turn killed by Fusbos, the minister of state.

SONGS FROM BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

Bombastes's Song.

"Hope Told a Flattering Tale."

Hope told a flattering tale,
  Much longer than my arm,
That love and pots of ale
  In peace would keep me warm:
The flatt'rer is not gone,
She visits number one:
In love I'm monstrous deep.
Love! odsbobs, destroys my sleep.
Hope told a flattering tale,
  Lest love should soon grow cool;
A tub thrown to a whale,
  To make a fish a fool:
Should Distaffina frown,
  Then love's gone out of town;
And when love's dream is o'er,
  Then we wake and dream no more.

DISTAFFINA'S SONG.

"Paddy's Wedding."

Queen Dido at
  Her palace gate
Sat darning of her stocking O;
  She sung and drew
  The worsted through,
Whilst her foot was the cradle rocking O;
  (For a babe she had
  By a soldier lad,
Though hist'ry passes it over O);
  "You tell-tale brat
  I've been a flat,
Your daddy has proved a rover O.

What a fool was I
To be cozen'd by
A fellow without a penny O;
When rich ones came
And ask'd the same,
For I'd offers from ever so many O;
But I'll darn my hose,
Look out for beaux,
And quickly get a new lover O;
Then come, lads, come,
Love beats the drum,
And a fig for Æneas the rover O."

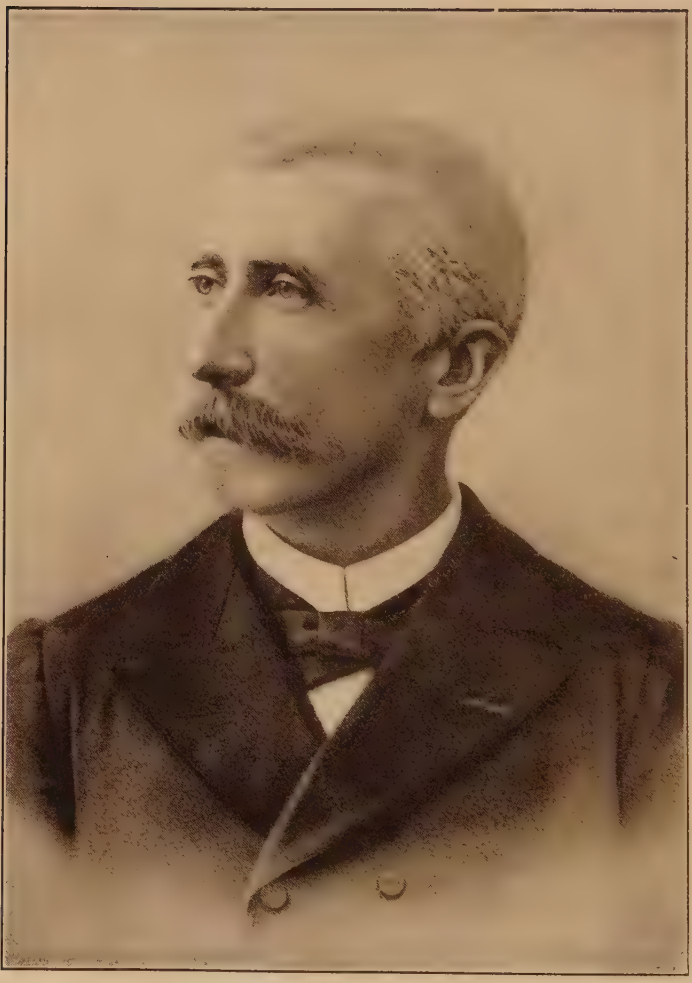
FUSBOS'S SONG.

"My Lodging is on the Cold Ground."

My lodging is in Leather Lane,
A parlor that's next to the sky;
'Tis exposed to the wind and the rain,
But the wind and the rain I defy;
Such love warms the coldest of spots,
As I feel for Scrubinda the fair;
Oh, she lives by the scouring of pots
In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square.

Oh, were I a quart, pint, or gill,
To be scrubbed by her delicate hands,
Let others possess what they will
Of learning, and houses, and lands;
My parlor that's next to the sky
I'd quit her blest mansion to share;
So happy to live and to die
In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square.

And oh, would this damsel be mine,
No other provision I'd seek;
On a look I could breakfast and dine,
And feast on a smile for a week.



THEODULE RIBOT.

But ah! should she false-hearted prove,
Suspended I'll dangle in air;
A victim to delicate love,
In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square.

RIBOT, THÉODULE ARMAND, a French psychologist and philosopher; born at Guingamp, December 18, 1839. He was educated at the Lycée de St. Brieure and the Ecole Normal Supèrieure, where he was graduated in 1866. From 1866 to 1871 he held the chair of philosophy at the Lycée of Vesoul and at Laval. In 1876 he founded the *Revue Philosophique* in Paris, and in 1888 became Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology in the Collège de France. In his first work *La Psychologie Anglaise Contemporaine* (1870), he initiated a new school of psychological research in France, by making comparisons of observed psychological phenomena in races, in infants and in animals. His works include *Psychologie Allemande Contemporaine* (1879); *Les Maladies de la Mèmoire* (1881); *Les Maladies de la Volontè* (1883); *Les Maladies de la Personnalitè* (1885); *La Psychologie de l'Attention* (1889); *L'Hèrèditè Psychologique* (1893); *Psychologie des Sentiments* (1896), and *L'Evolution des Idèes Gènèrales* (1897). The last named work was translated into English by Frances A. Welby, in 1899, and published in Chicago by the Open Court Publishing Company. The same firm issued authorized editions of *The Diseases of Personality* and *The Psychology of Attention.*

Professor Ribot's works are extremely popular with the general reading and scientific world. His concise style, his skill in epitomising and of arranging in a compact whole the results of the researches of the many varied sciences which bear upon the problem he is investigating, are too well known to need repetition. At the same time, some single and original leading idea always pervades his productions, which are signalized by a fearless and rigorous analysis of psychical phenomena and by an entire absence of metaphysical prepossessions.

ANIMAL NUMERATION.

One mental operation remains which must be examined separately, and in its study we shall pursue the same method, wherever it occurs, throughout this work. The process in question has the advantage of being perfectly definite, of restricted scope, completely evolved, and accessible to research in all the phases of its development, from the lowest to the highest. It is that of *numeration.*

Are there animals capable of counting? G. Leroy is, I believe, the first who answered this question in the affirmative, in a passage which is worth transcribing, although it has been often quoted. "Among the various ideas which necessity adds to the experience of animals, that of number must not be overlooked. Animals count, — so much is certain; and although up to the present time their arithmetic appears weak, it may perhaps be possible to strengthen it. In countries where game is preserved, war is made upon magpies because they steal the eggs of other birds. . . . And in order to destroy this greedy family at a blow, game-keepers seek to destroy the mother while sitting. To do this it is necessary to build a well-screened watch-house at the foot of the tree where the nests are, and in this a man is stationed to await the return of the parent bird, but he will wait in vain if the bird has been shot at under the same cir-

cumstances before. . . . To deceive this suspicious bird, the plan was hit upon of sending two men into the watch-house, one of them passed on while the other remained; but the magpie counted and kept her distance. The next day three went, and again she perceived that only two withdrew. It was eventually found necessary to send five or six men to the watch-house in order to put her out of her calculation. . . . This phenomenon, which is repeated as many times as the attempt is made, is one of the most extraordinary instances of the sagacity of animals." Since then the question has been repeatedly taken up. Lubbock devotes to it the three last pages of his book *The Senses of Animals.* According to his observations on the nests of birds, one egg may be taken from a nest in which there are four, but if we take away two, the bird generally deserts its nest. The solitary wasp provisions its cell with a fixed number of victims. Sand wasps are content with one. One species of *Eumenes* prepares five victims for its young, another species ten, another fifteen, another twenty-four; but the number of the victims is always the same for the same species. How does the insect know its characteristic number?

An experiment, methodically conducted by Romanes, proved that a chimpanzee can count correctly as far as five, distinguishing the words which stand for one, two, three, four, five, and at command deliver the number of straws requested of her.

Although the observations on this point are not yet sufficiently varied and extended to enable us to speak of them as we should wish, it must be remarked that the cases cited are not alike, and that it would be illegitimate to reduce them all to one and the same psychological mechanism.

1. The case of insects is the most embarrassing. It is but candid to state a *non liquet,* since to attribute their achievements to unconscious numeration, or to some special equivalent instinct, is tantamount to saying nothing. Besides, we are not concerned with anything relating to instinct.

2. The case of the monkey and his congeners stands

high in the scale: it is a form of *concrete* numeration which we shall meet again in children, and in the lowest representatives of humanity.

3. All the other cases resemble the alleged "arithmetic" of G. Leroy's magpie and similar observations. I see here not a numeration, but a perception of plurality, which is something quite different. There are in the brain of the animal a number of co-existing perceptions. It knows if all are present, or if some are lacking; but a consciousness of difference between the entire group, and the diminished defective group, is not identical with the operation of counting. It is a preliminary state, an introduction, nothing more, and the animal does not pass beyond this stage, does not count in the exact sense of the word.—*Evolution of General Ideas.* (Copyright, 1899, by the OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

PERSONAL IDENTITY.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether the consciousness of our personal identity rests on memory or *vice versa.* One says: It is evident that without memory I should only be a present existence incessantly renovated, which does away with all, even the faintest possibility of identity. The other says: It is evident that without some feeling of identity which would connect them together and stamp upon them my mark, my recollections would be no longer my own; they would be extraneous events. So then, is it the memory that produces the feeling of identity, or the feeling of identity that constitutes the memory? I answer: neither the one nor the other: both are *effects,* the causes of which must be sought in the organism; for, on the one hand, the objective identity of the organism is revealed by that subjective condition which we call the feeling of personal identity; and, on the other hand, in it are registered the organic conditions of our recollections, and in it is to be found the basis of our conscious memory. The feeling of personal identity, and memory in the psychological sense, are, accordingly, effects of which neither can be the cause of the other. Their common origin is in the

organism, in which identity and organic registration (i. e., memory) are one. Here we encounter one of those incorrectly formulated problems that frequently occur in connection with the hypothesis of a "consciousness-entity."— *The Diseases of Personality.* (Copyright, 1891, by the OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

RICHARDSON, ALBERT DEANE, an American journalist; born at Franklin, Mass., October 6, 1833; died at New York, December 2, 1869. When eighteen he went to Pittsburg, Pa., and engaged in newspaper work. He wrote a farce for Barney Williams and several times appeared upon the stage. Between 1852 and 1857 he was engaged in newspaper work in Cincinnati. In the latter year he went to Kansas and took an active part in the political struggles of the territory. In 1859, the gold excitement at Pike's Peak being at fever-heat, Mr. Richardson, having deposited his wife and children in safety at Franklin, Mass., set out on his first journey over the plains to the Rocky Mountains, Horace Greeley, among others, being in the company. His next expedition, made in the same year, was a wandering journey, mostly on horseback and muleback, through the western territories, visiting the Cherokee and Choctaw reservations, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, and writing for the Eastern papers letters descriptive of all that he saw or did. In 1860 he went again to Pike's Peak as special correspondent of the New York *Tribune.* In 1860–61 he undertook the perilous journey through the Southwestern States as a secret correspondent of the *Tribune,* and in this ca-

pacity traveled for three or four months, writing letters, chiefly from New Orleans, and reporting whatever he could hear or see, and making his way back through Baltimore just before the first actual bloodshed of the war. For the next two years he followed the armies of the North as war correspondent of the *Tribune*. While attempting to pass the Vicksburg batteries, in May, 1863, he was captured, and was kept in close confinement for twenty months, in seven different prisons. At length, in December, 1864, he made his escape, and four weeks after reached the Union lines at Knoxville, Tenn. During his captivity, his wife and one of his children had died.

After the close of the war, his time was spent mostly in authorship. His works were all very popular, partly no doubt from the nature of their subjects, but mainly from the adventurous spirit and the graphic power of the writer. They were *The Field, the Dungeon, and the Escape* (1865), giving an account of his experiences as a war correspondent; *Beyond the Mississippi* (1866), describing the old West as it was, and the new West as it is; and *The Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant* (1868). A volume has since been published called *Garnered Sheaves*, containing a selection from Mr. Richardson's miscellaneous writings, and a *Memoir*.

JOHN.

John presides over several large establishments filled with knicknacks from Japan and China, which visitors from the East purchase to take home as curiosities. Most of these articles illustrate his ingenuity and marvellous patience. There are tables and work-boxes, each composed of thousands of bits of highly polished, many-colored woods; glove-boxes of lacquered ware, resem-

bling *papier maché,* which sell for two dollars and a half and three dollars, gold; handkerchiefs of grass-cloth, embroidered by hand with infinite pains; countless varieties of children's toys, including many curious and intricate puzzles; sleeve-buttons and breast-pins; card-racks of various materials; wooden and metallic counterfeits of insects and reptiles, so perfect that one half fears to handle them lest they should bite his fingers; gay Chinese lanterns covered with painted paper as large as market-baskets; fire-crackers; torpedoes which explode with a report like that of a twelve-pounder; chop-sticks; writing-desks; and a thousand other things to please the fancy. In waiting on American customers, Johnny shows himself the model merchant. He is an adept in the simple art of *not too much.* He proffers a Chinese cigar (execrable in flavor), and is grieved if his visitor does not take at least a few whiffs from it. If the purchases are liberal in amount, he makes a judicious discount in prices, and perhaps throws in some trifling gifts. He is attentive, but not over-pressing; cordial, but never impertinent; and he speeds the parting guest with a good-by so polite and friendly that it leaves a pleasant flavor in the memory.—*Garnered Sheaves.*

RICHARDSON, Charles Francis, an American critic and educator; born at Hallowell, Me., in 1851. He was the youngest in all his classes at Hallowell Academy, Augusta High School, and Dartmouth College, from which last he was graduated in 1871. While teaching, after graduation, in South Marlboro', Mass., his contributions to the New York *Independent* paved the way to his position on that journal as literary editor. In 1877 he became associate editor of the *Sunday School Times,* Phila-

delphia; in 1880 editor of Alden's *Good Literature,* New York. Since 1882 he has been Professor of the Anglo-Saxon and English languages and Literature in Dartmouth College. Besides numerous articles in periodicals, his writings include *A Primer of American Literature* (1876); a volume of religious poems, entitled *The Cross* (1879); *The Choice of Books* (1881); two octavo volumes, *American Literature* (1887–88), the first treating of the development of American thought from 1607 down, and the other devoted especially to poetry and fiction; and *The End of the Beginning* (1896). Mr. Richardson's work on American literature is marked by such painstaking accuracy, by so correct a critical taste, that it has become a standard authority upon the subject.

AMERICAN COLONIAL LITERATURE.

A German gentleman, an intelligent reader, for many years a resident of Boston, once expressed to me the opinion that Hawthorne is, perhaps, the greatest writer of this century, and that our historians are the equals of any who have written in Europe; beyond this he was hardly ready to make many claims for our literature. I substantially agree with him in these expressions, though I would not stop with them. It is true, however, that American literature should stand firmly on its own ground, making no claims on the score of patriotism, or youth, or disadvantageous circumstances, or *bizarre* achievement, but gravely pointing to what has been done. It is better to offer to the world, self-respectingly and silently, Emerson, Longfellow, Motley, Bancroft, Irving, Ticknor, Poe, and Hawthorne, in their several works and ways. These stand for themselves; their place is assured, and we have no need to assert their claims with vociferousness or exaggeration.

If honest, searching, and dispassionate criticism is needed in considering the work and rank of authors of

the present century — who have chiefly given that literature its place in the world's estimation — it is no less needed in studying our writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. American literature in the colonial period, in its day of small things, was promising, indeed, but without great achievement. No small honor is to be paid, of course, to the pioneer in any department of work. It was, in a true sense, harder for Mrs. Bradstreet to be Mrs. Bradstreet than for Emerson to be Emerson. The Puritans of Massachusetts Bay were the direct precursors and the actual founders of most that is good in American letters. Those theological treatises and controversial sermons, those painstaking versions of the Psalms, and those faithful records of sight and experience were the index fingers pointing to future triumphs. Bradford and Winthrop were the intellectual ancestors of Emerson and Hawthorne. Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards were giants in their day. Benjamin Franklin still remains one of the world's great, helpful forces. Jefferson and the writers of *The Federalist* made great contributions to the political wisdom of the nations. But when all this has been said, does it not remain true that some critics have bestowed an unwarrantable amount of time and thought and adulation upon writers of humble rank and small influence, simply because they were early? . . . If we think of Shakespeare, Bunyan, Milton, the seventeenth-century choir of lyrists, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Addison, Swift, Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith, and the eighteenth-century novelists, what shall we say of the intrinsic literary worth of most of the books written on American soil, by writers who inherited, or shared, the intellectual life of England? . . .

A few great names stand out, but only a few. For the purposes of comparative criticism, the student should know thoroughly William Bradford, John Winthrop Samuel Sewall, Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, and the makers of the new nation from 1750 to 1790. The work of the rest he should recognize and praise in an adequate degree, but should not magnify beyond its deserts. The history of literature is one

thing, bibliography is another thing. If a certain space be devoted to the colonial literature of America, then, on the same perspective, ten times as much is needed to bring the record down to our day. One should study the great men profoundly, and let the worthy sermonizers, and pamphleteers, and spinners of doggerel go free. Our forefathers were founding a state on the basis of the town-meeting; they were spreading Christianity, as they understood it, with might and main; they were opening schools and creating a virtuous and manly public spirit; but for literature, as such, most of them cared little. They made literature possible, just as they made art possible; but they do not deserve, in the chronicles of literature and art, a disproportionate space.

I believe that the time has come for the student to consider American literature as calmly as he would consider the literature of another country, and under the same limitations of perspective.—*American Literature*.

RICHARDSON, SAMUEL, an English novelist: born in Derbyshire in 1689; died at London, July 4, 1701. At seventeen he was apprenticed to a London printer. After completing his apprenticeship he worked several years longer as compositor and proof-reader, and then set up in business for himself. He became printer of the Journals of the House of Commons: in 1754 was chosen Master of the Stationers' Company, and subsequently bought half of the patent of printer to the King, which added largely to his already considerable income. Richardson has been styled "the inventor of the English novel:" but he had passed the age of fifty before the idea of becoming a novelist ever entered his mind. Some London publishers asked him to write for them

a book of letters on matters useful for young people. The result was *Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded*, a story which he hoped "would turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing." This novel (2 vols., 1740) met with unexampled success, five editions being called for within a year. His subsequent novels are *The History of Clarissa Harlowe* (8 vols., 1748), and *History of Sir Charles Grandison* (6 vols., 1753). Among his other writings is a clever paper of "Advice to the Unmarried," published in Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* in 1751.

Pamela, the heroine of Richardson's first novel, is a pure and simple-minded young country-girl, who repels the dishonorable proposals of her master and wins his respect. He finally marries her: and thus is her "virtue rewarded," for they "lived happy ever after."

PAMELA'S FIRST APPEARANCE AS THE SQUIRE'S WIFE.

Yesterday (Sunday) we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, all in fine new liveries, in the best chariot, which had been new cleaned and lined, and new-harnessed; so that it looked like a quite new one. But I had no arms to quarter with my dear lord and master's, though he jocularly, upon my taking notice of my obscurity, said that he had a good mind to have the olive-branch, which would allude to his hopes, quartered for mine.

I was dressed in the suit I mentioned, of white flowered with silver, and a rich head-dress, and the diamond necklace, earrings, and so forth, I also mentioned before. And my dear sir, in a fine laced silk waistcoat of blue paduasoy, and his coat of a pearl-colored fine cloth, with gold buttons and button-holes, and lined with white silk: and he looked charming indeed. I said I was too fine.

and would have laid aside some of the jewels. But he said that it would be thought a slight to me from him, as his wife; and though, as I apprehended it might be, that people would talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say anything than that I was not put upon an equal foot, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems the neighboring gentry had expected us, and there was a great congregation for (against my wish) we were a little of the latest; so that, as we walked up the church to his seat, we had abundance of gazes and whispers. But my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of showing as if he were ashamed of it, and, as I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the day, my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God for his unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts that I was much less concerned than I should otherwise have been at the gazings and whisperings of the ladies and gentlemen, as well as the rest of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat. When the sermon was ended, we stayed the longer because the church should be pretty empty; but we found great numbers at the church doors and in the church porch, and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my person as of my dress and behavior, and not one reflection or mark of disrespect. Mr. Martin, who is single, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Brooks, with their families, were all there; and the four gentlemen came up to us before we went into the chariot, and in a very kind and respectful manner complimented us both; and Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy. And Mrs. Brooks said: "You sent Mr. Brooks, Madam, home t' other day quite charmed with a manner which you have convinced a thousand persons this day is natural to you."—"You do me too great honor, Madam," replied I; "such a good lady's approbation must make me too sensible of my happiness."

My dear master handed me into the chariot, and stood talking with Sir Thomas Atkyns at the door of it (who was making him abundance of compliments, and is a

very ceremonious gentleman — a little too extreme in that way), and I believe to familiarize me to the gazes, which concerned me a little. Several poor people begged my charity; and I beckoned John with my fan, and said: "Divide in the farther church-door that money to the poor, and let them come to-morrow morning to me, and I will give them something more, if they don't importune me now." So I gave him all the silver I had, which happened to be between twenty and thirty shillings; and this drew away from me their clamorous prayers for charity.

Mr. Martin came up to me on the other side of the chariot, and leaned on the very door, while my master was talking to Sir Thomas, from whom he could not get away, and said: "By all that's good, you have charmed the whole congregation. Not a soul but is full of your praises. My neighbor knew better than anybody could tell him how to choose for himself. Why," said he, "the Dean himself looked more upon you than upon his book!"—"O, sir," said I, "you are very encouraging to a weak mind."—"I vow," said he, "I say no more than is truth. I'd marry to-morrow if I were sure of meeting with a person of but one-half of the merit you have. You are," continued he—"and it is not my habit to praise too much — an ornament to your sex, an honor to your spouse, and a credit to religion."

As he had done speaking, the Dean himself complimented me that the behavior of so worthy a lady would be edifying to his congregation, encouraging to himself. "Sir," said I, "you are very kind. I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good instructions I shall have the pleasure to receive from so worthy a divine."

Sir Thomas then applied to me — my master stepping into the chariot — and said: "I beg pardon, Madam, for detaining your good spouse from you. But I have been saying he is the happiest man in the world." I bowed to him; but I could have wished him farther: to make me sit so in the notice of everyone; which, for all I could do, dashed me not a little.

Mr. Martin said to my master: "If you'll come to church every Sunday with your charming lady, I will

never absent myself, and she'll give a good example to all the neighborhood."—"O my dear sir," said I to my master, "you know not how much I am obliged to good Mr. Martin: he has by his kind expression made me dare to look up with pleasure and gratitude." Said my dear master: "My dear love, I am very much obliged, as well as you, to my good friend Mr. Martin." And he said to him: "We will constantly go to church, and to every other place where we can have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Martin." Mr. Martin said: "Gad, sir, you are a happy man; and I think your lady's example has made you more polite, and handsome, too, than I ever knew you before — though we never thought you unpolite, neither." And so he bowed, and went to his own chariot; and as we drove away the people kindly blessed us, and called us a charming pair.—*Pamela.*

RICHEPIN, JEAN, a French poet and dramatist; born at Médéah, Algeria, February 4, 1849. He studied literature at the Ecole Normale at Paris, and in 1870 became editor of *L'Est.* His earlier poems contributed to Parisian journals include the *Corsaire, Vérité; Les Etapes d'un Refractaire;* and *La Chanson des Gueux.* For writing the latter poem he was fined and imprisoned for one month, during which period he wrote *Morts Bizarres.* His published books of verse include *Caresses* (1877); *Blasphémes* (1884); *La Mer* (1886); *Mes Paradis* (1894). In 1896 he published a work entitled *Thèatre Chimèrique* in 27 acts in prose and verse. M. Richepin's romances include *Madame Andrè* (1874); *Sophie Monnier* (1884); *Cèsarine* (1888); *Braves Gens* (1888); while among his dramas are *Nava Sahib* (1882); *Monsieur*

Scapin (1886); *Le Flibustier* (1888); *Par le Glaive* (1892); *Vers la Joie* (1894); and *Le Chemineau* (1897).

His first work in prose was *Les Grandes Amoureuses,* a collection of romantic historical sketches of Delilah, Cleopatra, Sappho, and others. Between the time of completion and publication twenty-five years elapsed and Richepin tells of his struggles during this period in a charming bit of autobiography.

RICHEPIN'S OWN STORY.

"During this quarter of a century the unfortunate, nomadic, pertinacious, and invincible manuscript was successively dragged from a bankrupt bookshop to a promising new watering-place, there stuffed into a fantastic library whose cellar was a reservoir of water, brought back to Paris to appear piecemeal in a miserable and unfortunate magazine, dug out of this magazine's ruins to be advertised as a continued story in a daily paper where its turn never came, trundled about from reviews which thought it too short, to newspapers which thought it too long, mutilated in part by a copyist who mislaid eighteen pages of it, condemned to death with a Himalaya of manuscripts under consideration, brought partially to light in two fragmentary illustrated pamphlets; dragged off again to the seashore, and then back to Paris by way of Belgium; knocked about, faded, torn, worn out, battered by all these changes; and finally sold by one editor to another, and by him to a third; left on the seat of a cab, recovered at the police station in the bureau of lost articles; set up in type and abandoned for two years in a printer's galley-rack; and this for the most part without the author knowing of it or being able to prevent it, as he had long believed the phantom manuscript to be abolished and forgotten, having in 1872 sold and renounced all right and responsibilities toward it. At what price? It matters not. All I can and will say is that the money was then most welcome, and that

I have always remained grateful to the man who undertook this gigantic complication entitled *Grandes Amoureuses,* and who did not disdain to employ me, an unknown, unpublished author, in quest of my daily bread. However small the sum was, for which I delivered up my work forever, this sum was large for me. More than one half-starved fellow like myself had a less empty stomach and a stouter heart for it. Indifferent to care with the price of these studies in my pocket, with the hope of becoming famous, and the vanity to believe that I was already, certain of my poems which have since appeared in *La Chanson des Gueux, Blasphèmes and Caresses* were written at this time. So why should I complain? All told, it was I, I think, who got the best of the bargain and who still owe something on account. If I should estimate the time dedicated to this work in the great library of the Rue Richelieu, it would represent hours sold for centimes, but the calculation would yet be inexact, for there would remain uncounted my pleasure in reading certain beautiful, fascinating, and absorbing books, which was no loss of time but a stimulus and profit to my intellect: thus the curious and inimitable dissertation of Depping and Francisque Michel on Veland the blacksmith, the passionate history of Mirabeau by Loménie, his speeches, his letters to Sophie; the admirable pages of Philarète Charles on Aretin; Latin plodded through for Poppæa, and Greek translated literally for Sappho; Italian learned expressly, with patience and fervor, in order to translate into French the mysterious sonnets of Michael Angelo, which in turn led to a translation, verse by verse, of the first three cantos of Dante's 'Inferno.' Indeed, now that I think of it, I am inclined to cry out to myself: 'Are you not ashamed, you scoundrel, to have taken money for such a feast as this? *Eh bien, mon cochon!*'"

RICHMOND, Legh, an English clergyman; born at Liverpool, January 29, 1772; died at Turvey, Bedfordshire, May 8, 1827. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1795 was appointed curate of Brading and Yaverland in the Isle of Wight. In 1805 he became chaplain to the Lock Hospital, London, and in the same year he was presented to the rectory of Turvey. He was also chaplain to the Duke of Kent. He took an active part in the reforms of his day; and especially in the work of evangelizing the masses. He is best known to history as the author of a number of popular tracts, a collected edition of which was published in 1814 under the title *Annals of the Poor.* His *Dairyman's Daughter* had reached, within twenty years after his death, a circulation of 4,000,000 copies, being published in nineteen languages. He also wrote *The Young Cottager; The Negro Servant,* etc., and edited a series of *Fathers of the English Church* (1807–12).

THE OLD DAIRYMAN'S HOME.

As I approached the village where the good old Dairyman dwelt, I observed him in a little field, driving his cows before him toward a yard and hovel which adjoined his cottage. I advanced very near him without his observing me, for his sight was dim. On my calling out to him, he started at the sound of my voice, but with much gladness of heart welcomed me, saying — "Bless your heart, sir, I am very glad you are come: we have looked for you every day this week."

The cottage-door opened, and the daughter came out, followed by her aged and infirm mother. The sight of me naturally brought to recollection the grave at which we had before met. Tears of affection mingled with

the smile of satisfaction with which I was received by these worthy cottagers. I dismounted, and was conducted through a neat little garden, part of which was shaded by two large, overspreading elm-trees, to the house. Decency and order were manifest within and without. No excuse was made here, on the score of poverty, for confusion and uncleanliness in the disposal of their little household. Everything wore the aspect of neatness and propriety. On each side of the fireplace stood an old oaken arm-chair, where the venerable parents rested their weary limbs after the day's labor was over. On a shelf in one corner lay two Bibles, with a few religious books and tracts. The little room had two windows; a lovely prospect of hills, woods, and fields, appeared through one; the other was more than half obscured by the branches of a vine which was trained across it; between its leaves the sun shone, and cast a cheerful light over the whole place.

"This," thought I, "is a fit residence for piety, peace, and contentment. May I learn a fresh lesson for advancement in each through the blessing of God on this visit!"

"Sir," said the daughter, "we are not worthy that you should come under our roof. We take it very kind that you should travel so far to see us."

"My Master," I replied, "came a great deal farther to visit us poor sinners. He left the bosom of His Father, laid aside his glory, and came down to this lower world on a visit of mercy and love; and ought not we, if we profess to follow Him, to bear each other's infirmities, and go about doing good as He did?"

The old man now entered, and joined his wife and daughter in giving me a cordial welcome. Our conversation soon turned to the loss they had so lately sustained. The pious and sensible disposition of the daughter was peculiarly manifested, as well in what she said to her parents as in what she more immediately addressed to myself. I had now a further opportunity of remarking the good sense and agreeable manner which accompanied her expressions of devotedness to God, and love to Christ for the great mercies which he had bestowed

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

upon her. During her residence in different gentlemen's families where she had been in service, she had acquired a superior behaviour and address, her modest piety rendered her very humble and unassuming in manner and conversation. She seemed anxious to improve the opportunity of my visit to the best purpose of her own and her parents' sake, yet there was nothing of unbecoming forwardness, no appearance of consciousness in her conduct. She united the firmness and solidness of the German with the modesty of the female and the fondness of the daughter. It was impossible to be in her company and not observe how truly her temper and conversation adorned the principles which she professed.—*Annals of the Poor.*

RICHTER, Jean Paul Friedrich ("Jean Paul"), a German humorist and essayist, born at Wunsiedel, Bavaria, March 21, 1763; died at Bairuth, November 14, 1825. His father, who had previously been a village organist and schoolmaster, was in 1765 appointed pastor at Schwarzenbach, where he died when Jean Paul was sixteen. After a fair training at the Hof Gymnasium he went at eighteen to the University of Leipsic, where he studied diligently after his own fashion; but he had no eyes open for other furtherance than entering any of the professions, and, in default of anything more promising, commenced the career of authorship. His first publication was Grönland Processen, a collection of satirical sketches (1783). During the next seven years he worked on, though in very straitened circumstances, which however gradually improved. His Invisible Lodge (1793) gained him reputation as a hu-

morist, and before he was thirty-five he was recognized by the best authors in Germany as one of themselves. In 1798 he married the excellent Caroline Mayer, "daughter of the Royal Prussian Privy Councillor and Professor of Medicine, Dr. John Andrew Mayer." In 1802 a moderate pension was granted him, and not long afterward he took up his residence at Baireuth, where the remainder of his life was passed. The complete works of Richter contain sixty-five volumes of tales, romances, fantasies, didactic essays, visions, and homilies. Among the principal tales are *Hesperus* (1794); *Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces* (1796); *The Life of Quintus Fexlein* (1796); *Titan* (1801–3); of a different character are *Introduction to Æsthetics; Kampanerthal,* an essay on Immortality; *Levana,* an essay on Education, and *Selina,* an unfinished essay on Immortality, which was placed on his coffin when he was borne to his grave.

BUILDING AN AIR-CASTLE.

The circumstances of poor Seemaus had been, as the Government seemed to think, exactly suitable to his wretched and obscure position. When Moses was preparing to become the teacher and the lawgiver of the Jewish people, he fasted forty days upon a mountain; and from this sublime example our legislators seem to have deduced the conclusion that the man who would be the guide and teacher of the rising generation must prove his capabilities by his endurance of fasting. A starving school-master is consequently one of the features of our civilization, and Seemaus is a perfectly normal specimen of his class.

Under the excitement of a lottery ticket his frail nerves are quivering and in a letter which he has sent to me he expresses an apprehension that if he finds himself on June 30 the owner of the princely estates of

Walchern and Lizelberg, peopled by 1,000 families; also the new and spacious mansion, with the brewery, and the 700 acres of forest, he shall die for joy. His letter contains the following paragraph: "In my excited condition, I have been so injudicious as to read several chapters of a translation of *Tissot on Nervous Disorders,* in which I found several accounts of persons who have died under the influence of sudden joy. The *Nuremberg Correspondent* has lately given an account of two great bankers who both died suddenly in one day; one in joy on receiving a large profit, and the other in sorrow for a heavy loss. I have also read of a poor relation of Leibnitz, who heard with calmness the news of a rich legacy bequeathed to her; but when the real property — the costly linen and valuable silver plate — were spread out before her eyes, she gazed upon them for a moment in silent ecstasy, and immediately expired. What, then, must I expect to feel when I look upon the princely estates of Walchern, Lizelberg, etc., etc., and realize the fact that they are mine?"

To appease the natural fears of the hopeful but timid Seemaus, I have written to him acknowledging that I, too, have bought a ticket — Number 19,383, in the same lottery. "If," I continue, "this number prove the winning card in the game, what a destiny will mine be! According to proclamation made under royal authority at Munich, I shall possess, in the first place, 'all those most desirable estates named respectively Walchern and Lizelberg, in the district of Hausneckviertel, charmingly and beautifully situated between Salzburg and Linz; estates which even in the year 1750 were valued at 231,000 Rhenish florins; *item,* the saw-mill in excellent repair, and the complete brewery situated at Lizelberg.'

"Such is the gold mine of which I shall be the possessor if my ticket (one out of 36,000) prove fortunate, of which I am strongly disposed to hope. So now I can put my finger on the spot in my almanac marking the day when, like an aloe suddenly bursting into bloom after forty years without flowers, I shall expand my golden blossoms, and flourish as the Crœsus of our times. I can assure you, my dear friend, that I fully sympathize

with your excited feelings, for I am now in circumstances exactly like your own.

"Many others around me are hoping and fearing to evaporate in joy on that day; and such is the benevolent feeling prevailing here that everyone is willing to become a martyr for the benefit of his fellow ticket-holders — willing, among 36,000 men, to be the one man doomed to die. However, as you wish to cherish your hope of gaining Walchern, Lizelberg, the excellent saw-mill, and the complete brewery, etc., etc., without giving up all hope of life, I will give you some means of calming your fears. Allow me to recommend you an umbrella to defend your head against the sudden shower of gold; or a parasol to defend you from the sunstroke of good fortune. The danger to be apprehended when we step suddenly into the possession of such enormous wealth is that our minds will be unprepared to cope with our external circumstances. A thousand schemes of expenditure will at once present themselves. While our nerves are tingling with delight, and our veins are throbbing, the brain will be oppressed by ideas too vast, too new, and too numerous to be comprehended; and even the fatal explosion which you apprehend may take place. To prevent such a calamity we must now calmly prepare ourselves for the great crisis. We must familiarize our minds with thoughts of the possession and the distribution of such wealth as will soon be ours. Accordingly, I have made charts of the travels I shall enjoy during my first year of possession. If you could visit me now you would find among my papers some elegant plans and elevations of houses (for after all that has been said in favor of the mansion, I shall build another to suit my own taste); *item,* an extensive catalogue for a new library; *item,* a plan for the benefit of the tenants; besides, Sundries, such as memoranda to 'buy a Silbermann's piano-forte,' 'a good hunter,' etc., etc.

"You will not be surprised that I intend to continue my authorship. But it will in future be conducted in a princely style, as I shall maintain two clerks as quotation-makers and copyists, and another man to correct the press. But my great care has been to prepare a

code of laws for my 1,000 families of subjects. Allow me to remind you that you should be preparing a *Magna Charta* for your subjects, for all rulers must be bound before they can be obeyed. The old Egyptians wisely tied together the fore-paws of the crocodile, in order that they might worship him without danger.

"Prepare yourself according to my plan, and then you need not fear that the great gold mine will fall in and crush you as you begin to work it. At least, let us enjoy for a few days the hope for which we have paid twelve florins; let us not spoil it with anxieties. This hope is like butter on a dog's nose, which makes him eat dry bread with a relish. With their noses anointed with this butter, all our fellow ticket-holders are now eating their bread (black, brown or white, earned by toil, or tears, or servility) with an extra relish. This, for the present time, is a positive enjoyment, and if we are wise, we shall not disturb it."

THE DREAM OF A NEW YEAR'S EVE.

At midnight, when the Old Year was departing, there stood at his window an old man, looking forth with the aspect of a long despair on the calm, never fading heavens, and on the pure, white, and quiet earth, where there seemed to exist then no creature so sleepless and so miserable as himself. Now near the grave, this old man had, as the results of all his long career, nothing but errors, sins, and diseases; a shattered body, a desolated soul, a poisoned heart, and an age of remorse. The beautiful years of his youth were all changed into dismal goblins, shrinking away now, to hide themselves from the dawn of another New Year.

In his desperation and unutterable grief, he looked up toward the heavens, and cried aloud: "O give me back my youth! O Father! place me but once more upon the crossing of the way, that I may choose the path on the right hand, and not again that on the left!" — But his Father and his youth were gone forever. He saw misguiding *ignes fatui* gleaming forth out of the marsh and fading away in the church-yard. "There are

my days of folly!" he said. Then a shooting star fell from heaven, flickered, and vanished on the ground. "That is myself!" said he; while the poisoned fangs of remorse were biting into his bleeding heart. . . .

Then suddenly a peal of bells — a distant church-music hailing the New Year — sounded through the calm air, and his agony was appeased. He looked on the dim horizon, and on the wide world, all around; and he thought of the friends of his youth; of the men who — happier and better than himself — were now teachers of the people, or fathers of joyous children now growing up to a prosperous manhood; and he exclaimed: "Ah! my parents! I, too, might have been sleeping now with eyes not stained with tears, if I had followed your advice, and had responded to your New Year's prayers for me!"

He covered his face with his hands, and a thousand burning tears streamed down his cheeks, while in his despair he sighed: "Oh, give me back my youth!"

And his youth suddenly returned. He awoke. And, lo, all the terror of this New Year's Eve had been only a dream. He was still young; but the sins of his youth had not been dreams. How thankful he felt now that he was still young, that he had power to forsake the false path, and to enter the road lighted by a bright sun, and leading on to rich fields of harvest.

O young reader! if you have wandered from the right path, turn back now! Or this terrible dream may some day be for you a condemnation; and when you cry out: "O beautiful youth, return!" your prayer may not be heard; your youth may come back to you no more.

RIDDELL, Charlotte Eliza Lawson Cowan, a British novelist; born at Carrickfergus, County Antrim, in 1837. In 1857 she married J. H. Riddell, of Windsor Green House, Staffordshire, by whose initials she is generally known. Her first novel, published under the name of "F. G. Trafford," was *The Moor and the Fens* (1858). *Too Much Alone* followed in 1860, and *George Geith of Fen Court* in 1864. Mrs. Riddell now wrote under her husband's name, and produced a succession of novels, dealing chiefly with city and commercial subjects. They include *City and Suburb* (1861); *The World and the Church* (1862); *Maxwell Drewett* (1865); *The Race for Wealth* (1866); *The Rich Husband* and *Far Above Rubies* (1867); *Austin Friars* (1870); *A Life's Assize* (1871); *Home, Sweet Home* and *The Earl's Promise* (1873); *Montmorley's Estate* (1874); *The Ruling Passion* and *Above Suspicion* (1876); *Her Mother's Darling* (1877); *Fair Water* (1878); *The Mystery in Palace Gardens* (1880); *The Senior Partner* and *Alaric Spencer* (1881); *Daisies and Buttercups* and *The Prince of Wales's Garden Party* (1882); *A Struggle for Fame; The Uninhabited House,* and *The Haunted River* (1883); *Berna Boyle* (1884); *Susan Drummond* (1884); *Mitre Court* (1885); *Miss Gascoigne* and *The Nun's Curse* (1887); *Princess Sunshine* (1889); *My First Love* and *A Mad Tour* (1891); *The Head of the Firm* (1892); *The Rusty Sword* (1893); *The Banshee's Warning and Other Tales* (1894); *A Rich Man's Daughter* (1897).

THE CITY OF LONDON.

Thinking of the City as we think of it at the present day, it seems almost incredible that three hundred years since, letters for his Grace, the Archbishop of York, were forwarded to Tower Hill; whilst but half that period has elapsed since a Countess of Devonshire lived in Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate — not in solitude, but surrounded by much gay company — the last lady of rank who clung to the City.

There is no need to look scornful about the matter, most beautiful matron, though you may read this book in a house in Belgravia — for though the City be unfashionable now, no man may ever blot its ancient glory, or its present power and strength, out of the page of history. Not all Pickford's wagons can destroy its romance — not all the ninth of November mummery can efface the recollection of those days when City pageants were symbols of a real power; not all the feet that tramp across Tar Hill can obliterate the mournful histories written on its dust; churches and graveyards, mean courts and narrow alleys, thronged streets and quiet lanes — there is not one of these but repeats its Old World tale of misery and joy, in the ear of the attentive listener. In the dim summer twilight we tread softly through the deserted thoroughfares, feeling that the ground whereon we stand is hallowed — by human suffering, by human courage, by valor and by woe!

But, after all, it is around the City churches that the most interesting memories of olden time cluster.

What story is there that the old walls will not repeat at our bidding? From St. Paul's down, each has its own monuments, its own records — its own separate portion of the narrative of ancient days. Close by where we are now sitting are some of these old churches, and, from one and another, the soft evening breeze brings whispers of the greatness and the sorrow they contain.

Underneath the high altar of All-Hallows, Barking, lies, crumbling to dust, a heart which knew no repose

in life. In the same church, sleep Surrey the poet, and Bishops Laud and Fisher, who were executed on the adjacent Tower Hill; whilst a little to the north stands St. Katharine Cree, where in (for him) more prosperous days, Laud and his fat chaplains laid themselves open to the sarcasm of Prynne, whose description of the consecration of that church will be remembered so long as the history of ancient London has any charms for readers. Near to St. Katharine Cree we find St. Andrew Undershaft, which brings with its name thoughts of spring and May and garlands and festivity, as well as sadder memories of the great City historian, who, at eighty years of age, begged his bread by royal license, and whose bones were moved from under his own monument to make way for those of a richer comer.

Close by there is another All-Hallows, besides Barking, where the Princess Elizabeth flew to give thanks for her release from the Tower — attracted thither, so runs the pleasant story, by the joyful ringing of its bells.

Almost within a stone's throw, what a number of churches there are! — St. Mary-at-Hill, St. Dunstan's in the East, St. Margaret Pattens, St. Catherine Coleman, Aldgate; St. Benet, and St. Dionsis Backchurch; whilst just beyond the wicket-gate stood St. Gabriel, in the almost forgotten graveyard of which we sit.

Were all the City houses — all the long lines of streets, all the closely packed warehouses, all the overflowing shops swept away, the City churches would still form a town of themselves. Dreaming here, we cannot but marvel what this place was like when both houses and churches were destroyed — when London was one broad sheet of flame, and its inhabitants were camped out in the open fields, looking at the ruin which was being wrought.

Do you not wonder what the congregations were thinking about that Sunday morning, when the conflagration began? How many were making up their minds about the removal of their worldly goods — how many thinking of the great and terrible day of the Lord — how many shivering with fear? Doubtless some of those who sleep

within the dusty railings against which we lean, beheld these things — saw the city depopulated by plague, and purified by fire — followed the dead carts — looked down into the pits — hurried from the conflagration — witnessed executions on Tower Hill — attended the theatricals in the church-yard of St. Katharine Cree — and followed royalty, when kings and queens rode in state through the streets.

The very stones in this part of London talk to us eloquently of the past. Under the houses spring the arches of almost forgotten churches — in dim aisles stand stately monuments — in narrow lanes mansions once occupied by the nobility. The dust of great and good, and notorious, and suffering men, has mingled long ago with the earth on which we tread, and there is scarcely an inch of ground but has some story or tradition connected with it.— *From Geirge Geith of Fen Court.*

RIDLEY, Nicholas, an English ecclesiastic and martyr; born in Northumberland about 1500; died at Oxford, October 15, 1555. He was among the first in England who embraced the principles of the Reformation. In 1547, soon after the accession of the "boy king," Edward VI., he was made Bishop of Rochester, and in 1550 was transferred to the see of London. Not long after the accession of Queen Mary he was arrested as a heretic, refused to recant, and was condemned and burned at the stake in company with Hugh Latimer, "at the ditch over against Balliol College." While the fire was being lighted Latimer said to his fellow-martyr: "Be of good cheer, Brother Ridley; we shall this day kindle such a torch in England as, I trust in God, shall never be

extinguished." While under persecution, Ridley wrote *A Piteous Lamentation of the Miserable Estate of the Church.* His *Life,* by his relative, Dr. Gloucester Ridley, appeared in 1763. His works consist of *A Treatise Concerning Images in Churches; A Brief Declaration of the Lord's Supper; Certain Godly and Comfortable Conferences Between Bishop Ridley and Mr. Hugh Latimer During Their Imprisonment,* and *A Comparison Between the Comfortable Doctrine of the Gospel and the Traditions of the Popish Religion.* These works were collected and published by the Rev. Henry Christmas in 1841.

PERILS, DELIVERANCES, AND MARTYRDOMS.

Of God's gracious aid in extreme perils toward them that put their trust in Him, all Scripture is full, both Old and New. What perils were the Patriarchs often brought into, as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but of all others, Joseph; and how mercifully were they delivered again! In what peril was Moses, when he was fain to fly for the safeguard of his life! And when he was sent again to deliver the Israelites from servile bondage? Not before they were brought into extreme misery. And when did the Lord mightily deliver his people from Pharaoh's sword? Not before they were brought into such straits that they were so compassed on every side (the main sea on the one side, and the main host on the other), that they could look for none other (yea, what did they else look for them?) but either to have been drowned in the sea, or else to have fallen on the edge of Pharaoh's sword?

What shall I speak of the Prophets of God, whom God suffered to be brought into extreme perils, and so mightily delivered them again? as Helias, Heremy, Daniel, Micheas, and Jonas, and many others whom it were but too long to rehearse and set out at large. And did the Lord use His servants otherwise in the new law after Christ's incarnation? Read the Acts of the Apos-

tles, and you shall see, No. Were not the Apostles cast into prison, and brought out by the mighty hand of God? Did not the angel deliver Peter out of the strong prison, and bring him out by the iron gates of the city, and set him free? And when, I pray you? Even the night before Herod appointed to have brought him in judgment for to have slain him, as he had a little before killed James, the brother of John. Paul and Silas, when, after they had been sore scourged, and were put into the inner prison, and there were held fast in the stocks — I pray you what appearance was there that the magistrates should be glad to come the next day themselves to them, to desire them to be content, and to depart in peace? Who provided for Paul that he should be safely conducted out of all danger, and brought to Felix, the Emperor's deputy, whereas both the high priests, and Pharisees, and the rulers of the Jews had conspired to require judgment of death against him — he being fast in prison — and also more than forty men had sworn each one to the other that they would never eat nor drink until they had slain Paul! A thing wonderful, that no reason could have invented, or man could have looked for: God provided Paul his own sister's son, a young man, that disappointed that conspiracy and all their former conjuration.

Now to descend from the Apostles to the Martyrs that followed next in Christ's Church, and in them to declare how gracious our good God hath ever been to work wonderfully with them which in His cause have been in extreme peril, it were matter enough to write a long book. . . . But for all these examples, both of Holy Scripture and other histories, I fear me the weak man of God, encumbered with the frailty and infirmity of the flesh, will have now and then such thoughts and qualms (as they call them) to run over his heart, and to think thus: "All these things which are rehearsed out of the Scriptures, I believe to be true; and of the rest truly do I think well, and can believe them also to be true. But all these we must needs grant were special miracles of God, which now in our hands are ceased, we

see; and to require them of God's hands, were it not to tempt God?"

Well-beloved brother, I grant such were great, wonderful works of God, and we have not seen many such miracles in our time, either for that our sight is not clear (for truly God worketh with us on His part in all times), or else because we have not the like faith of them for whose cause God wrought such things, or because after that He had set forth the truth of His doctrine by such miracles then sufficiently, the time for so many miracles to be done was expired withal. Which of these is the most special cause of all other, or whether there be any other, God knoweth: I leave that to God. But know thou this, my well-beloved in God, that God's hand is as strong as ever it was; He may do what His gracious pleasure is, and He is as good and gracious as ever He was. Man changeth as the garment doth; but God, our Heavenly Father, is even the same now that He was, and shall be forevermore.

The world, without doubt (this I do believe, and therefore I say), draweth toward an end, and in all ages God hath had His own manner, after His secret and unsearchable wisdom, to use His elect. Sometimes to deliver them, and to keep them safe; and sometimes to suffer them to drink of Christ's cup — that is, to feel the smart, and to feel of the whip. And though the flesh smarteth at the one, and feeleth ease in the other — is glad of the one, and sore vexed in the other; yet the Lord is all one toward them in both, and loveth them no less when he suffereth them to be beaten — yea, and to be put bodily to death — than when He worketh wonders for their marvellous delivery. Nay, rather, He doth more for them, when in anguish of the torments He standeth by them, and strengtheneth in their faith, to suffer in the confession of the truth and His faith the bitter pains of death, than when He openeth the prison doors and letteth them go loose: for here He doth but respite them to another time, and leaveth them in danger to fall in like peril again; and there He maketh them perfect, to be without danger or pain or peril after that forevermore. But this His love toward them —

howsoever the world doth judge of it — is all one, both when He delivereth and when He suffereth them to be put to death. . . .

Thinkest thou, O man of God, that Christ our Saviour had less affection to the first martyr, Stephen, because He suffered his enemies, even at the first conflict to stone him to death? No, surely; nor James, John's brother, which was one of the three that Paul calleth primates, or principals, amongst the Apostles of Christ? He loved him never a whit the worse than He did the other, although He suffered Herod the tyrant's sword to cut off his head. Nay, doth not Daniel say, speaking of the cruelty of Antichrist of his time: "And the learned shall teach many, and shall fall upon the sword and in the flame, and in captivity, and be spoiled and robbed of their goods for a long season." . . .

If that, then, was foreseen for to be done to the godly learned, and for so gracious causes, let every one to whom any such thing by the will of God doth chance, be merry in God and rejoice, for it is to God's glory and his own everlasting wealth.

RIDPATH, JOHN CLARK, an American historian and essayist; born in Putnam County, Ind., April 26, 1841; died at New York, July 31, 1900. He was educated at De Pauw University, and was graduated with the honors of his class in 1863. He was a superintendent of education in Thorntown, Ind., and Lawrenceburgh, Ind., for six years. In 1869 he was elected Professor of English Literature in his Alma Mater. In 1871 he was promoted to the chair of Belles-Lettres and History, and five years afterward

to that of History and Political Philosophy. In 1879 he was elected Vice-President of the university, and in the following year was honored by Syracuse University with the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1881–83 he was chiefly instrumental in securing for his Alma Mater a large endowment from Washington Charles De Pauw, whose name was conferred memorially on the university.

Professor Ridpath's first formal appearance in literature was in 1875, when he published his *Academic History of the United States.* This was followed in the following year by his *Grammar School History of the United States,* and, in 1875, by the *Popular History of the United States.* In 1879 appeared his *Inductive Grammar of the English Language.* In 1880 he became one of the editors of the *People's Cyclopædia.* In 1881 appeared *The Life and Work of Garfield.* In the years 1882–85 Dr. Ridpath composed his *Cyclopædia of Universal History* (four volumes). In the years 1887–93 he prepared and finished *The Great Races of Mankind.* In 1893 appeared *The Life and Work of James G. Blaine;* in 1895 *Bishop Taylor's Story of My Life;* in 1898 *The Life and Times of William E. Gladstone,* and in 1900 *History of the United States.* In 1897 he became editor of *The Arena Magazine,* and completed the compilation of the original edition of the LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

GENIUS OF THE GREEKS.

The men of Greece, though not above the medium height, were graceful and vigorous. Their chests were arched, their limbs straight, their carriage was erect and indicative of great agility. The complexion was fair, but not white; for the Eastern origin of the race, combin-

ing in influence with the constant outdoor exercise and the free exposures of their bodies to the air and sun gave a tinge of bronze to the person which was admired rather than avoided. The neck was round and beautifully moulded, and on this was set a head which for symmetry and proportion has never been equalled. The nose descended in a straight line with the forehead, and the lips were full of expression. The chin was strong and round, but not unduly prominent. The whole form and features glowed with an intellectual and spiritual life — an ideal expressiveness which shone upon the beholder like sunlight.

The female face and figure were still more elevated and refined. Here nature surpassed all art and gave to the world an imperishable ideal. The hands and feet of Greek women were modeled to the finest proportions of which conception or fancy are capable. The face was full of grace and modesty. The original type was a dark-blonde, the hair auburn, the eyes blue; and this type was maintained until intercourse with surrounding nations and the intermixture of foreigners from every city of the civilized world modified the features and complexion and brought into favor other styles of beauty. It was the Greek maiden and mother, with their native charms and graces, that gave to the art of ancient Europe those classic models which have been, and are likely ever to remain, the inspiration and the despair of the chisels and brushes of the modern world. Not only the men and women of Athens thus surpassed in strength and loveliness of person, but the people of the other Greek states, as well, entered into the rivalry of beauty. The girls of Bœotia were as much praised for their comely grace as were those of Attica; and for the women of Thebes artists and poets alike were wont to claim a superiority of loveliness over all the daughters of Hellen. Nor should failure be made to mention the maidens of Ionia, who, alike in the royal courts of the East and in the free vales of the West, were regarded as bearing from an easy contest the palm of matchless beauty.

In mental qualities the Hellenes were still more strongly discriminated from the other peoples of an-

tiquity. They had courage of the highest order. Nothing could daunt or dispirit the Greek. When aroused he went to war. Perhaps the cause was not worthy of the combat, but, being offended, he fought. Arming himself with the best implements of war which an unscientific age could afford, he sought his enemy to slay or be slain. When a Greek fled the law of nature was suddenly reversed, and the clouds smiled at a caprice so exceptional as to be ridiculous! As a general rule, his courage in battle was a thing so business-like and matter-of-course as to appear natural and inevitable. Before the career of his race was half run the enemy who stood before him in fight expected to be killed, out of the nature of the thing. In the midst of the struggle his valor was first sublime and then savage; rarely cruel. To be brave was to be Grecian, and not to fight when insulted or wronged, even in trifles, was so little Greek as to be regarded as a stigma in any son of Hellen who thus shamed his race.

In intellectual qualities, properly so-called, the Greek had an easy precedence of any and all competitors in the ancient world. If the word *man* be really derived from the Sanskrit root *to think*, then, indeed, was the Greek the highest order of man. He could think, combine, reason. He could formulate and express his thoughts with a clearness and cogency never surpassed. He could excogitate, imagine. In an age when the coarser senses and more brutal instincts of human nature were rampant and lay like an incubus on the spiritual faculties of man, the Greek mind rose like a lily above the pond. It opened its waxen cup. It gathered the dews. It drank the sunlight by day and the starlight by night. It gave its fragrance first to its own place and then to all the world, and then bequeathed its imperishable beauties and perfume to the immortality of art.

Out of the mind of the Greek were produced the loftiest concepts of philosophy. In a time of universal darkness there was light in Hellas. It is not intended in this connection to sketch an outline of the work done by the great thinkers of Athens. From the streets of that city, from her walks, her groves, her Academy, a luminous

effulgence has been shed into all the world. In the highest seats of modern learning the reasoning of Plato and the formulæ of Aristotle still, in some measure, hold dominion over the acutest intellects of the world. Nor is it likely that the truth which they evolved from their capacious understanding will ever be restated in a form more acceptable and attractive to the human mind than that to which themselves gave utterance. They are to-day in all the world,

> "The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

Besides the general intellectual superiority of the Greeks they possessed certain peculiarities of mind for which they were especially noted. They were witty. However wit may be defined, the Hellenes had it. They were able to discover far-fetched analogies. They could juxtaposit the heterogeneous and produce an electrical shock by the touch of contradictories. They liked that flash of light which scorches its victim. The paradox was always a generous nut to the Greek who found it. To him the bitterly ridiculous was better than a jewel of fine gold. An impossible verity was his delight. A pungent untruth made true or a luminous and startling lie was to him a joy forever. A joke, even at the expense of the gods, was better than the richest banquet flowing with wine.

Then came subtlety, leading to craft in action. All the fine lines of possibility in a fact and its relations were discovered by the Greek intellect as if by intuition. To perceive with delicacy the exact conditions of the thing considered — an impossible task to the sluggish perceptions of most of the peoples of antiquity — was to the Greek but a process of healthful exercise. He knew more than his enemy. He beat him and laughed at him. He was the most capable animal of all antiquity. He was Reynard in the ancient Kingdom of the Beasts. He planned and contrived while others slept. His were the trick and the stratagem. He held up a false appearance, and smiled at his foe for being fool

enough to believe it real. He found more pleasure in setting a trap than in taking a city. He set a snare and stuck a spearhead through the loop. He made cunning a virtue, and recounted a successful wile with the same pride as if reciting the brave exploits of heroes. To succeed by craft was nothing if it succeeded, and success without superior skill was more shameful than defeat. The Greek met the enemy with ambiguous speech. He attacked him with a riddle. He swept the field with a device, and slew the flying foe because he did not understand! He entered the treaty-room with a dilemma, arranged the terms with a subterfuge, and went out with a mental reservation.

In the midst of his keen wit, his happy perception of the ridiculous and his profound subtlety, the Greek retained in the highest degree a sense of the beautiful. He loved and appreciated the delicate outlines of form and color to the extent of adoration. In a beautiful land he awoke to consciousness. He saw around him a living landscape, and above him a cerulean sky. He held communion with all the nude simplicities of nature, and under her delightful inspiration felt the flutter of wings within him. He would imitate her loveliness. He saw in his musings and even in his slumbers the outlines of radiant forms. He caught at the vision. His thought became Apollo, and his dream was transformed into Psyche.

From the concurrence of such faculties as those possessed by the Greeks, certain kinds of activity were inevitable. Native energy would lead to vigorous achievement. From the first the Hellenes were adventurous. They tempted both land and sea. The voyage from one Cyclade to another fed a hunger and nurtured an ambition. The ocean was something to be overcome. Others, as well as they, desired possession. Hence war, struggle, victory, peace, commerce, the city, the State. Here the Greek found food. He planted himself in his peninsula and islands. He made enterprise. He took advantage of the adventure of others. He made nature his confederate. He filled his sails with her winds. He went abroad and colonized. He sought the world's ex-

treme. He established his dominion in another peninsula in the Western seas, and called it *Great* Greece, as distinguished from his own. He undertook the carrying-trade for the nations, and spoke his musical accents in the marts of Babylon and Memphis and Carthage. He hired himself for gain to the Oriental despots whom he despised, and transported their armies in his fleet. He became a cosmopolite, and learned among the swarming millions of foreign lands the lesson of fearlessness. He believed — and not without good reason — that a Greek spear and a Greek stratagem were more than Egyptian cohorts, more than the hosts of Persia. He became self-confident in his activities, arrogant in success, reckless even when his capital was in ashes and his family in exile. He was dauntless, imperturbable, courageous even to the doors of desperation and death.

As to moral qualities, the Greeks were not so greatly pre-eminent above the other peoples of antiquity. They had, like the Assyrians and the Romans, many of the robust virtues, but it cannot be said that the moral perceptions of the race were, in delicacy of discernment between right and wrong, equal to the keenness of their intellectual faculties. The morality of Greek social life was as high, perhaps higher, than the age. Woman was still a slave, but her condition in Greece was greatly preferable to that exhibited in any Eastern civilization. The conditions of her life were much improved by the influence of Greek institutions, and Greek motherhood and sisterhood were esteemed at something like their true valuation. Nor was it possible in a country where freedom was the rule that love should be absent or its fruit despised. The Hellenic family was maintained more by the action of natural laws than by the influence of the commonwealth, and the altar of domestic affection received its gifts from the hand of preference rather than from the enforcement of duty. Still, this natural freedom was by no means destructive of sacred ties, and although it was productive of much social immorality and abandonment, yet it gave birth to such an array of genius within given limits of population as cannot be paralleled elsewhere in history.

Turning to the domain of ethics proper, and considering what may in general terms be called the fountain of right, namely, adherence to truth and principle, the Greeks were by no means above reproach. They had in this regard fewer of the heroic virtues than did the Romans of the Republic. With the average Greek the rule was that the end justified the means, and the majority adopted this rule without compunction. The natural disposition to adopt intrigue and deception as legitimate instruments for the accomplishment of certain results encroached in practice upon the better principles of action, to the extent of making treachery in private life and perfidy in public affairs much too common for the honor and reputation of the race. While, however, such was in general the ethical code of the Greeks, there were among them not a few philosophers and teachers who, alike in their instructions and examples, were without doubt the best exponents of morality and personal worth that the world has ever produced. The greatness of Socrates stands unchallenged. The beauty and sublimity of his teachings have never been assailed, except by bigots. The lustre of his life and the heroism of his death have cast a mellow light through the centuries, and his steady belief in immortality has remained as the greatest protest of the pagan world against the notion of the extinction of the human soul. While it is true that the Athenians on an important state occasion gave as a formal reason for the breaking of a treaty the statement that *it was no longer to their advantage to keep it,* and while in multiplied instances the pages of Grecian history are stained with the records of deeds perfidious, it is also true that the discs of Socrates and Plato shine above the fogs of this depravity with an immortal brightness.

Nor should there be failure to mention the redemptive virtue of Greek patriotism. It may be true, as has been urged by some philanthropists, that those local attachments of man to his own hill, his own province, his own country which, in the aggregate, pass by the name of patriotism are in the nature of a vice which will be extinguished in the higher developments of civ-

ilization. But such a proposition cannot be established out of the history of the past, nor is it likely to be established in the immediate future. In general, the progress of mankind, as well as the average happiness of the world, has been fostered and sustained by the devotion of patriotism; and even in the present condition of the world patriotism remains a fact and internationality a dream.

The Greeks were patriotic. Their land was of such a character as to nurture and stimulate local attachment. There seems to be more principle involved in fighting for a hill than for a brick-yard. The human race fits to inequality of surface. It is difficult to be moved from such a situation. Beauty, sublimity, variety, every element which draws forth from man an affectionate regard for nature, fired the Greek with enthusiasm for his country, his altars, his hearthstones, his gods. The masterful struggles at Marathon, Platæa, and Salamis are but the attestation of the vigor and invincible force of the patriotism of the Greeks.

They loved liberty. Freedom had her birth among the hills of Greece. Here it was that political rights were first debated, and the duties of government limited by statute. There was something in the Greek mind which could not tolerate the exactions of arbitrary authority. What they could not consent to they resisted. They quaffed freedom as from a cup. Their patriotic impulses led to the acceptance of the doctrine that the man existed for the state; but the spirit of liberty made it dangerous to be the state. Hellas was an arena. Contention, party strife, the conflict of opinion, the counter currents of interest, the inebriety of the demagogue, the factious outcry, the excited assembly, the uproar, the ostracism — all these were but the concomitants of that wonderful agitation in the painful throes of which were born the liberties of the people. With the growth of the Grecian commonwealths popular consent became more and more the necessary antecedent of action. The voice of the new-born fact called political freedom cried in the streets. There was a clamor, not wise but loud. It was as a sound in the tree-tops — the voice of democracy —

a voice never to be stilled unto the shores of time and the ends of the earth.— *Cyclopædia of Universal History, Vol. I., pp. 461-63.*

RIGGS, KATE DOUGLAS SMITH WIGGIN, an American novelist and writer of stories for the young; born at Philadelphia, September 28, 1857. Her girlhood was spent at Hollis, Me., and at Andover, Mass., where she was educated. She removed in early life to California; where, with her sister Norah, she began the study of the Fröbelian system of education. She taught a year in the Santa Barbara College; and in 1878 she organized in San Francisco the first free kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains. She founded the California Kindergarten Training School, which graduated its first class in 1881 and soon had its workers in every State on the Pacific coast, and in Central America and the Hawaiian Islands. In 1888 she removed to New York, where she became first Vice-President of the New York Kindergarten Association. Her husband, Samuel Bradley Wiggin, died in 1889; and in 1895 she was married to George Christopher Riggs. Her literary works, by whch she is better known to the world at large, and some of which have been translated into French, German, Japanese, Danish, and Swedish, and printed in raised letters for the blind, and all of which have been republished in England, include *Half a Dozen Housekeepers* (1878); *The Birds' Christmas Carol* (1886); *Kindergarten Chimes* (1888); *The Story of Patsy* (1889); *A Summer in a Cañon* (1889);

Timothy's Quest (1890); *The Story Hour* (short stories in collaboration with her sister, 1890); *The Kindergarten and the Public School* (1891); *Children's Rights* (with her sister, 1892); *A Cathedral Courtship* (1893); *Penelope's English Experiences* (1893); *Polly Oliver's Problem* (1893); *The Village Watch Tower* (1895); *Fröbel's Gifts* (1896); *Marm Lisa* (1896); *Penelope's Progress* (1898); *Penelope's Experience in Ireland* (1901); *The Diary of a Goose Girl* (1902); *Rebecca* (1903); *The Bird's Christmas Carol* (1904); *The Affair at the Inn and Other Stories* (1905); and *Rose o' the River* (1905).

POLLY AND EDGAR.

"Oh, how old and 'gentlemanly' you look, Edgar! I feel quite afraid of you!"

"I'm glad you do. There used to be a painful lack of reverence in your manners, Miss Polly."

"There used to be a painful lack of politeness in yours, Mr. Edgar. Oh, dear, I meant to begin so nicely with you and astonish you with my new, grown-up manners! Now, Edgar, let us begin as if we had just been introduced; if you will try your best not to be provoking, I won't say a single disagreeable thing."

"Polly, shall I tell you the truth?"

"You might try; it would be good practice, even if you didn't accomplish anything."

"How does that remark conform with your late promises? However, I'll be forgiving and see if I receive any reward; I've tried every other line of action. What I was going to say when you fired that last shot was this: I agree with Jack Howard, who used to say that he would rather quarrel with you than be friends with any other girl."

"It is nice," said Polly, complacently. "I feel a sort of pleasant glow myself, whenever I've talked to you a few minutes; but the trouble is that you used to fan

that pleasant glow into a raging heat, and then we both got angry."

"If the present 'raging heat' has faded into the 'pleasant glow,' I don't mind telling you that you are very much improved," said Edgar, encouragingly. "Your temper seems much the same, but no one who knew you at fourteen could have foreseen that you would turn out so exceedingly well."

"Do you mean that I am better looking?" asked Polly, with the excited frankness of sixteen years.

"Exactly."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Edgar. I'm a thousand times obliged. I've thought so myself, lately; but it's worth everything to have your grown-up college opinion. Of course, red hair has come into vogue, that's one point in my favor, though I fear mine is a little vivid even for the fashion: Margery has done a water-color of my head which Phil says looks like the explosion of a tomato. Then my freckles are almost gone, and that is a great help; if you examine me carefully in this strong light you can only count seven, and two of those are getting faint-hearted. Nothing can be done with my aspiring nose. I've tried in vain to push it down, and now I'm simply living it down."

Edgar examined her in the strong light mischievously. "Turn your profile," he said. "That's right; now, do you know, I rather like your nose, and it's a very valuable index to your disposition. I don't know whether if it were removed from your face, it would mean so much; but, taken in connection with its surroundings it's a very expressive feature; it warns the stranger to be careful. In fact, most of your features are danger signals, Polly; I'm rather glad I've been taking a course of popular medical lectures on First Aid to the Injured!"

And so, with a great deal of nonsense and a good sprinkling of quiet, friendly chat, they made their way to Professor Salazar's house, proffered Polly's apologies, and took the train for San Francisco.—*Polly Oliver's Problem.*

THE FORE-ROOM RUG.

The room grew dusky as twilight stole gently over the hills of Pleasant River. Priscilla's lip trembled; Diadema's tears fell thick and fast on the white rosebud, and she had to keep wiping her eyes as she followed the pattern.

"I ain't said as much as this about it for five years," she went on, with a tell-tale quiver in her voice, "but now I've got going, I can't stop. I'll have to get the weight out o' my heart somehow.

"Three days after I put Lovey's baby into her arms the Lord called her home. 'When I prayed so hard for this little new life, Reuben,' says she, holding the baby as if she would never let it go, 'I didn't think I'd got to give up my own in place of it; but it's the first fiery flood we've had, dear, and though it burns to my feet, I'll tread it as brave as I know how.'

"She didn't speak a word after that; she just faded away like a snow-drop, hour by hour. And Reuben and I stared one another in the face as if we was dead instead of her; and we went about the house o' mourning like sleep-walkers for days and days, not knowing whether we et or slept, or what we done.

"As for the baby, the poor little mite didn't live many hours after its mother, and we buried 'em together. Reuben and I knew what Lovey would have liked. She gave her life for the baby's, and it was a useless sacrifice, after all. No, it wa'n't neither; it *couldn't* have been! You needn't tell me God'll let such sacrifices as that come out useless! But, anyhow, we had one coffin for 'em both, and I opened Lovey's arms and laid the baby in 'em. When Reuben and I took our last look, we thought she seemed more'n ever like Mary, the mother of Jesus. There never was another like her, and there never will be. 'Nonesuch,' Reuben used to call her."

There was silence in the room, broken only by the ticking of the old clock and the tinkle of a distant cowbell. Priscilla made an impetuous movement, flung her-

self down by the basket of rags, and buried her head in Diadema's gingham apron.

"Dear Mrs. Bascom, don't cry. I'm sorry, as the children say."

"No, I won't more'n a minute. Jot can't stand it to see me give way. You go and touch a match to the kitchen fire, so't the kettle will be boiling, and I'll have a minute to myself. I don't know what the neighbors would think to ketch me crying over my drawing-in frame; but the spell's over now, or 'bout over, and when I can muster up courage I'll take the rest of the baby's cloak and put a border of white everlastings round the outside of the rug. It'll always mean the baby's birth and Lovey's death to me; but the flowers will remind me it's life everlasting for both of 'em, and so it's the most comforting end I can think of."

It was indeed a beautiful rug when it was finished and laid in front of the sofa in the fore-room. Diadema was very choice of it. When company was expected, she removed it from its accustomed place, and spread it in a corner of the room where no profane foot could possibly tread on it. Unexpected callers were managed by a different method. If they seated themselves on the sofa, she would fear they did not "set easy" or "rest comfortable" there, and suggest their moving to the stuffed chair by the window. The neighbors thought this solicitude merely another sign of Diadema's "p'ison neatness," excusable in this case, as there was so much white in the new rug.

The fore-room blinds were ordinarily closed, and the chilliness of death pervaded the sacred apartment; but on great occasions, when the sun was allowed to penetrate the thirty-two tiny panes of glass in each window, and a blaze was lighted in the fire-place, Miss Hollis would look in as she went upstairs, muse a moment over the pathetic little romance of rags, the story of two lives worked into a bouquet of old-fashioned posies, whose gay tints were brought out by a setting of sombre threads. Existence had gone so quietly in this remote corner of the world that all its important events, babyhood, childhood, betrothal, marriage, motherhood, with all their

mysteries of love and life and death, were chronicled in this narrow space not two yards square.

Diadema came in behind the little school-teacher one afternoon. "I cal'late," she said, "that being kep' in a dark room, and never being tread on, it will last longer'n I do. If it does, Priscilla, you know that white crape shawl of mine I wear to meeting hot Sundays: that would make a second row of everlastings round the border. You could piece out the linings good and smooth on the under side, draw in the white flowers, and fill 'em round with black to set 'em off. The rug would be han'somer than ever then, and the story — would be finished."— *The Village Watch Tower.*

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB, an American poet; born at Greenfield, Ind., in 1853. His school education was carried on irregularly. He wished to be a portrait-painter, but, sign-painting being a shorter road to wealth, he became a wandering decorator of roadsides and fences. He then joined a company of strolling players as both actor and author, rewrote plays, improvised songs, drew caricatures, and laid in a stock of insight into character and knowledge of different phases of life. He made his first appearance as a writer of verses in the Indianapolis *Journal* in June, 1882, and, unlike most aspirants who crowd into the "Poet's Corner" of such journals in their own persons, and celebrate their supposititious experiences and disappointments in love, he created for his poetic purpose an uneducated, elderly rustic named Benjamin F. Johnson, who, in his own words, "from childhood up tel old enough to vote, allus wrote more or less

– James Whitcomb Riley

poetry, as many an album in the neighborhood can testify," and wrote " from the hart out."

One of the best estimates of Mr. Riley's poetry and place in literature is found in a review of his work and his creation of the character Benjamin F. Johnson by R. H. Stoddard. He says: " That the personality into which Mr. Riley thus projected himself was a successful one was evident at once from the popularity of his rustic poems among the people who were best qualified to judge them, and who, it is safe to assume, could no more have been taken in by them, if they had not been genuine of their kind, than the countrymen of Burns could have been taken in by bogus Scottish balladry of literary and Saxon origin. Benjamin F. Johnson was a dramatic creation, and his Hoosier rhymes, when rightly understood, are dramatic lyrics, like those that he wrote when he was at his freshest and best in *Bells and Pomegranates,* and as such are admirable. They are occupied with thoughts and feelings common to the uneducated country folk of whom Mr. Johnson is the laureate, and whom he may be said to interpret to themselves by virtue of his sympathy with them and their homely lives, by his clear, strong horse sense and his freedom from sentimentality, by his intuitive use of their mother-tongue, and the curious something which is neither humor nor pathos, but a happy blending of both, an April day of shifting shine and shade. He sees things as they see them, with a little more philosophy, perhaps, and with a keener sense of the picturesqueness of their surroundings, and the gift of seizing and presenting its salient features in felicitous, vital words. A stanza from one of his descriptive poems is a gallery of natural pictures:

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineas and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyeh as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The familiarity with the sights and sounds of nature which a stanza like this exhibits, and there are many such here, is conspicuous in this Hoosier verse which finds its true expression in dialect, which, however loose it may be in its grammar, is consistent and not excessive in its bad spelling. But there are graver things than these in Mr. Johnson's verse, notably in *A Hymn of Faith:*

Make us to feel, when times look bad,
And tears in pity melt,
Thou wast the only he'p we had,
When there was nothin' else.

Death comes alike to ev'ry man
That ever was borned on earth;
Then let us do the best we can
To live for all life's worth.

Ef storms and tempest dred to see
Makes black the heavens ore,
They done the same in Galilee
Two thousand years before.

But, after all, the golden sun
Poured out its floods on them
That watched and waited for the One
Then borned in Bethlyhem.

We shall not compare Mr. Riley with the generality of our dialect writers, of whom we have more than a sufficiency, in prose and verse, except by saying that his dialect impresses us with the belief that it is genuine, and not literary; that it represents, as nearly as may be, a spoken speech, and not the ingenuity of a clever manufacturer of possible combinations of misused words, and that whatever it is, or is not, it is certainly not slang. He has the art — perhaps we should say the gift — of writing about the things of every-day life in an unusual fashion, with an insight that reveals more than meets the eye, and that separates the common from the commonplace. Benjamin F. Johnson is a poor and distant relative of Hosea Biglow, compared with whom he labors under the disadvantage of having written a great deal of homely verse which nowhere suggests the genius to have written anything as good as "Zekle's Courtin'."

He has published *The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems, by Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone* (1883); *The Boss Girl and Other Sketches,* Stories and Poems (1886); *Afterwhiles,* poems, and *Character Sketches and Poems* (1887); *Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury* and *Old-Fashioned Roses* (1889); *Rhymes of Childhood Days* (1890); *Neighborly Poems* (1891); *Flying Islands of the Night* (1891); *An Old Sweetheart of Mine* (1891); *Green Fields and Running Brooks* (1893); *Poems Here at Home* (1893); *Armazinda* (1894), a volume of Hoosier harvest-airs and child-rhymes; *Rubáyat of Doc Sifers* (1897); *Home*

Folks (1900); *Riley Love Lyrics* (1900); *Out to Old Aunt Mary's* (1903); *A Defective Santa Claus* (1904); and *Songs o' Cheer* (1905).

THE ELF-CHILD.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, and brush the crumbs
away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth
an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board
and keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire, an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns' at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs —
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him
bawl,
An' when they turned the kivvers down he wasn't there
at all!
An 'they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole
an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' everywheres, I
guess,
But all they ever found was this, his pants an' round-
about: —
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of everyone an' all her blood-an-kin.

An' onc't when they was "company," an' old folks was there,
She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run and hide,
They was too great Big Black Things a'standin' by her side,
An' snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' Little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes Woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is squenched away —
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teacher fond an' dear,
An churish them 'at loves you, and dry the orphant's tear,
An' help the po' an' needy ones, 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git *you*
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

Old Man never had much to say —
'Ceptin' to Jim —
An' Jim was the wildest boy he had —
And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heard him speak but once
Er twice in my life — and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The Old Man backin' him, fer three months.
And all 'at I heerd the Old Man say

Was jes' as we turned to start away —
"Well; good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared-like he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f — like, see? —
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The Old Man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim —
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say —
"Well; good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The Old Man peared wrapped up in him.
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole rigiment — white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad —
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen —
The Old Man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said — "Tell Jim
Good-by;
And take keer of hisse'f!"

Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way — jes' wrapped up in him! —
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum —
At Petersburg fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
And they skooted for timber and on and on —
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,

And the Old Man's words in his mind all day —
"Well; good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Jim come back jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery —
And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him! —
Jim allowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the Old Man give him a colt he'd raised
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around for a week or so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade —
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heard was the Old Man say —
"Well; good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old Man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim —
Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps —
And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him
Think of him — with the war plum through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim
And the Old Man, bendin' over him —
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked for years and years —
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears —
"Well; good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'MONGST THE HILLS O' SOMERSET

'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset
Wisht I was a-roaming yet!
My feet won't get usen to

These low lands I'm trompin' through
Wisht I could go back there and
Stroke the long grass with my hand,
Like my school-boy sweetheart's hair
Smoothed out underneath it there!
Wisht I could set eyes once more
On our shadders, on before,
Climbin', in the airly dawn,
Up the slopes 'at love growed on
Natcheril as the violet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

How 't'u'd rest a man like me
Jes fer 'bout an hour to be
Up there where the mornin' air
Could reach out and ketch me there!
Snatch my breath away, and then
Rense and give it back again
Fresh as dew, and smellin' of
The old pinks I ust to love,
And a-flavor'n ever' breeze
With mixed hints o' mulberries
And May-apples, from the thick
Bottom lands along the crick
Where the fish bit, dry er wet,
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things
All comes back: the bluebird swings
In the maple, tongue and bill
Trillin' glory fit to kill!
In the orchard, jay and bee
Ripens the first pears fer me
And the "Prince's Harvest," they
Tumble to me where I lay
In the clover, provin' still
"A boy's will is the wind's will."
Clean fergot is time, and care,
And thick hearin' and gray hair —
But they's nothin' I ferget
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged — to be edzact,
Very middle-aged, in fact —
Yet a thinkin' back to *then,*
I'm the same wild boy again!
Ther's the dear old home once more,
And ther's mother at the door —
Dead, I know, fer thirty year,
Yet she's *singin',* and I *hear.*
And there's Joe, and Mary Jane,
And Pap, comin' up the lane!
Dusk's a-fallin'; and the dew,
'Pears like it's a-fallin', too —
Dreamin' we're all livin' yet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

RIPLEY, GEORGE, an American critic and philosopher; born at Greenfield, Mass., October 3, 1802; died at New York, July 4, 1880. He was graduated from Harvard in 1823, at the head of a class of unusual brilliancy; studied at the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1827 became pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston. In 1831 he went to Europe, where he remained for some time, studying German and French literature, and upon his return devoted himself to literary work. In 1838 he undertook the editing of a series of translations by different persons, entitled *Foreign Standard Literature,* which extended to fourteen volumes, and published *Discourses on the Philosophy of Religion* (1839) and *Letters on the Latest Forms of Infidelity.* In 1842 he engaged in establishing the "Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education," which was abandoned after a trial

of four years. In 1849 he became literary editor of the New York *Tribune,* and literary adviser for the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, filling these positions until his death. In 1853 he published *Hand Book of Literature and the Fine Arts.* In the same year he and Charles A. Dana undertook the editing of Appleton's *American Cyclopædia* (1853 *et seq.;* second edition, 1874 *et seq.*). As literary editor of the *Tribune* he exercised a wider influence than any other man upon American literature. Few books of any note appeared which were not "noticed" by him, and always in an impartial and liberal spirit. These "Book Notices" not unfrequently extended to considerable length, and it is to be regretted that no collection of the most important of these has been published.

VOLTAIRE.

The earliest dates in the history of Voltaire present a transparent contrast to the glory of its final success. He first appears in the character of a cunning Bohemian, intent on wresting a livelihood from a reluctant world, rather than as a man of genius whose writings were to excite a fermentation of thought. His first step was to change the family name of Arouet to the more sonorous title of Voltaire. He soon found his place in the brilliant and corrupt society of that period. His pen had free exercise in the field of irony and satire; his mocking genius is called into early action; he sends the shafts of his wit with less regard to the accuracy of their aim than to the effect of their stroke; and by the time he is twenty years old he is thrown into prison for a lampoon on the king. But he soon turns the tables, makes friends of his accusers, and is again launched on the topmost wave of social and literary success. He becomes a shrewd financial manager, a fortunate speculator in stocks, a trader in pensions and offices, and a contractor with the government for furnishing the army with bacon and beef.

The wonderful power of Voltaire in the subsequent stages of his career was doubtless due to the sinuous facility with which he adapted himself to the spirit of the age. He struck while the iron was hot. It was an epoch of transition from mediæval religiousness to modern free-thinking. The whispers of doubt against the authority of the Church were muttered in secret places; Voltaire proclaimed upon the housetops what had been suspected in the cell of the thinker and the study of the scholar. He gave verbal expression to the ideas which had been cherished in private; and the secret of the sceptic became the property of the world. At that time the sentiment of religion was identified with the faith of the Church in the leading circles of French society. Protestantism had made little headway in the land of the Huguenots. The Roman Catholic faith was considered the genuine type of Christianity, which was held responsible for the encroachments of ecclesiastical power on the claims of human freedom. Voltaire made no distinction between religion and Catholicism. In his attacks on religion he deemed himself the defender of freedom, and supposed that he was battling for the cause of Humanity while attempting to demolish the supremacy of the Church.

Nor was Voltaire in sympathy with the thorough-going scepticism which was the characteristic of the eighteenth century. He attacked religion less as a creed or a sentiment than as an obstacle, in its existing manifestations, to liberty of thought; and, while he kept no terms with the ecclesiastical authorities of the age, he was wont to express his conviction of a retributive Providence, and even erected a church at Ferney, dedicated to the Supreme Being. The influence of Voltaire on his age accordingly was as the champion of mental freedom and of the unembarrassed pursuit of truth, of the rights of man — to use a phrase which was then coming into vogue

The methods of Voltaire all took their stamp as much from the character of the age as from his own intellectual traits and tendencies. It was an age when the grave aspect of the scholastic philosophy was softened down into the unwrinkled visage of modern vivacity. Vol-

taire was essentially the royal jester in the Court of Literature. He did not attempt to "sap a solemn creed by a solemn sneer," but tried to undermine the faith of ages by gay ribaldry and light persiflage. He courted inquiry with some sorry joke on his lips, and laughed off the stage what he could not destroy by serious discussion. He seemed to have no earnestness of character, to play with his strongest convictions, to prefer a sparkling repartee to a lucid argument, and in his most strenuous combats to rely more on the flashes and flourishes of his sword than on the temper of his blade. His attacks on religion partook of the shallow and mercurial nature of the man. If he could make a brilliant poem against the priesthood, he took little care to verify its truth. He held Christianity responsible with its life for many antiquated theories which since his time have parted with much of the prestige that had embalmed them in the odor of sanctity, and which are now by no means considered as essential elements of an orthodox creed.

Still, in his easy way, Voltaire was a lover of humanity. He had a keen sense of the evils of modern society, and a certain half-ironical hope that they were not past redemption. He felt for "the oppressions that were done under the sun;" but it was less a feeling of love for the oppressed than hatred of the oppressor. . . .

The present century has opened a new era in which Voltaire would find himself a stranger and a foreigner. His influence has left but few traces on the intellectual development of the age; his genius for sarcasm and mockery has grown pale before the rising dawn of a devout earnestness, and the profound seriousness of inquiry which mark the researches of modern science. The spirit of the nineteenth century calls for guides and leaders of a different metal from that of Voltaire. Let the mocking spectre rest unmolested in the realms of shades; let no violence be offered to his aged bones as they rest in their laurelled though moss-grown sepulchre; but let him not be honored as the intellectual sovereign of the present or the coming age. The sceptre has departed from the sage of Ferney; let his name be no longer invoked as the law-giver of thought. Yet while he is

ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE.

dethroned from his intellectual supremacy over a superficial age, let us not fail to do justice to his higher qualities as the armed foe of superstition, and the alert champion of the freedom of the human mind.—*New York Tribune, February 1878.*

RITCHIE, Anna Cora Ogden Mowatt, an American novelist; born at Bordeaux, France, in 1819; died at Henley, near London, July 28, 1870. At the age of fourteen she was secretly married to James Mowatt, a young lawyer of New York. Her first novel, *Pelayo, or the Cavern of Covadonga,* was published under the pen-name of "Isabel" (1836), and she responded to the adverse criticism of this book by another, entitled *Reviewers Reviewed* (1837). In 1841 she gave a series of dramatic readings, and began to contribute stories to magazines under the name "Helen Berkeley." She wrote several plays, and tried her fortune on the stage, making her *début* in 1845 at the Park Theatre, Boston, as Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons.* Her husband died in 1851. In 1854 she was married to William F. Ritchie, of Richmond, Va. After his death, in 1868, she resided in Europe. Her plays include *Gulzara, the Persian Slave* (1840); *Fashion, a Comedy* (1845), and *Armand; or, The Peer and the Peasant* (1847). Her books are *The Fortune-Hunter* (1842); *Evelyn; or, A Heart Unmasked* (1845); *The Autobiography of an Actress; or, Eight Years on the Stage* (1854); *Mimic Life; or, Before and Behind the Curtain* (1855); *Twin Roses* (1857); *Fairy Fingers* (1865); *The Mute*

Singer (1866), and *The Clergyman's Wife and Other Sketches* (1867).

MINISTRATION.

Five o'clock had struck when Madeleine perceived that her companion's eyes had grown heavy, and that he was making a desperate struggle to keep them open. With womanly tact she leaned her elbow on the bed, and rested her forehead on her hand, in such manner that her face was concealed, and thus avoided any further conversation. In less than ten minutes the sound of clear but regular breathing apprised her that Maurice had fallen asleep.

When she looked up, at first timidly, but soon with security, Maurice was lying back in his arm-chair — his hands were calmly folded together, his head drooped a little to one side, the rich chestnut curls (for his hair had darkened until it no longer resembled Bertha's golden locks) were disordered, and fully revealed his fair, intellectual brow; the pallor of his face rendered more than usually conspicuous the chiselling of his finely cut features; the calm, half-smiling curve of his handsome mouth, gave his whole countenance an expression of placid happiness which it had not worn of late in waking hours. Madeleine sat and gazed at him as she could never have gazed when his eyes might have met hers; she gazed until her whole soul flashed into her face; and if Maurice had awakened and caught but one glimpse of the fervent radiance of that look he would surely have known her secret.

There is intense fascination to a woman in scanning the face that is to her beyond all others worth perusing when the soft breath of sleep renders the beloved object unconscious of the eyes bent tenderly upon his features. No check is given to the flood of worshipping love that pours itself out from her soul; then, and perhaps *then only*, in his presence, she allows the tide of pent-up adoration to break down all its natural barriers. However perfect her devotion at other times, there may, there always *does*, exist a half-involuntary *reticence*, a

secret fear that if even her eyes were to betray the whole wealth of her passion it would not be well with her.—*Fairy Fingers.*

RITCHIE, Anne Isabella Thackeray, an English novelist; born at London in 1837. The daughter of William M. Thackeray, in early years her father dictated many of his works to her and to her sister. After receiving her education in Paris and London, she was married in 1877 to her cousin, Richmond Thackeray Ritchie. Her books include *The Story of Elizabeth* (1863); *The Village on the Cliff* (1867); *To Esther and Other Stories* (1869); *Old Kensington* and *Toilers and Spinsters and Other Essays* (1873); *Blue Beard's Keys and Other Stories* (1874); *Miss Angel* (1875); *Anne Evans* (1880); *Mme. de Sévigné,* a biography (1881); *a Book of Sibyls,* reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* (1883); *Mrs. Dymond* (1885); *Tennyson and His Friends* (1893); *Lord Amherst and the British Advance Eastward to Burmah* (1894; in collaboration with R. Evans); *Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs* (1895).

IN SHADOW.

It was as well, perhaps, that the cruel news should have come to Dolly as it did — suddenly, without the torture of apprehension, of sympathy. She knew the worst now; she had seen it printed for all the world to read; she knew the worst, even while they carried her upstairs half-conscious; someone said, "Higher up," and then came another flight, and she was laid on a bed, and

a window was opened, and a flapping handkerchief that she seemed to remember came dabbing on her face. It was evening when she awoke, sinking into life. She was lying on a little bed like her own, but it was not her own room. It was a room with a curious cross corner and a window with white curtains, through which the evening lights were still shining. There was a shaded green lamp in a closet opening out of the room, in the corner of which a figure was sitting at work with a coiffe like that one she had seen pass the window as she waited in the room down below.

A low sob brought the watcher to Dolly's side. She came up carrying the little shaded lamp. Dolly saw in its light the face of a sweet-looking woman that seemed strangely familiar. She said, "Lie still, my dear child. I will get you some food;" and in a few minutes she came back with a cup of broth, which she held to her lips, for, to her surprise, Dolly found that her hands were trembling so that she could not hold the cup herself.

"You must use my hands," said the lady smiling. "I am Mrs. Fane. You know my brother David. I am a nurse by trade."

And nursed by these gentle hands, watched by these kind eyes, the days went by. "Dolly had narrowly escaped a nervous fever," the doctor said. "She must be kept perfectly quiet; she could not have come to a better place to be taken care of."

Mrs. Fane reminded Dolly one day of their first meeting in Mr. Royal's studio. "I have been expecting you," she said, with a smile. "We seem to belong to each other."

Marker came, and was installed in the inner closet.

. . . . . .

Marker had an objection to institootions. "Let people keep themselves to theirselves," she used to say. She could not bear to have Dolly ill in this strange house, with its silence and stiff, orderly ways. She would have gladly carried her home if she could; but it was better for Dolly to be away from all the sad scenes of the last few months. Here she was resting with her grief — it seemed

to lie still for a while. So the hours passed. She would listen with a vague curiosity to the murmur of voices, to the tramp of the feet outside, bells struck from the steeples round about, high in the air, and melodiously ringing; Big Ben would come swelling over the house-tops; the river brought the sound to Dolly's open window.

Clouds are in the sky; a great, heavy bank is rising westward. Yellow lights fall fitfully upon the water, upon the barges floating past, the steamers, the boats; the great spanning bridge and the distant towers are confused and softened by a silver autumnal haze; a few yellow leaves drop from the creeper round the window; the water flows cool and dim; the far distant sound of the wheels drones on continually. Dolly looks at it all. It does not seem to concern her, as she sits there sadly and wearily. Who does not know these hours, tranquil but sad beyond words, when the pain not only of one's own grief, but of the sorrow of life itself, seems to enter into the soul? It was a pain new to Dolly, and it frightened her. Someone coming in saw Dolly's terrified look, and came and sat down beside her. It was Mrs. Fane, with her kind face, who took her hand, and seemed to know it all as she talked to her of her own life — talked to her of those she had loved and who were gone. Each word she spoke had a meaning, for she had lived her words and wept them out one by one.

She had seen it all go by. Love and friendship had passed her along the way; some had hurried on before; some had lagged behind or strayed away from her grasp, and then late in life had come happiness, and to her warm heart tenderest dreams of motherhood, and then the final cry of parting love and of utter anguish and desolation, and that, too, had passed away. "But the love is mine still," she said; "and love is life."

To each one of us comes the thought of those who live most again when we hear of a generous deed, of a truthful word spoken; of those who hated evil and loved the truth, for the truth was in them, and common to all; of those whose eyes were wise to see the angels in the field at work among the devils. . . . The blessing is ours of their love for great and noble things. We may

not all be gifted with the divinest fires of their nobler insight and wider imagination, but we may learn to live as they did, and to seek a deeper grasp of life, a more generous sympathy. Overwhelmed we may be with self-tortures and wants and remorses, swayed by many winds, sometimes utterly indifferent from very weariness, but we may still return thanks for the steadfast power of the noble dead. It reigns unmoved through the raving of the storm; it speaks of a bond beyond death and beyond life. Something of all this Mrs. Fane taught Dolly by words in this miserable hour of loneliness, but still more by her simple daily actions. . . . The girl, hearing her friend speak, seemed no longer alone. She took Mrs. Fane's hand and looked at her, and asked whether she might not come and live there some day, and try to help her with her sick people.—*Old Kensington.*

REINE.

The tide which sways between the two great shores of England and France sometimes beats against our chalk cliffs, which spread in long, low lines gleaming tranquilly in the sun, while the great wave armies roll up with thundering might to attack them; sometimes it rushes over the vast sand-plains and sand-hills, the dunes and the marshes of France, spreading and spreading until its fury of approach is spent, and then perhaps, as the sun begins to set, and the sky begins to clear, suddenly the water stills and brightens, and the fishing-boats put out to sea with the retiring tide. Some people living on the shores listen to the distant moan of the waters as they roll and roll away; some are so used by long custom that they scarcely heed the sad echoing. But others are never accustomed. . . .

This echo of the sea, which to some was a complaint and a reproach, was to Reine Chrétien like the voice of a friend and teacher — of a religion, almost. There are images so natural and simple that they become more than mere images and symbols; and to her, when she looked at the gleaming immensity, it was almost actually and in truth to her the great sea, upon the shores of which we

say we are as children playing with pebbles. It was her formula. Her prayers went out unconsciously toward the horizon, as some pray looking toward Heaven, in the words their fathers have used; and some pray by the pains they suffer; and some by the love that is in them; and some, again, without many words, pray in their lives and their daily work, but do not often put into actual phrases and paraphrases the story of their labors and weariness and effort. The other children on the shores are sometimes at variance with these latter in their play; for while they are all heaping up their stores of pebbles, and stones, and shells, and building strange, fantastic piles, and drawing intricate figures upon the sand, and busily digging foundations which the morning tides come and sweep away, suddenly they seem to grow angry, and they wrathfully pick up the pebbles and fling them at one another, wounding, and cutting, and bruising with the sharp edges. . .

Reine, on her sea-shore, picked up her stones with the rest of us, and carefully treasured the relics which she inherited from her mother, the good Catholic, since whose death her life would have been a sad one if it had not been so full of small concerns of unintermitting work. She, too, heard the sound of the sea as she went about her daily occupations, but to Reine it seemed like the supplement and encouragement of her lonely life. She listened to it as she went her rounds from the great kitchen to the outer boundaries of the farm, across the orchards and fields to the garden a mile off, where her beans were growing, or sometimes sitting, resting by the blazing hearth, where the wood was heaped and the dried colza grass flaring. . . .

Reine was one of those people whose inner life works upon their outer life, and battles with it. She had inherited her mother's emotional nature and her father's strong and vigorous constitution. She was strong where her mother had been weak. She had thoughts and intuitions undreamt of by those among whom she lived. But things went crossways with her, and she suffered from it. She was hard and rough at times, and had not that gentleness and openness which belong to education and culture. Beyond the horizon dawned for her the

kingdom of saints and martyrs, for which her mother before her had longed as each weary day went by: the kingdom where, for the poor woman, the star-crowned Queen of Heaven reigned with pitiful eyes. Reine did not want pity or compassion as yet. She was a woman with love in her heart, but she was not tender, as some are, or long-suffering; she was not unselfish, as others who abnegate and submit until nothing remains but a soulless body, a cataleptic subject mesmerized by a stronger will. . . .

Reine on her knees, under the great arch of Bayeux Cathedral, with the triumphant strains of the anthem resounding in her ears, would have seemed to some a not unworthy type of the Peasant Girl of Domrémy in Lorraine. As the music rang higher and shriller, the vibrations of the organ filled the crowded edifice. Priests stood at the high altar celebrating their mysteries; the incense was rising in streams from the censers; people's heads went bending lower and lower; to Reine a glory seemed to fill the place like the glory of the pink cloud in the Temple, and the heavens of her heart were unfolded. The saints and visions of her dim imaginations had no high commands for their votary; they did not bid her deliver her country, but sent her home to her plodding ways and her daily tasks, moved, disturbed, with a gentler fire in her eye, and with the soft chord in her voice stirred and harmonizing its harsher tone.—*The Village on the Cliff.*

RIVES, Hallie Erminie, an American novelist, cousin of Amèlie Rives Troubetzkoy; born in Christian County, Ky., May 2, 1876. She has published *Smoking Flax* (1896); *As the Heart Panteth* (1897); *A Furnace of Earth* (1900); *Hearts Courageous* (1902), and *The Castaway* (1904). The latter romance is written around the life of Lord Byron. As

a sub-title to the work Miss Rives has added these significant words: "Three Great Men Ruined in One Year — a King, a Cad and a Castaway."

THE RESTRAINING HAND.

An east wind blew from the Adriatic. It churned the shadow lagoon to an ashen yeast of fury, hurled churlish waves against the sand reef of the Lido and drove fleering rain gusts over the lonely canals and deserted squares of Venice to drench the baffled and bedraggled pigeons huddled under the columns of the Doges' Palace. It beat down the early blossoms in the garden of the Palazzo Albrizzi till they lay broken and sodden about the arbor and the wet stone benches. It charged against the closed shutters of the Palazzo Mocenigo, where Fletcher, obedient, though foreboding, awaited the return of his master. The sky was piled with dreary portents, clouds titanic, unmixed, like avalanches of gray falling cliffs, and beneath it Venice lay as ghostly and as gray, all its miracle hues gone lack-lustre, its glories palled, its whole face pallid and corpselike.

In the old monastery of San Lazzarro, in the bare whitewashed room used as a library, with wide windows fronting the sea, Gordon sat bending over a table. He had been trying to write, but could not for the thoughts that flocked between him and the paper.

They were thoughts of Teresa, of what he had innocently brought upon her. To save her pain he would himself have gone through immeasurable miseries, but no pang of his could lighten hers, or ward the jealous fury that might sting and embitter her life. Where was she? Behind some cold palazzo walls of Venice, suffering through him? He knew not even her name now. Should they never meet again?

She loved him. When and how she had crossed that indistinguishable frontier mattered nothing. The fact remained. When had he ever been loved before, he thought. Not Lady Caroline Lamb; hers was an aberrant fancy, an orchid bred of a hothouse life in London. Not Annabel, his wife; she had loved the commiseration of her

world more than she loved him. Not Jane Clermont — he shuddered as he thought of her. For he knew that not for one ephemeral moment of that reckless companionship had a real love furnished extenuation.

"Now," he told himself, "I, who could not love when I might, may not when I can. Yet, in spite of the black past that bars my life from such as Teresa's — I love her! In spite of all — though for both of us it is an impossible condition, impossible then since I was chained to a marriage in England, doubly impossible now since she is bound by a marriage here. I love her and she loves me! And our love can only be what the waves of hell were to Tantalus!"

He struck the littered sheets of paper with his hand, as a heavier gust of wet wind rattled the casement.

"Darkness and despair!" he said aloud. "That is all my pen can paint now!"

A door opened and Padre Somalian entered.

The friar surveyed the scene of tempest from the window a moment in silence, then approached the table and sat down.

"You are at work, my son?" he inquired in English.

The tone was mild as a child's. Since his penance after that scene by the shrine the eye of the padre had seen truer. But he had asked the man before him nothing.

"Only idle verses, Padre."

"Why idle?"

"Because they cannot express what I would have them."

The friar pondered, his fingers laced in his beard. Today, in the dreariness of the elemental turmoil without, he longed intensely to touch some chord in this lonely man that would vibrate to confidence.

"What would you have them express?" he asked, at length.

"A dream of mine last night, Padre."

A dream. Dreams were but the reflex of the waking mind. The friar felt suddenly nearer his goal.

"Will you tell it to me, my son?"

Gordon rose, went to the window and looked out as the

other had done. His face was still turned seaward as he began:

"It was a dream of darkness. The sun was extinguished and moon and stars went wandering into space. It was not the darkness of storm and night, Padre, for in them is movement. In my dream there was none. Without the sun rivers and lakes lay stagnant. The waves were dead, the tides were in their graves. Ships rotted on the sea till their masts fell. The very winds were withered. Darkness was everything — it was the universe. That was my dream."

"There is no darkness in God's universe," said Padre Somalian, after a pause. "It is only in the human heart. 'Men love darkness rather than light,' says the book. Did men welcome it in your dream?"

"Morning came," went on Gordon; "came, and went, and came, but it was not day. Men forgot their hates and passions. They prayed only for light — but it did not come. They lived by watch fires, and when their fuel was gone they put the torch to their own homes to see one another's faces. Huts and palaces and thrones blazed for beacons. Whole cities burned at once. The forests were set on fire, and their crackling trunks dropped and faded hour by hour. As the ember flashes fell by fits on the men who watched them their faces looked unearthly. Some lay down in the ashes and howled and hid their eyes. Some rested their chins on their clenched hands and smiled. Others hurried to and fro feeding the flames, looking up only to curse the sky — the pall of a past world. Wild birds fluttered on the baked ground, and brutes crawled tame and tremulous. Vipers hissed under foot and did not sting. They were killed for food. War was everywhere, for every meal was bought with blood, and each man sat apart sullenly and gorged himself in the darkness. One thought ruled — death, quick and ignominious. Famine came. Men died and lay unburied. The starving devoured the starved. There was no human love left. There was only one unselfish faithful thing. It was a dog, and he was faithful to a corpse. He had no food himself, but he kept beasts and famished

men at bay till he, too, died, licking his master's dead hand."

The words had fallen measuredly, deliberately, as if each aspect of the fearful picture on the background of the tempest that gloomed out of doors, stood distinct.

There was a moment's silence. Then the friar asked: "Was that the dream's end?"—(Used by special permission of the publishers, THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY. From *The Castaway,* by HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES. Copyright, 1904.)

ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS, a Canadian poet, novelist and essayist; born at Douglas, New Brunswick, January 10, 1860. He was educated at the University of New Brunswick; after graduating in 1879, he was a teacher for some years in the grammar-schools of Fredericton. In 1883 he became editor of *The Week,* a Toronto periodical; and in 1885 he was made Professor of English and French Literature and Political Economy in King's College University at Windsor, Nova Scotia. Later, he removed to New York City. His *Orion and Other Poems* was published in 1880, his next volume, *In Divers Tones,* in 1887. In 1888 appeared his *Poems of Wild Life;* other books of verse are *The Book of the Native* (1890); *Ave: an Ode for the Shelley Centenary* (1892); *Songs of the Common Day* (1893); *The Book of the Rose* (1903); *New York Nocturnes* (1904); and the following prose works: *Earth's Enigmas* (1896), a collection of short stories; *The Forge in the Forest,* an Acadian romance (1897); *History of Canada* (1897);

Around the Camp Fire (1898); *Canadian Guide Book* (1898); *The Heart of the Ancient Wood* (1900); *The Kindred of the Wild* (1902); *Barbara Ladd* (1903); *Watchers of the Trails* (1904); *The Prisoner of Mademoiselle* (1904); *Red Fox; Cameron of Lochiel; The Return to the Trails,* and *The Little People of the Sycamore* (1905).

AN ODE FOR THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY.

Awake, my country — the hour is great with change!
Under the gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue straits and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed with thunder forth
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North —
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream:
The hour of dream is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country — the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name —
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth — our own Canadian land!

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!
These mighty streams, resplendent with our story,
Those iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred —

What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North!
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!

ADMITTANCE.

I might not, coming to the realms of bliss,
Of her white presence be at once aware;
But on my lips the light of her last kiss
Would win me welcome there.

ROBERTS, MORLEY, an English novelist and journalist; born at London, December 29, 1857. He was educated at Owen's College, Manchester, and in 1874 went to Australia. He followed many trades and later traveled in the South Seas, the United States and British Columbia. His novels include *King Billy of Ballarat* (1891); *The Reputation of George Saxon* (1892); *Red Earth* (1894); *The Degradation of Geoffrey Alwith* (1895); *The Great Jester* (1896); *The Circassian* (1896); *The Keeper of the Waters* (1898); *The Colossus* (1899); *Immortal Youth* (1901); *The Way of a Man* (1902); *The Promotion of the Admiral* (1903); *Rachael Marr* (1904), and *Lady Penelope* (1905.)

In his latest romance, Mr. Roberts tells of the Lady Penelope Brading, whose father was an English Earl and her mother an American lady of vast wealth, with

a passion for collecting old country houses — especially such as still had moats about them. She was early left an orphan and assigned to the quaint guardianship of Lord Bradstock, a nobleman of a liberal and humorous turn, though not often heard in the Upper House. Lord Bradstock let his ward grow up "naturally," which means not that he neglected her education, but that he did not thwart her impulses. At twenty-one, therefore, the young woman, who was ambrosially healthy and handsome and wise and distractingly rich (as her mother's residuary legatee), was altogether beautifully serious. "She had no sense of humor whatsoever." In short, she was a perfect woman.

Lady Penelope is quite the most up-to-date young lady imaginable and equally charming. As might be expected from such a heroine, her *automobiling* plays an important part in the development of the plot. Lady Penelope has a large number of suitors, and her method of choosing her husband is original and provocative of delightful situations and mirthful incidents.

LADY PENELOPE.

She believed in clergymen, in politicians, in the deceased wife's sister, in all eminent physicians, in the British Constitution, in herself, and in hygiene. She used Sandow's exercises and cold water; she subscribed to a society establishing a national theatre to play Mr. Bernard Shaw's tragedies and to the nearest hospital. She had money and lands and houses and ideas. She meant to reform society, to make it good and useful and straightforward and simple and utterly delightful.

THE TWO BARQUES.

Although Watchett of the *Battle-Axe* and Ryder of the *Star of the South* were cousins, there was no great love lost between them, and all unprejudiced observers declared that this lack of mutual admiration was in no way due to Captain Ryder. That they remained friends at all was owing largely to his infinite good nature, and to the further fact that Mrs. Ryder pitied Mrs. Watchett.

"I wonder she goes to sea with him at all," she said. "If you were one quarter as horrid as your cousin, Will, I should never go to sea till you came ashore."

But she always went to sea with Will Ryder. It was their great delight to be together, and there were few men, married or single, who did not take a certain pleasure in seeing how fond they were of each other. He was a typical seaman of the best kind; he had a fine voice for singing and for hailing the foretopsail yard; his eyes were as blue as forget-me-nots, and his skin was as clear as the air on the Cordilleras which peeped at them over the tops of the barren hills which surround the Bay of Valparaiso. And Mrs. Ryder was just the kind of wife for a man who was somewhat inclined to take things easily. If she was as pretty as the peach, she had, like the peach, something inside which was not altogether soft. Her brown eyes could turn black — she had resolution and courage.

"You shall not put up with it," was a favourite expression on her tongue. And there were times, to use his own expression, when she made sail when he would have shortened it. In that sense she was certainly capable of "carrying on."

Both vessels were barques of about eleven hundred tons register, and if the *Star of the South* had about twenty tons to the good in size she was rather harder to work. It is the nature of ships to develop in certain ways, and though both of these barques were sister ships it is always certain that sisters are never quite alike. But as they belonged to the same Port of London, and were owned by two branches of the same family, all of whose

money was divided up in sixty-fourths, according to the common rule with ships, they were rivals and rival beauties. But, unlike the more respectable ladies, who owned them, both the vessels were fast, and it was a sore point of honour with Ryder and Watchett to prove their own the fastest.

"If she only worked a little easier, I could lick his head off," said Ryder, sadly.

But there was the rub. The *Star of the South* needed *more "beef"* on her than the *Battle-Axe*. She wasn't so quick in stays. By the time Ryder yelled "Let go and haul," the *Battle-Axe* was gathering headway on a fresh tack.

"And instead of having two more hands than we are allowed, we are two short," said his wife, bitterly. "If I were you, Will, I'd take those Greeks."

"Not by an entire jugful," replied Captain Ryder. "I remember the *Lennie* and the *Caswell,* my dear. I never knew Valparaiso so bare of men."

"And we're sailing to-morrow," said Connie Ryder, angrily; "and you've betted him a hundred pounds we shall dock before him. It's too bad. I wonder whether he'd give us another day?"

But Ryder shook his head.

"And you've known him for years! He's spending that money in his mind."

"But not on his wife, Will," said Mrs. Ryder. "If we win, I'm to have it."

"I'd give him twenty to let me off," said Ryder.

But Connie Ryder went on board the *Battle-Axe* to see if she could induce her husband's cousin to forego the advantage he had already gained before sailing. She found him dark and grim and as hard as adamant.

"A bet's a bet and business is business," said Watchett. "We appointed to-morrow, and, bar lying out a gale from the north, with two anchors down and the cables out to the bitter end, I'll sail.

His wife, who was as meek as milk, suggested humbly that it would be more interesting if he waited.

"I ain't in this for interest; I'm in it for capital,"

Owing to the fact that the *Battle-Axe's* crowd was sulky, the *Star of the South* got her anchor out of the ground and stood to the north-west to round Point Angelos a good ten minutes before Watchett's vessel was under way.

"That's good," said Connie Ryder. "I know they're a sulky lot by now in the *Battle-Axe*. And our men work like dears."

It was with difficulty she kept from tailing on to the braces as they jammed the *Star* close up to weather the Point. For the wind was drawing down the coast from the nor'ard, and Valparaiso harbour faces due north. She was glad when they rounded the Point and squared away, for if there was any real difference in the sailing qualities of the rival barques, the *Star* was best before the wind and the *Battle-Axe* when she was in a bow-line.

"And with any real luck," said Mrs. Ryder, "we may have a good fair wind all the way till we cross the line."

It was so far ahead to consider the northeast trades, which meant such mighty long stretches in a wind, that she declined to think of them. And she entirely forgot the calms of Capricorn.

"We're doing very well, Will," she said to her husband when the starboard watch went below and the routine of the passage home commenced.

"It's early days," replied Will Ryder. "I fancy the *Battle-Axe* is in her best trim for a wind astern."

But Mrs. Ryder didn't believe it.

"And if she is, she mayn't be so good when it comes to beating."

She knew what she was talking about and spoke good sense.

"It's going to be luck," said Ryder. "If either of us get a good slant that the other misses, the last will be out of it. But I wish I'd had those other two hands. The *Star* wants 'beef' on the braces. Mr. Semple, as soon as possible see all the parrals greased and the blocks running as free as you can make 'em."

And Semple did his best, as the crew did. But Mrs. Ryder had her doubts as to whether her husband was

doing his. For once he seemed to think failure was a foregone conclusion.

"I think it must be his liver," said Mrs. Ryder. "I'll see to that at once."

But instead of looking up the medicine chest she came across the Pacific Directory.

"I never thought of that," she said. "He's never done it, now he shall."

She took the big book down and read one part of it eagerly.

"I don't see why not," she decided, and she went to her husband with the request that he should run through Magellan's Straits when he came to it.

"Not for dollars," said Will Ryder. "When I'm skipper of a Pacific Navigation boat I'll take you through, but not till then."

"But look at all you cut off," urged his wife, "if you get through."

"And how you are cut off if you don't," retorted Ryder. "When I was an apprentice I went through in fine weather, and I'd rather drive a 'bus down Fleet Street in a fog than try it."

She said he had very little enterprise and pouted.

"Suppose the *Battle-Axe* does it?"

Ryder declined to suppose it.

"John wouldn't try it if you could guarantee the weather. I know him."

"You never take my advice," said his wife.

"I love you too much," replied Will Ryder. He put his arm about her, but she was cross and pushed him away.

"This is mutiny," said the captain, smiling.

"Well, I feel mutinous," retorted Connie. "I wanted you to steal two of your cousin's men and you wouldn't. I'm sure they would have come, for what the *Battle-Axe* owed them. And you wouldn't. And now I want to go through the Straits and you won't. The very, very next time that I want to do anything I shall do it without asking you. Why did you bet a hundred pounds if you weren't prepared to try to win it?"

"We'll win yet," said the skipper, cheerfully. "We're only just started."

The two vessels kept company right down to the Horn, and there, between Ildefonse Island and the Diego Ramirez Islands, the *Star of the South* lost sight of her sister and her rival, in a dark sou'-westerly gale. With the wind astern as it was when they squared away with Cape Horn frowning to the nor'-west the *Star* was a shooting star, as they said for'ard.

"If we could on'y carry a gale like this right to the line, we'd 'ave a pull over the *Battle-Axe,* ma'am," said Silas Bagge, an old fo'c's'le man, who was Mrs. Ryder's favourite among all the crew. He was a magnificent old chap with a long white beard, which he wore tucked inside a guernsey, except in fine weather.

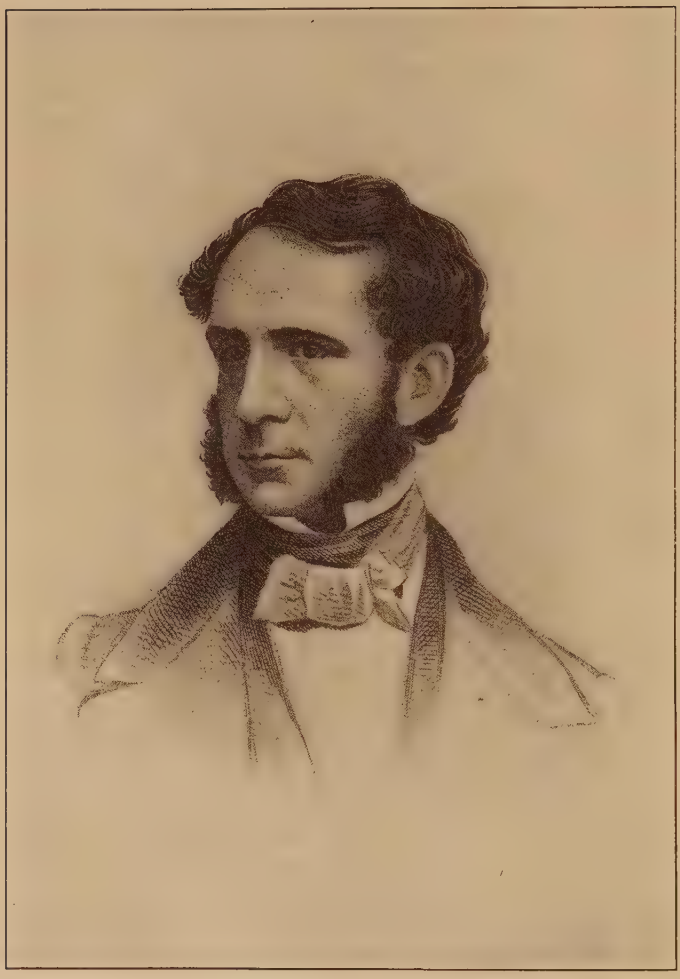
"But we can't; there'll be the trades," said the captain's wife, dolorously.

"I've picked up the sou'-east trade blowin' a gale, ma'am, before now," said Bagge; "years ago, in '74 or thereabouts, I was in the *Secunderabad,* and we crossed the line, bound south, doing eleven close-'auled, and we carried 'em to twenty-seven south latitude. There's times when it's difficult to say where the trades begin south too. Mebbe we'll be chased by such a gale as this nigh up to thirty south."

"It's hoping too much," said Mrs. Ryder.

"Hope till you bust, ma'am," said Silas Bagge. Nothin's lost till it's won. If we can only get out of the doldrums without breaking our hearts working the ship, there's no knowing what'll 'appen. 'Twas a pity we didn't get them other two 'ands, though."

And there she agreed with him,—*From The Mutinous Conduct of Mrs. Ryder, in The Strand Magazine.*



THOMAS WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

ROBERTSON, THOMAS WILLIAM, an English dramatist and actor; born at Newark-on-Trent, January 9, 1829; died at London, February 3, 1871. He became an actor in a traveling company of which his father was manager. In 1851 he produced his first piece, entitled *A Night's Adventures;* and in 1854 *Castles in the Air,* which was produced at the City Theatre. He became prompter at the Olympic, and there wrote his *Photographs and Ices; My Wife's Diary,* and *A Row in the House.* His first successful drama was *David Garrick,* produced in 1864. Others were *Society* (1865); *Ours* (1866); *Caste* (1867); *Play* (1868); *School* (1869); *Dreams* (1869), and *M. P.* (1870). Robertson's *David Garrick* had been originally written as a novel; and besides this he published two novels, entitled *Dazzled, Not Blinded,* and *Stephen Caldrick.*

EVADNE AND HER DADDY.

"Never mind mamma, my pet; she's in bed and asleep. Tell me all about it."

"Well, then, dear daddy — how thin you are, and you've got a wig on — we were married in London two days after I left you, but I knew you would not keep the secret."

"Never mind that, my beautiful—"

"And Percy expected all his money from an aunt, a very haughty lady, who prided herself on her birth, and who, if she had known of his marriage with an obscure actress, would have cut him off —"

"Without a shilling," laughed Evadne's husband the baronet; "but three months ago she died —"

"And we have only just found out where you were," added the baronet's wife.

I blessed them both, and then shook hands with my

son-in-law. I had begun to cry copiously when I remembered I hadn't time for it. Lady Lysart threw a cloak over her head and shoulders — she looked exactly as she used to in Little Red Riding Hood, in the opening of the pantomime at Bagshot-in-the-World — and ran home with me.

My wife had gone to bed, leaving a tripe supper in a vegetable-dish on the hob for me. It is odd, but in all the important events of my life tripe has ever pursued me — ever been on my track!

The fire had gone out, and the lucifers were in the bedroom. We groped upstairs in the dark.

"That you?" said my wife, from under the bedclothes. "Had your tripe?"

"Tripe be hanged, madam. Behold your child!" And I struck a lucifer. Need I describe the meeting?

We all went back to the hotel, where a table was laid with all the delicacies of the season — including lobster-salad; but we none of us could eat, except Sir Percy, who enjoyed himself with the lobster-salad amazingly.

After supper, when we were all seated round the fire, Evadne left the room for a few minutes, and returned with — what do you think? A baby! A real, live baby, with practicable mouth, and eyes to work — a baby who, as soon as it was in my arms, seized my wig and sucked my eyebrows.

"That's mine, papa!" said Lady Lysart. "And mine," said the baronet; "allow me to put in my claim to joint-proprietorship."

The baby — a son eight months old — was a great success; he was good with me, but would not go to his grandmamma — a course of conduct that enabled me to triumph over Mistress Mephistopheles for a week.

The next morning, the baronet asked me when I could leave the company I was engaged in. He told me, too, that he was expecting a checque from his banker's.

"If it will be of any accommodation, Sir Percy," I said, "here is a cool two hundred I can lend you."

I placed on the table the notes that had been sent me.

Evadne looked at them, showed them to her husband, and then, throwing her arms round my neck, said, "Oh!

you dear, good old daddy. I thought you wouldn't use them. If you had you could have taken a theatre."

It is probable I might.— *From Mr. Mumford's Story.*

ROBERTSON, WILLIAM, a Scottish historian; born at Borthwick, September 19, 1721; died near Edinburgh, June 11, 1793. He was graduated from the University of Edinburgh in 1741, and in 1743 was presented to the living of Gladsmuir. In 1764 he was appointed Historiographer of Scotland. The historical works of Robertson are *History of Scotland During the Reigns of Mary and James VI.* (1759); *History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.* (1769); *History of America* (1777); *An Historical Disquisition Concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India* (1791).

In all of these we perceive a rich and melodious though somewhat artificial style, great though not always accurate research, and a strong power of vivid and pathetic description. The *History of Scotland* is perhaps the work most honorable to Robertson's genius, for in the others the grandeur and dramatic interest of the subject were such that, in the hands even of an inferior author, the reader's curiosity could not but be excited and gratified.

Of the three great British historians of the eighteenth century two were Scotsmen. Some of Robertson's work shows that he had a wider and more synthetic conception of history than either Hume or Gibbon. His review of the state of Europe prefixed to the *History of Charles V.*, and the first book of his

History of Scotland, with all their shortcomings in the eye of modern criticism, have a distinctive value which time cannot take away.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of form she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious; impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents which we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit was not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her. We must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence.

Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her char-

acter, which it cannot approve; and may perhaps prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them we are apt altogether to forget these frailties. We think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.—*History of Scotland.*

THE FIRST LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed toward the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot on the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not see the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they traversed the ocean, that seemed

to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were Children of the Sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those that flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated on their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper-color; their features singular rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well-shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first, through fear; but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transport received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn — the only commodity of value which they could produce.

Toward evening Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes; and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity.— *History of America.*

ROBINSON, Agnes Mary Frances, an English poet, novelist and essayist; born at Leamington, February 27, 1857. After receiving her education in Brussels and Italy, and at the University College, London, where she gave especial attention to Greek literature, she began to write stories, essays, and poems. Her works include *A Handful of Honeysuckles* (1878); *The Crowned Hippolytus,* a translation from Euripides, with new poems (1881); *Mary Schonewald,* a short story (1882); *Janet Fisher; Arden,* a novel; *Emily Brontë,* and *Margaret of Angoulême* (1883); *The New Arcadia,* poems (1884); *An Italian Garden,* poems (1886); *Songs of the Inner Life; Ballads,* and *A Garden Play* (1888); *The End of the Middle Ages* (1889); *Lyrics* (1891); *Retrospects and Other Poems* (1893), and *Life of Ernest Rénan* (1897).

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The train stopped, and they got out and walked down the wide streets of the bleak little town.

"Well," said Gerard, as he looked about him, "I have often longed to see this place. It is the Mecca of our drama. I guess when the *Mayflower* set out for Plymouth, the Pilgrim Fathers little dreamed that of all the towns in the old country there would be none for which their children would cherish so fantistic a devotion as for the birthplace of the Stratford play-actor. Nothing strikes one so much in life as the incongruity of things. I call that an incongruity — they would have called it a degeneration; Harvard would call it the influence of culture. To me it's simply incongruous. There's a delightful humor about it. And the place itself, that's incongruous, too. There's no breath of romance here; no comedy idleness and sweetness, as there is about

Guyscliff, or Stoneleigh, or Kenilworth. I can see no reason why Shakespeare should have to be born in this bare little town. It's just the one bleak, prosy little place in this Elizabethanshire. All the rest is pure *paysage pour rire,* as Vernon Lee says somewhere, or Colvin, I don't know which. Just the effects for a stage: low-lying meadows full of king-cups and lady-smock, the bend of a full, sleepy river, a plank bridge; or that mill at Guyscliff, with the balcony for the stage princess to come out and sing upon, and the cascade in front, with the ivied hall breaking through the trees.

"Here we are," said Sylvie. It was indeed the well-known timbered house. They rang the bell and entered.

"Why, Harry," said Arden, in a caressing whisper, "it's not half so pretty as our old house at home!"

"I've allus liked th' old house," replied her husband in as low a voice, "but, Sylvie, love, I never thought it fit for the likes of thee!"

"I've been very happy there," said Arden. And, as they went together through the narrow little house, all Gerard's banter failed to bring a frown to Farmer William's serious brow. It was a very happy party that laughed and theorized in the tumble-down brown chambers where Shakespeare played his childhood and dreamed his youth away. They liked to imagine — Arden and Gerard — the many times in which that house had seen him in disgrace; they invented superior young friends of his, who had doubtless come to see him in the back shop and were afterward held up as examples to him by his parents; they fancied the excuses he would make to slip away to Anne Hathaway in her pretty cottage, and discuss the attraction which an older woman has for boys of genius. Gerard had just begun upon the remonstrances of old Mr. Shakespeare when his good-for-nothing son proposed to join the strolling players, when Harry interrupted the flow of his would-be Elizabethan tongue.

"Muster Rose," he said, rather awkwardly, "I fancy there's a fairish number o' sights we've got to see."

"That's so," said Gerard, comprehending in one glance the serious faces of Susie and the attendants. "It doesn't

do to mock the idol in his temple," he whispered to Arden as he led her out.

She laughed. Harry's face clouded over again. They were always laughing together.

They passed the old grammar-school where Shakespeare got his slender schooling, and then they set out for the church that stands so well between its broad, green avenue and the sleepy river at the back. They wandered silently through the aisles, and looked at the storied tombs with their rough carving.

"Odd, isn't it," said Gerard, "that in the very years you always call the flowering time of the Fine Arts in England, your grandees could get no better tombs carved for themselves than their great-great-grandfathers had been accustomed to? What surface! what paucity of detail! It must have been a real martyrdom, anyway, for some traveled courtier and dabbler in art to know that when his time came he would have to repose under the weight of such a thing as that. Shades of Pisano and Della Quercia! they all went to Italy, your lords and scholars. Why in the world did they never bring some carvers back?"

"We're in church," interposed Susie, softly; but she was quite as much shocked at the criticism as the sacrilege. It was all so fine and rare to her. Gerard bowed, and kept silence until they reached the chancel and the painted bust of Shakespeare. "Well, I declare," cried Gerard. "Is this all they could do for Shakespeare?"

They stopped and looked at the portrait with interest and wonder; but, after a glance, Arden strayed away. When Gerard lowered his eyes he saw that she had moved forward, and was looking at the nearest monument.

It is indeed a contrast to the rude figure-head which stands for Shakespeare's presence in his church. Two young people, in the beautiful, careless dress of the court of Charles II., are looking out of a square, carved frame at the passers-by. Handsome youth and beautiful girl, undimmed by age or change, wearing their lace ruffles and bygone finery with an easy grace as out of date as these, they still look out at the altering world

with a facile, indifferent interest, as though, seated in their opera-box, they were looking out on a play.

"I like them best," said Arden, looking up. "What a difference!" and she glanced back at the painted bust.

"Yes," answered the young man, "It's apocalyptic! It brings home to me, with a shock of understanding, the whole social difference between Shakespeare and his London world. The little glover's shop never told us that. But this! oh, one understands the sonnets now! Let him be what he would — greatest tragedian since Æschylus; greatest comedy-writer of all time; friend and accepted equal of Elizabeth's finest courtiers — one sees now that he never really was on their level. He was always hopelessly above or below them. He was Shakespeare. He was Shakespeare, the glover's son. He lives for all time; but while he lived on earth, he was never the equal of these two beautiful, careless, unrenowned young people."— *Arden.*

CALAIS BEACON.

For long before we came upon the coast and the line of the surge,
Pale on the uttermost verge,
We saw the great white rays that lay along the air on high,
Between us and the sky.

So soft they lay, so pure and still: "Those are the way," you said,
"Only the angels tread";
And then we watched them tremble past the hurrying rush of the train
Over the starlit plain.

Until at last we saw the strange, pallid, electrical star
Burning wanly afar:
The lighthouse beacon sending out its rays on either hand
Over the sea and the land.

Those pale and filmy rays that reach to mariners, lost in the night,
A hope of dawn and a light —
How soft and vague they lie along the darkness, shrouding o'er
The dim sea and the shore.

And many fall in vain across the untenanted marshes to die,
And few where sailors cry;
Yet, though the moon go out in clouds, and all of the stars grow wan
Their pale light shineth on.

O souls, that save a world by night, ye, too, are no rays of the noon
And no inconstant moon;
But such pale, tender-shining things as yon faint beacon afar,
Whiter than any star.

No planet names that all may tell, no meteor radiance and glow
For a wondering world to know:
You shine as pale and soft as that, you pierce the stormy night
And know not of your light.

— *An Italian Garden.*

ROBINSON, CHARLES SEYMOUR, an American clergyman and hymnologist; born at Bennington, Vt., March 31, 1829; died at New York, February 1, 1899. He was graduated from Williams College in 1849, studied theology in the Union Seminary of New York City, and at Princeton; in 1855

became pastor of a Presbyterian church at Troy, N. Y., and in 1870, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York. From 1890 to 1892 he was pastor of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York; and in 1892 became pastor of the New York Presbyterian Church, from which he retired near the close of 1897. He published several collections of hymns, among them, *Songs of the Church* (1862); *Songs for the Sanctuary* (1866), and *Laudes Domini* (1884). He has also published *Studies of Neglected Texts* (1883); *The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus* (1887); *Simon Peter, His Life and Times* (1888); *New Laudes Domini* (1892); *Annotations upon Popular Hymns* (1893), and *Simon Peter, Later Life and Labors* (1894).

THE BODY OF RAMESES II.

After the verification by the Khedive of the outer winding sheet of the mummy in the sight of the other illustrious personages, the initial wrapping was removed, and there was disclosed a band of stuff or strong cloth rolled all round the body; next to this was a second envelope, sewed up and kept in place by narrow bands at some distance each from each; then came two thicknesses of small bandages; and then a new winding-sheet of linen, reaching from the head to the feet. Upon this a figure representing the goddess Nut, more than a yard in length, had been drawn in red and white color, as prescribed by the ritual for the dead. Beneath this amulet there was found one more bandage; when that was removed, a piece of linen alone remained, and this was spotted with the bituminous matter used by the embalmers, so at last it was evident that Rameses the Great was close by — under his shroud. It seems solemn and pathetic to think of the way in which cool science shreds away from the real man all the mere adornments and factitious shows that an opulent or adulatory world may have laid

over him when he died. It is just so that history deals with every one of us. . . .

The enthusiasm grew thoughtful and reverent at this point. With only the decent covering of a linen shroud between his form and the epoch, Rameses II. lay completely in the power of a generation of human beings that was going to review his case once more as it stood in forgotten history; only a layer of cloth represented three thousand years of decorous and forbearing silence — covering his face and his crimes. . . . Think of the historic changes which had passed over the world since that linen cloth was put around the form of the king. Think what civilizations stood facing an old era like his. Christianity was confronting the despot who refused to recognize Jehovah as the Supreme Monarch of the universe, and in an august moment of tremendous decision was going to pronounce its righteous judgment on his life according to the light of the New Testament.

A single clip of the scissors, and the king was fully disclosed. The head is long and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare. On the temple there are a few sparse hairs, but at the poll the hair is quite thick, forming smooth, straight locks about two inches in length. White at the time of death, they have been dyed a light yellow by the spices used in embalmment. The forehead is low and narrow; the brow-ridge prominent; the eyebrows are thick and white: the eyes are small and close together; the nose is long, thin, arched like the noses of the Bourbons; the temples are sunken, the cheek-bones very prominent; the mouth small but thick-lipped; the teeth worn and very brittle but white and well-preserved. The mustache and beard are thin. They seem to have been kept shaven during life, but were probably allowed to grow during the king's last illness; or they may have grown after death. The hairs are white, like those of the head and eyebrows, but are harsh and bristly, and a tenth of an inch in length. The skin is of earthly brown splotched with black.

Finally, it may be said the face of the mummy gives

a fair idea of the face of the living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal; but, even under mummification, there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. The rest of the body is as well preserved as the head; but, in consequence of the reduction of the tissues, its external aspect is less life-like. He was over six feet in height. The chest is broad; the shoulders are square; the arms are crossed upon the breast; the hands are small and dyed with henna. The legs and thighs are fleshless; the feet are long, slender, somewhat flat-soled, and dyed, like the hands, with henna.

The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous and robust old man.

And thus our story of this mighty dead king is ended for the moment.— *The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus.*

ROBINSON, Frederick William, an English novelist; born at Spitalfields, London, December 23, 1830; died there, December 6, 1901. He was educated at Clarendon House School, Kensington. He was a prolific writer, and produced about fifty separate works. Among these are *Little Kate Kirby* (1873); *As Long as She Lived* (1876); *Romance of a Back Street* (1878); *Coward Conscience* (1879); *Poor Zeph* (1880); *The Hands of Justice* (1883); *The Courting of Mary Smith* and *A Fair Maid* (1886); *99 Dark Street* (1887); *The Keeper of the Keys* and *Our Erring Brother* (1890); *A Very Strange Family* and *Her Love and His Life* (1891); *The Fate of Sister Jessica* and *The Wrong That Was Done* (1893); *The Woman in the Dark* (1896).

IN THE GARDEN.

Mary Smith did not endeavor to overtake the person who had been watching the house, and who had fled precipitately down a side-walk as she descended the stone steps to a lower ground. The one who had retreated had had too much of a start, and it was not likely Mary Smith would be able to come up with her. Besides, there was the objection to act like a spy or a policeman, and the conviction slowly forced itself upon her that Mr. Lovett had put her in a false position by sending her in search of his daughter. She went along the garden paths toward the extremity of the grounds, and near the great greenhouse, and at some distance from the house she came upon Verity Lovett, walking leisurely toward her, with her maid, Jane Rebchain, at her side.

"Are you looking for me, Miss Smith?" was the inquiry; and though the voice was low and subdued, there seemed a little effort to render it firm.

"Yes, Miss Lovett, I am," was the reply.

"You must not think me rude in escaping from the music," she said; "but the room was hot, and the garden was tempting, and papa did not want *me*."

"He has sent me to tell you that he does," answered Mary Smith.

"I am coming in. The evening is chillier than I fancied," and she gave a very perceptible shiver as she spoke. "What does my father want?"

"I do not know."

"He has not told you?"

"No."

"That is strange, for he takes you into his confidence a great deal, Miss Smith," said Verity.

Mary Smith shook her head and laughed. "I have not remarked it," she replied. Miss Verity turned to her maid.

"Jane, you can leave us," she said. "I am quite safe now. Miss Smith is with me and I cannot possibly come to any harm."

Jane Rebchain nodded her head, gave an impudent, al-

most defiant, look at the companion, and then tripped away. Mary Smith noticed that Jane Rebchain did not proceed toward the house, but made a cross-cut over the broad lawn, dived into a shadowy side-path, and disappeared. Mistress and companion went on to Castle Lovett. When they were at the foot of the steps leading to the upper terrace, Mary Smith, who had been considering the young lady's last remarks, and turning them over in her mind, said, quietly, "I am sorry you do not like me, Miss Lovett for I should have been glad to become your friend."

"I do not make friends readily," replied Verity.

"I see that."

"You should be content, Miss Smith with being my companion."

"I am hardly your companion."

"Hardly," was the slow assent to this.

"I had hoped it might come to something like friendship," continued Mary, "for you are very young, and I was anxious to be of help to you and to win upon your confidence by degrees, even upon your affection."

"And betray me to my father and aunt?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then I could trust you?" she asked, with considerable eagerness, and with a voice that trembled with suppressed emotion. "You will be on my side, not on theirs? If they were hard and oppressive, and unfair, you would sympathize with *me* — take my part; be my real, true friend?"

"I would be your real, true friend if I could," repeated Mary Smith.

"Miss Smith, I —"

"But pray do not misunderstand me," she went on. "To be your true friend would be to advise you, to put you on your guard, to tell you what is right and what is wrong."

"Oh! You mean to preach to me!" she answered, scornfully. "I know what that means."

"No; I am a bad preacher, and I should not have too much faith in the power of my own sermon," said Mary Smith, thoughtfully.

"Miss Smith, I will be frank with you," Verity said, as they stood together at the bottom of the steps, both reluctant, as it were, to advance toward the higher level, where the light was streaming from the unfastened and open windows of the great house. "I thought, when I first saw you, I should like you very much. My heart went out toward you because your face was young and kindly; because, like myself, you were a motherless girl, and had known the agony of a mother's loss, and wept and grieved like me, and took no comfort from the shallow friends about you, whose loss was not yours, and yet who talked as if it were. I said I might like you — that it depended upon yourself — that yours was a face that said, 'Trust me.' Do you remember all this?"

"Oh, yes! very well."

"And — I was deceived. I don't think," she said, hesitatingly, "that I shall ever trust you now."

"Why not?"

"I am afraid of you," she confessed. "You — talk of advising me — and I have had so much advice already," was the dry addition here; "and it does so little good and so much harm, and sets me against you all."

It was an open, if a wild, confession — outburst such as a wilful girl driven to bay might very naturally exhibit. And it did not set Mary Smith against her — on the contrary, drew her toward her.

"Do you remember, also, what I said on the night of our first meeting," she asked of the excited girl, "and in reply to you?"

"N — no," was the hesitative answer.

"That I should not be in too great a hurry to run away from you," said Mary Smith, "because — though I did not tell you this — I should not form my judgment hastily, and should feel entitled, on my side, to a fair trial — because I do not take offence too readily, and because —" She paused, and Verity Lovett looked at her and wondered why she paused.

"And because," she continued, speaking very rapidly now, "you remind me of a dear one whom I loved, and whom I lost — who went away from me — forever away — and whom I shall never, never see again."

"I — I don't understand," said Verity, bewildered by this sudden animation.

"I will tell you some other time — when we have confidence in each other," replied Mary. "Let us go in now. They are speculating where we are by this time."

As they ascended the steps to the terrace, Verity Lovett put her hand into that of Mary Smith's, as a child might do who needed guidance and a stronger touch. "I think, after all, I shall like you," she murmured, as she pressed her hand.— *The Courting of Mary Smith.*

ROBINSON, HENRY CRABB, an English diarist; born at Bury St. Edmunds, May 13, 1775; died at London, February 5, 1867. When a young man he went to London, where he became a sub-editor of the *Times.* His literary tastes and genial nature gained for him admittance to the most select literary and artistic circles, and a high estimate was formed of his capacities. He abstained almost absolutely from authorship, and although he occasionally wrote an anonymous article for some periodical, only the short pieces were published with his signature during a long lifetime of more than ninety years. These were a paper in the *Times* signed with his initials; an essay on *The Etymology of the Mass,* originally read in 1833 before a learned society; and a pamphlet, in 1840, in reply to some misrepresentations made against his friend Thomas Clarkson. He was, however, most industrious with his pen, leaving behind him more than a hundred large volumes of manuscript, comprising, besides a voluminous *Correspondence,* a *Journal,* coming down to the year

1810; a *Diary* begun in 1811, and regularly continued down to four days before his death — a period of forty-six years; *Reminiscences,* especially of men of letters, down to 1843; and *Journals* of several Continental tours. To these records, made at the time, he was wont to add memoranda and afterthoughts, always carefully indicating their date. This mass of material was placed in the hands of his friend, Thomas Sadler, who, in 1869, published a selection of the more notable passages, under the title, *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson.*

FIVE POETS AT ONE DINNER-TABLE.

April 4, 1823.— Dined at Monkhouse's. Our party consisted of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. Five poets of very unequal worth and most disproportionate popularity, whom the public probably would arrange in a very different order. During this afternoon Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent. I have not for years seen him in such excellent health, and with so fine a flow of spirits. His discourse was addressed to Wordsworth on points of metaphysical criticism, Rogers occasionally interposing a remark. The only one of the party who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very attentive to Coleridge, but seemed not to relish Lamb, next to whom he was placed.

[*Mem. added some years later.*] Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore, when he could not articulate very distinctly: "Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me?" suiting the action to the word, and then hob-nobbing. Then he went on: "Mister Moore, until now I have always felt an antipathy to you; but now that I have seen you, I shall like you ever after." I mentioned this to Moore. He recollected the fact, but not Lamb's amusing manner. Moore's talent was of another sort. For many years he had been the most brilliant man of his company. In anec-

dote, small-talk, and especially in singing, he was supreme. But he was no match for Coleridge in his vein. As little could he feel Lamb's humor.

Besides these four bards were no one but Mrs. Wordsworth, Miss Hutchinson, Mary Lamb, and Mrs. Gillman. I was at the bottom of the table, where I very ill performed my part.

In after years Robinson was wont to spend the Christmas holidays with Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. He notes this in his *Diary* for 1835, making an addition to the entry eighteen years after, when Wordsworth had been dead three years.

WORDSWORTH AND HIS SISTER AND WIFE.

December 25, 1835.— This year's visit to Wordsworth, at a season when most persons shun the lakes, was succeeded by many others. Indeed, there were few interruptions until old age and death put an end to this and other social enjoyments. The custom began in consequence of a pressing invitation from Mrs. Wordsworth, who stated — and I have no reason to doubt her perfect sincerity — that she thought it would promote *his* health; my "buoyant spirits — to borrow her own words —" producing a cheerful effect on him." I gladly accepted the invitation; but insisted on this condition, that lodgings should be taken for me in the neighborhood of Rydal Mount. In these lodgings I was to sleep and breakfast; the day I was to spend with the Wordsworths, and I was to return in the evening to my lodgings.

I soon became known in the neighborhood, and was considered as one of the family. This family then consisted, besides themselves, of Miss Wordsworth (Dorothy, the sister "Emily" of the Poems, and our companion in the Swiss tour of 1820); but her health had already broken down. In her youth and middle age she stood in somewhat the same relation to her brother William as dear Mary Lamb to her brother Charles. In her long illness she was fond of repeating the favorite small poems

of her brother, as well as a few of her own. And this she did in so sweet a tone as to be quite pathetic. The temporary obscuration of a noble mind can never obliterate the recollections of its inherent and essential worth. There are two fine lines in Goethe's *Tasso* which occur perpetually to my mind, as peculiarly applicable to her. I can only give them in this shape: "These are not phantoms bred within the brain; I know they are eternal, for they *are*"— Wordsworth's daughter Dora ("Dorina" I called her by way of distinction), was in better health than usual; but generally her state of health was a subject of anxiety. She was the apple of her father's eye.— Mrs. Wordsworth was what I have ever known her; and she will ever be, I have no doubt, while life remains, perfect of her kind. I did not know her when she was a "phantom of delight"; but since I have known her she has been

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, to command."

ROBINSON, THERESA ALBERTINE LOUISE VON JAKOB, a German-American historian and novelist; born at Halle, Germany, January 26, 1797; died at Hamburg, April 13, 1870. In 1807 she accompanied her father, Ludwig Heinrich von Jakob, to Russia, where she studied Slavic language and literature and wrote poems. In 1828 she was married to Professor Edward Robinson, an American Biblical scholar. She wrote for the *Biblical Repository,* a *Historical View of the Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations, with a Sketch of Their Popular Poetry,* which was revised and published in 1860. Her works include: Translations from the Servian

Volkslieder der Serben (2 vols., 1825–26); *Versuch einer geschichtlichen Charakteristik der Volkslieder germanischer Nationen* (1840); *Untersuchung über die Authenticität des Ossian* (1840); *Geschichte Captain John Smith* (1845); *Die Colonisation von New England* (1847), and several novels published in Germany and translated into English by her daughter, including: *Heloise, or the Unrevealed Secret* (1850); *Life's Discipline* (1851), and *The Exiles* (1853), republished as *Woodhill.* She also translated into German Pickering's treatise *On the Indian Tongues of North America.* Her last work was *Fifteen Years, a Picture from the Last Century.* She wrote under the signature of "Talvj," the initial letters of her maiden name.

A MESSAGE.

Thus the summer had passed away, and a part of winter. The peaceful quiet of this year had only been interrupted by the terrible news from Hungary, which announced to Mary the bloody ruin of her country, and named her own husband as its principal tool. At length the coronation of King Joseph put an end to the executions. The Hungarians resigned their freedom of election, and the stage of Eperies was taken down. Shortly after, the revolution of the year brought back to Mary the day on which she had once left Samosko. She still observed it, with the most painful reminiscences, and it seemed to her a cruel freak of accident when a servant announced that a gypsy-woman wished to see her.

But quickly the thought of Kossanya flashed across her mind. "Let her come in," she said, and her voice trembled. The woman entered, but it was not the young, blooming Kossanya. Could she have changed, in three short years, to this careworn figure, on which grief had stamped its seal? Yellow and withered, the skin of the cheeks hung around the bone, a gloomy and sickly glance was in her eye. The black braids had been cut off, and a

tattered garment hardly covered the limbs, bent by sorrow. In the dim evening twilight, Mary did not recognize poor Kossanya under this terrible altered form.

"What do you wish, my good woman?" asked Mary, in a gentle tone.

"Did I not think so?" said Kossanya, and a bitter smile played around her mouth. "But I still know you, Countess Szentirany. You are just as milk-white and beautiful yet as when you once stood before me, in the Carpathian Mountains, as the wife of Emmeric Barcoczy.'

"Kossanya! — you!" cried Mary, turning pale. . . .

"And what do you want of me, Kossanya!" inquired Mary. "Can I serve you, poor woman? Tell me — or do you bring news of —"

"Of Emmeric, mean you? You have guessed well. That I have sought you everywhere among men, and without resting, when I had rather hidden myself in the thick forest or under the ground in the cold grave — think you that I did it for my own pleasure? No! by the prophet! Fair as you are and gentle, the sight of you is loathsome to me! The glance of your eye wounds me like a dagger; poison breathes on me from your sweet lips, when you open them. But I have promised it to Emmeric! he made me swear to him by my gods and his that I would follow you to the ends of the earth."

"You come in Emmeric's name, unhappy creature?" asked Mary, trembling and sinking into a chair. "Tell me, what do you bring me!"

"This I bring you!" replied the gypsy, taking from her bosom an embroidered handkerchief, which had once been white, but now was thickly dyed with dark blood.

"Take it," she said, in a penetrating tone —"take it, countess! Emmeric sends it to you as a last love-token. It is Emmeric's heart's blood that has dyed the kerchief. When his head rolled in the dust to the other heads, and the thick, hot blood sprang up in a jet from the body, I dipped it in for you. For so he would have it!"

"Day of judgment!" murmured Mary's trembling lips. But her benumbed hands had not the power to take the handkerchief. The gypsy threw it into her lap.

"My errand is fulfilled," she continued. "Do you

shudder? Does terror seize you? Weep you tears for him whom you alone have sacrificed? Rejoice now at your work with that villain, your infamous husband, whom the curse of thousands rests upon! If only he lives long enough! . . ."

"Woman, thou art terrible!" said Mary, rousing herself from partial unconsciousness. "The All-Merciful, who has long since looked into my broken and contrite heart, may judge between me and thee! Happy am I that He is more merciful than you, my fellow-mortal!"

The gypsy looked perplexed; but she quickly turned, with firm steps, and was about to leave the room.

"I will not let thee go!" cried Mary, starting up. "Oh, Kossanya, if thou art human — if thou art a woman — I beseech thee, tell me more — tell me all!"

Kossanya looked widly around her. "Here," she cried, "on these silken carpets, within these walls of splendor they are to rest, the wearied, broken limbs! Let me go out into the forest, let me hide in the tents of my people! There I can sob and shriek; there I can roll on the ground and howl! But I will not do it any more! — oh, I am free now! — oh!"

"Poor maiden!' said Mary, forgetting for a few moments her own fate in that of Kossanya —"Poor maiden! — oh, remain here! — go not from me in anger, Kossanya; collect thy spirits. I will not let thee go until thou hast learned to forgive my wretched heart!" With these words hot tears dropped from her eyes on the maiden's hands, which she had lovingly grasped. Kossanya fixed on her immovably the most disconsolate gaze. and the unaccustomed sympathy at length melted her frozen heart. The hard features, the convulsive quivering of grief, were dissolved in scalding tears, which gradually grew more and more gentle.

Before long the two weeping women were seated opposite each other, and Kossanya related her sad story. Anxiously did Mary listen for a word about Emmeric, but she had not the courage to interrupt the poor girl, when she devoted also to her own sufferings a few words of lament.— *Life's Discipline: A Tale of the Annals of Hungary.*

ROCHEFOUCAULD, FRANÇOIS DE LA, a French moralist; born at Paris, December 15, 1613; died there, March 17, 1680. He was of a noble family and hereditary Prince de Marcillac. In youth he served with distinction in the army; took part with Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII., in her contest with Cardinal Richelieu, and was banished by the Cardinal, but was recalled by Anne after his death. Subsequently he took part in the civil war of the Fronde. In his later years he withdrew from politics, and devoted himself to literature and literary society. He wrote *Memoirs of the Reign of Anne of Austria* (1662), and *Reflections and Maxims* (1665). The last work, by which he is almost entirely known, consists of about 550 detached pieces, many of them being of not more than a couple of lines, and few of more than as many pages. The *Maxims* are independent judgments on different relations of life, different affections of the human mind, etc., from which, taken together, the general view may be deduced. They voice the reflections of a mature man well versed in the business and pleasures of the world, and possessed of an unusually acute intellect. In uniting the four qualities of brevity, clearness, fulness of meaning, and point, La Rochefoucauld has no rival. The following is the last and one of the longest of the *Reflections:*

ON THE CONTEMPT OF DEATH.

After having spoken of the falsity of so many apparent virtues, it is reasonable to say something of the falsity of the Contempt of Death: I mean that contempt of death

which the Pagans boast of deriving from their own strength, without the hope of a better life.

There is a difference between enduring death with firmness, and despising it. The first is common enough; but the other, in my opinion, is never sincere. Everything, however, has been written which could by any possibility persuade us that death is not an evil, and the weakest men, as heroes, have given a thousand examples to support this opinion. Nevertheless, I doubt whether any man of good sense ever believed it; and the pains men take to persuade others, and themselves of it, lets us see that the task is by no means easy. We may have many causes of disgust with life, but we never have any reason for despising death. Even those who destroy their own lives do not think it such a little matter, and are as much alarmed at, and recoil as much from, it as others when it comes upon them in a different way from the one they have chosen. The inequality remarkable in the courage of a vast number of brave men arises from the fact of death presenting itself in a different shape to the imagination, and appearing more instant at one time than another. Thus it results that, after having despised what they know nothing of, they end by fearing what they do know.

If we would not believe that death is the greatest of all evils, we must avoid looking at it and all its circumstances in the face. The cleverest and bravest are those who take the most respectable pretexts to prevent themselves from reflecting on it; but any man who is able to view it in its reality finds it a horrible thing. The necessity of dying constituted all the firmness of the philosophers. They conceived they should go through with a good grace what they could not avoid; and as they were unable to make themselves eternal, they had nothing left for it but to make their reputations eternal, and preserve all that could be secured from the shipwreck.

To put a good face on the matter, let us content ourselves with not discovering to ourselves all that we think of it; and let us hope more from our constitutions than from those feeble reasonings which would make us believe that we can approach death with indifference.

The credit of dying with firmness; the hope of being regretted; the desire of leaving a fair reputation; the certainty of being freed from the miseries of life, and of no no longer depending upon the caprices of fortune, are remedies which we should not reject. But at the same time we should not believe that they are infallible. They do as much to assure us as a simple hedge in war does to assure those who have to approach a place to the fire of which they are exposed. At a distance it appears capable of affording a shelter; but when near, it is found to be a feeble defence. It is flattering ourselves to believe that death appears to us, when near, what we fancied it at a distance; and that our sentiments — which are weakness itself — are of a temper so strong as not to suffer from that aspect of terror. It is but a poor acquaintance with the effects of self-love to think that it can aid us in treating lightly what must necessarily destroy itself; and reason, in which we think to find so many resources, is too weak in this encounter to persuade us of what we wish.

On the contrary, it is reason which most frequently betrays us; and, instead of inspiring us with the contempt of death, serves to reveal to us all that it has dreadful and terrible. All that reason can do for us is to advise us to turn away our eyes from death, to fix them on other objects. Cato and Brutus chose illustrious ones; a lackey a short time since amused himself with dancing upon the scaffold on which he was about to be executed. Thus, though motives may differ, they often produce the same effects. So that it is true that whatever disproportion there may be between great men and common people, both the one and the other have been a thousand times seen to meet death with the same countenance; but it has been with this difference, that in the contempt which great men show for death it is the love of glory which hides it from their view; and in the common people it is an effect of their want of intelligence, which prevents their being acquainted with the greatness of their loss, and leaves them at liberty to think of other things.

MAXIMS.

Seemliness is the least of all the laws and the most observed.

It shows great cleverness to be able to hide one's cleverness.

Crowds of people would be godly, but no one cares to be humble.

Quarrels would be shortlived, if the wrong were only on one side.

A man who loves nobody is more unhappy than one whom nobody loves.

It is more shameful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them.

The surest sign of being born with great qualities is to be born without envy.

Had we no faults of our own, we should not take so much pleasure to note them in others.

A true friend is the greatest of all blessings and that which we least of all dream of securing.

We are sometimes less unhappy in being deceived about one we love than in being undeceived.

We console ourselves easily for the misfortunes of our friends when they serve to signalize our affection for them.

The power possessed over us by those we love is nearly always greater than that which we possess over ourselves.

— *Selected from Les Maximes, by* DOROTHEA SHEPPERSON.

ROD, EDOUARD, a Swiss novelist and journalist; born at Nyon, March 31, 1857. He was educated at Berne and Berlin, where he gave special attention to philology. Removing to Paris, he was at first a literary critic, and became in 1884

editor-in-chief of *La Revue Contemporaine.* Upon returning to his native land, he was made, in 1887, Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Geneva. Besides his thesis on *Le Développement du Mythe d' Eschyle dans la Littérature,* M. Rod has published several works which display critical power and erudition, among which we cite *A Propos de l'Assommoir* (1879); *Les Allemands à Paris* (1880); *Wagner et l'Esthétique Allemande* (1886); *Giacomo Leopardi,* a study on the nineteenth century (1888), and *Dante* (1901). It is, however, largely as a novelist that he is known. His novels are *Palmyre Veulard* (1881); *La Chute de Miss Topsy* (1882); *L'Autopsie du Docteur Z.* (1884); *La Femme de Henri Vanneau* (1884); *La Course à la Mort* (1885); *Tatiana Leiloff* (1886); *Névrossée* (1886); *Le Sens de la Vie* (1889), "a sort of psychological autobiography," says a critic, "where the author, after having painted the ennuis and trials of home life, extols the sacrifice of the individual for the family good." Other works are *Scènes de la Vie Cosmopolite, Lilith, L'Eau et le Feu, L'Idéal de M. Gendre* (1889); *Nouvelles Romances, Les Idées Morales du Temps Présent, Dante, Stendhal* (1891); *La Sacrifiée* (1892); *La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier* (1893); *La Seconde Vie de Michel Teissier* (1894); *Le Silence* (1894); *Les Roches Blanches* (1895).

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE ROCKS.

"Do you know the legend, monsieur, the legend of the two rocks at the end of that path?"

Trembloz collected all his strength to answer.

"No, monsieur."

"It is curious," continued the American. "It has a

deeper and more modern significance than is usual with this kind of story. Shall I relate it to you?"

"If you please."

"It deals with two beings who loved each other and yet were kept apart by some cause or other that is not explained. They wished to find a refuge in God; whether that they felt too weak to respect their duties without other support than the fragile support of the world, or that their hearts sought in divine love a consolation; or, perhaps, something their own love might feed on. The man entered a Trappist monastery, the ruins of which, at the foot of the Jura, you are doubtless acquainted with. The woman took the veil in a convent which formerly existed yonder on the other side of the tower."

He turned round toward Bielle, which appeared in all its coquettish grace, prettily toned down under the cloudy sky.

"How they saw each other again, the story does not say. But it is related that they met almost every night in a clearing of the Bois-Joli, which at that time was a thick forest of pines. They were both faithful and loyal of soul, and determined to respect their vows. However, every time they met, they felt their love was increasing. Though they repressed it with all their energy, this love was driving them into each other's arms with all the tragic force that is in noble hearts. They then understood that their will was exhausted in the struggle, and defeat was approaching. On the evening when, for the first time their lips were united, they agreed they would never meet again. They bade each other a farewell which they believed would be eternal. But, when they tried to separate, a wonder occurred; their limbs stiffened, the propitious soil on which their love had sprung into being held them; the mysterious power of the earth kept them side by side forever. In the effort against love, humanity had died in them. Their souls had conquered, but had perished in the agony of the struggle. They were now two stones, forever insensible. — the White Rocks."— *From Les Roches Blanches.*

ROE, Edward Payson, an American novelist; born at New Windsor, N. Y., March 7, 1838; died at Cornwall, N. Y., July 19, 1888. He was educated at Williams College, and afterward studied theology at Auburn and at New York. In 1862 he became chaplain in the volunteer army, and served throughout the Civil War. From 1865 to 1874 he was pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, N. Y. He then settled at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where he gave his time to literature and to the cultivation of small fruits. His first book, *Barriers Burned Away,* written after he visited the ruins of Chicago's great fire, was first published as a serial in the New York *Evangelist,* and met with enormous success when it was issued in book-form in 1872. His other works are *Play and Profit in My Garden* (1873); *What Can She Do?* (1873); *Opening a Chestnut Burr* (1874); *From Jest to Earnest* (1875); *Near to Nature's Heart* (1876); *A Knight of the Nineteenth Century* (1877); *A Face Illumined* (1878); *A Day of Fate* (1880); *Success with Small Fruits* (1880); *Without a Home* (1880); *His Sombre Rivals* (1883); *A Young Girl's Wooing* (1884); *Nature's Serial Story* (1884); *An Original Belle* (1885); *Driven Back to Eden* (1885); *He Fell in Love with His Wife* (1886); *The Earth Trembled* (1887); *Miss Lou* (1888); *The Home Acre* (1889); *Taken Alive* (1889).

"CHRISTINE, AWAKE! FOR YOUR LIFE!"

For a block or more Dennis was passively borne along by the rushing mob. Suddenly a voice seemed to shout almost in his ear, "The north side is burning!" and he

started as from a dream. The thought of Christine flashed upon him, perishing, perhaps, in the flames. He remembered that now she had no protector, and that he for the moment had forgotten her; though in truth he had never imagined that she could be imperilled by the burning of the north side.

In an agony of fear and anxiety he put forth every effort of which he was capable, and tore through the crowd as if mad. There was no way of getting across the river now save by the La Salle Street tunnel. Into this dark passage he plunged with multitudes of others. It was indeed as near Pandemonium as any earthly condition could be. Driven forward by the swiftly pursuing flames, hemmed in on every side, a shrieking, frenzied, terror-stricken throng rushed into the black cavern. Every moral grade was represented there. Those who led abandoned lives were plainly recognizable, their guilty consciences finding expression in their livid faces. These jostled the refined and delicate lady, who, in the awful democracy of the hour, brushed against thief and harlot. Little children wailed for their lost parents, and many were trampled under foot. Parents cried for their children, women shrieked for their husbands, some praying, many cursing with oaths as hot as the flames that crackled near. Multitudes were in no other costumes than those in which they had sprung from their beds. Altogether it was a strange, incongruous writhing mass of humanity, such as the world had never looked upon, pouring into what might seem, in its horrors, the mouth of hell.

As Dennis entered the utter darkness, a confused roar smote his ear that might have appalled the stoutest heart, but he was now oblivious to everything save Christine's danger. With set teeth he put his shoulder against the living mass and pushed with the strongest till he emerged into the glare of the north side. Here, escaping somewhat from the throng, he made his way rapidly to the Ludolph mansion, which to his joy he found was still considerably to the windward of the fire. But he saw that from the southwest another line of flame was bearing down upon it.

The front door was locked, and the house utterly dark. He rang the bell furiously, but there was no response. He walked around under the window and shouted, but the place remained as dark and silent as a tomb. He pounded on the door, but its massive thickness scarcely admitted of a reverberation.

"They must have escaped," he said; "but, merciful heaven! there must be no uncertainty in this case. What shall I do?"

The windows of the lower story were all strongly guarded and hopeless, but one opening on the balcony of Christine's studio seemed practicable, if it could be reached. A half-grown elm swayed its graceful branches over the balcony, and Dennis knew the tough and fibrous nature of this tree. In the New-England woods of his early home he had learned to climb for nuts like a squirrel, and so with no great difficulty he mounted the trunk and dropped from an overhanging branch to the point he sought. The window was down at the top, but the lower sash was fastened. He could see the catch by the light of the fire. He broke the pane of glass nearest it, hoping that the crash might awaken Christine, if she were still there. But after the clatter died away, there was no sound. He then noisily raised the sash and stepped in. . . .

There was no time for sentiment. He called loudly: "Miss Ludolph, awake! awake! for your life!'

There was no answer. "She must be gone," he said. The front room, facing toward the west, he knew to be her sleeping apartment. Going through the passage he knocked loudly, and called again; but in the silence that followed he heard his own watch tick, and his heart beat. He pushed the door open with the feeling of one profaning a shrine, and looked timidly in. . . .

She lay with her face toward him. Her hair of gold, unconfined, streamed over the pillow; one fair, round arm, from which her night-robe had slipped back, was clasped around her head, and a flickering ray of light, finding access at the window, played upon her face and neck with the strangest and most weird effect.

So deep was her slumber that she seemed dead, and

Dennis, in his overwrought state, thought she was. For a moment his heart stood still, and his tongue was paralyzed. A distant explosion aroused him. Approaching softly he said, in an awed whisper (he seemed powerless to speak louder), "Miss Ludolph! — Christine!"

But the light of the coming fire played and flickered over the still, white face, that never before had seemed so strangely beautiful.

"Miss Ludolph! — Oh, Christine, awake!" cried Dennis, louder.

To his wonder and unbounded perplexity, he saw the hitherto motionless lips wreathe themselves into a lovely smile, but otherwise there was no response. . . .

A louder and nearer explosion, like a warning voice, made him wholly desperate, and he roughly seized her hand.

Christine's blue eyes opened wide with a bewildered stare; a look of the wildest terror came into them, and she started up and shrieked, "Father! father!"

Then, turning toward the as yet unknown invader, she cried piteously: "Oh, spare my life! Take everything; I will give you anything you ask, only spare my life!"

She evidently thought herself addressing a ruthless robber.

Dennis retreated toward the door the moment she awakened; and this somewhat reassured her.

In the firm, quiet tone that always calms excitement, he replied, "I only ask you to give me your confidence, Miss Ludolph, and to join with me, Dennis Fleet, in my effort to save your life."

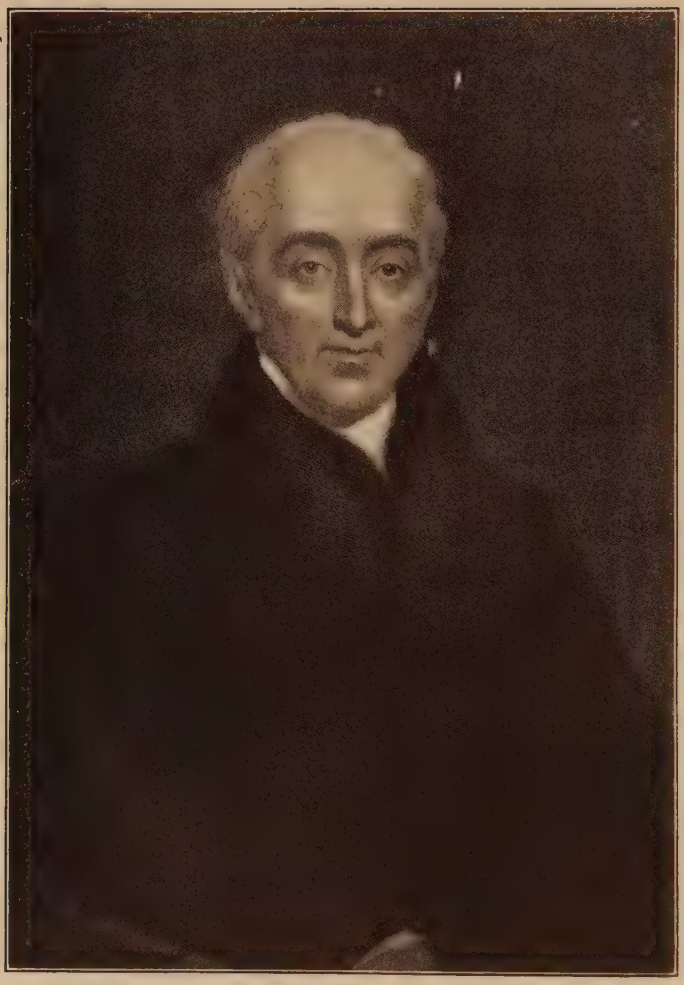
"Dennis Fleet! Dennis Fleet! save my life! O ye gods, what does it all mean?" and she passed her hand in bewilderment across her brow, as if to brush away the wild fancies of a dream.

"Miss Ludolph, as you love your life, arouse yourself and escape! The city is burning!" . . .

When Dennis returned, he found Christine panting helplessly on a chair.

"Oh, dress! dress!" he cried. "We have not a moment to spare."

The sparks and cinders were falling about the house,



SAMUEL ROGERS.

a perfect storm of fire. The roof was already blazing, and smoke was pouring down the stairs.

At his suggestion she had at first laid out a heavy woolen dress and Scotch plaid shawl. She nervously sought to put on the dress, but her trembling fingers could not fasten it over her wildly throbbing bosom. Dennis saw that in the terrible emergency he must act the part of a brother or husband, and, springing forward, he assisted her with the dexterity he had learned in childhood.

Just then a blazing piece of roof, borne on the wings of the gale, crashed through the window, and in a moment the apartment, that had seemed like a beautiful casket for a still more exquisite jewel, was in flames.

Hastily wrapping Christine in the blanket-shawl, he snatched her, crying and wringing her hands, into the street.

Holding his hand, she ran two or three blocks with all the speed her wild terror prompted; then her strength began to fail, and she pantingly cried that she could run no longer. But this rapid rush carried them out of immediate peril, and brought them into the flying throng pressing their way northward and westward.— *Barriers Burned Away.*

ROGERS, Samuel, an English poet; born at Stoke Newington, July 30, 1763; died at London, December 18, 1855. He commenced writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the age of eighteen. His principal poems are *The Pleasures of Memory* (1792); *Jacqueline,* published in the same volume with Byron's *Lara* (1814); *Human Life* (1819); *Italy* (Part I., 1821; Part II., 1834). Not only was Rogers a poet of sufficient mark to be hailed by Byron with perverse but sincere admiration — as

the melodious Rogers and one of the few men of genuine weight in an age of scribblers — but he was also for half a century the most celebrated entertainer of celebrities in London. His last, longest, and most interesting work is *Italy,* which is likely to be long popular. He also, from time to time, put forth small volumes of *Poems.* In his *Italy* he gives the following quite just estimate of himself:

ROGERS UPON HIMSELF.

Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values:
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry — the language of the gods —
For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And — what transcends them all — a noble action.

REMEMBRANCE AND ANTICIPATION.

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view.
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please,
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well.
O thou, with whom my heart was wont to share,
From Reason's dawn, each pleasure and each care,
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below,
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;

Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present
With modest dignity and calm content,
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed,
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed,
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet remembrance of unblemished youth,
The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!
Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone —
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light,
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest
Where Virtue triumphs and her sons are blest.

— *The Pleasures of Memory.*

VENICE.

There is a glorious City in the Sea;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of man, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,

As to a floating city — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently — by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statutes ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some — though time had shattered them —
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.
— *Italy.*

REGENERATION FOR ITALY.

O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep — for thou art lying, alas!
Low in the dust; and they who come admire thee
As we admire the beautiful in death.
Thine was a dangerous gift — the gift of beauty.
Would thou had less, or went as once thou wast,
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!
But why despair? Twice thou has lived already;
Twice shone among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven: and shalt again. The hour shall come
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
Who, like the eagle lowering o'er his prey,
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
And dying, left a splendor like the day,
That like the day diffused itself, and still
Blesses the earth — the light of genius, virtue,
Greatness in though and act, contempt of death,
God-like example. Echoes that have slept
Since Athens, Lacedæmon were Themselves,
Since men invoked "By Those in Marathon!"
Awake along the Ægean; and the dead —
They of that sacred shore — have heard the call,
And through the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen

Moving as once they were; instead of rage
Breathing deliberate valor.

A TEAR.

Oh, that the chemist's magic art
  Could crystallize this sacred Treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
  A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
  Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell —
  The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
  In thee the rays of Virtue shine,
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
  Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
  Who ever fliest to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
  Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
  In every clime, in every age,
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream
  In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
  And bids it trickle from its source —
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
  And glides the planets in their course.

GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs

Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandina),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the springtime, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun
Sets ere one-half is seen; but ere thou go,
Enter the house — prythee, forget it not —
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious race;
Done by Zampieri — but I care not whom.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again
That he may call it up when far away.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious race;
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from hear to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart —
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Anthony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held

The ducal robes of some old ancestor,
That, by the way — it may be true or false —
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire;
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, forever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
When all sate down, the bride was wanting there,
Nor was she to be found. Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love."
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco.
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not.

Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, forthwith,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived — and long might'st thou have seen

An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find. he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless — then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When, on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished — save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra."

There, then, had she found a grave,
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever.

MARRIAGE.

Then before All they stand — the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters — there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing,
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
Back from a world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his! her gentle mind

ANNA K. GREEN ROHLFS.

To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject — ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts — touch them but lightly — pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

— *From Human Life.*

ROHLFS, Anna Katharine Green, an American novelist; born at Brooklyn, N. Y., November 11, 1846. After graduating at Ripley College, Vt., in 1867, she removed to Buffalo, where in 1884 she was married to Charles Rohlfs, a retired actor. She has published a long list of clever detective stories, including *The Leavenworth Case* (1878); *A Strange Disappearance* (1879); *The Sword of Damocles* (1881); *X. Y. Z.* (1883); *Hand and Ring* (1883); *The Mill Mystery* (1886); *7 to 12* (1887); *A Matter of Millions* (1889); *The Forsaken Inn* (1890); *The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock* (1895); *Dr. Izard* (1895); *That Affair Next Door* (1897); *The Circular Study* (1899); *The Filigree Ball* (1903); *The Millionaire Baby* (1905); *The House in the Mist; The Amethyst Box* (1905); and *The Mayor's Wife* (1906). Mrs. Rohlfs is also the author of the *Defence of the Bride and Others Poems* (1882), and *Risifi's Daughter,* a dramatic poem (1886).

A TRUE BILL.

The town of Sibley was in a state of excitement. About the court-house, especially, the crowd was great,

and the interest manifested intense. The Grand Jury was in session, and the case of the Widow Clemmens was before it. . . .

But what is the curiosity of the rabble to us? Our interest is in a little room far removed from this scene of excitement, where the young daughter of Professor Darling kneels by the side of Imogene Dare, striving, by caress and entreaty, to win a word from her lips or a glance from her heavy eyes.

"Imogene," she pleaded, "Imogene, what is this terrible grief? Why did you have to go to the court-house this morning with papa, and why have you been almost dead with terror and misery ever since you got back? Tell me, or I shall perish of mere fright. For weeks now, ever since you were so good as to help me with my wedding-clothes, I have seen that something dreadful was weighing upon your mind, but this which you are suffering now is awful; this I cannot bear. Cannot you speak, dear? Words will do you good."

"Words!"

Oh, the despair, the bitterness, of that single exclamation! Miss Darling drew back in dismay. As if released, Imogene rose to her feet and surveyed the sweet and ingenuous countenance uplifted to her own, with a look of faint recognition of the womanly sympathy it conveyed.

"Helen," she resumed, "you are happy. Don't stay here with me, but go where there are cheerfulness and hope. . . .

She sank back, but the next moment started again to her feet: a servant had opened the door.

"What is it?" she exclaimed; "speak, tell me."

"Only a gentleman to see you, miss."

"Only a —" But she stopped in that vain repetition of the girl's simple words, and looked at her as if she would force from her lips the name she had not the courage to demand; but turned away to the glass, where she quietly smoothed her hair and adjusted the hair at her throat, and then, catching sight of the tear-stained face of Helen, stooped and gave her a kiss, after which she moved mechanically to the door and went down those

broad flights, one after one, till she came to the parlor, when she went in and encountered — Mr. Orcutt.

A glance at his face told her all she wanted to know.

"Ah!" she gasped, "it is then —"

"Mansell."

It was five minutes later. Imogene leaned against the window where she had withdrawn herself at the utterance of that one word. Mr. Orcutt stood a couple of paces behind her.

"Imogene," said he, "there is a question I would like to have you answer."

The feverish agitation expressed in his tone made her look around.

"Put it," she mechanically replied.

But he did not find it easy to do this, while her eyes rested upon him in such despair. He felt, however, that the doubt in his mind must be satisfied at all hazards; so choking down an emotion that was almost boundless as her own, he ventured to ask: "Is it among the possibilities that you could ever again contemplate giving yourself in marriage to Craik Mansell, no matter what the issue of the coming trial may be?"

A shudder, quick and powerful as that which follows the withdrawal of a dart from an agonizing wound, shook her whole frame for a moment, but she answered, steadily: "No; how can you ask, Mr. Orcutt?" A gleam of relief shot across his somewhat haggard features.

"Then," said he, "it will be no treason in me to assure you that never has my love been greater for you than to-day. That to save you from the pain which you are suffering I would sacrifice everything, even my pride. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show you, any deed I can perform for your sake, I am ready to attempt it, Imogene."

"Would you —" she hesitated, but gathered courage as she met his eye —"would you be willing to go to *him* with a message from me?"

His glance fell, and his lips took a hue that startled Imogene, but his answer, though given with bitterness, was encouraging.

"Yes," he returned; "even that."

"Then," she cried, "tell him that to save the innocent, I had to betray the guilty, but in doing this I did not spare myself; that whatever his doom may be I shall share it, even though it be that of death."—*Hand and Ring.*

A CRY ON THE HILL.

The dance was over. From the great house on the hill the guests had all departed and only the musicians remained. As they filed out through the ample doorway, on their way home, the first faint streak of early dawn became visible in the east. One of them, a lank, plain-featured young man of ungainly aspect but penetrating eye, called the attention of the others to it.

"Look!" said he; "there is the daylight! This has been a gay night for Sutherlandtown."

"Too gay," muttered another, starting aside as the slight figure of a young man coming from the house behind them rushed hastily by. "Why, who's that?"

As they one and all had recognized the person thus alluded to, no one answered till he had dashed out of the gate and disappeared in the woods on the other side of the road. Then they all spoke at once.

"It's Mr. Frederick!"

"He seems in a desperate hurry."

"He trod on my toes."

"Did you hear the words he was muttering as he went by?"

As only the last question was calculated to arouse any interest, it alone received attention.

"No; what were they? I heard him say something, but I failed to catch the words."

"He wasn't talking to you, or to me either, for that matter; but I have ears that can hear an eye wink. He said: 'Thank God, this night of horror is over!' Think of that! After such a dance and such a spread, he calls the night horrible and thanks God that it is over. I thought he was the very man to enjoy this kind of thing."

"So did I."

"And so did I."

The five musicians exchanged looks, then huddled in a group at the gate.

"He has quarreled with his sweetheart," suggested one.

"I'm not surprised at that," declared another. "I never thought it would be a match."

"Shame if it were!" muttered the ungainly youth who had spoken first.

As the subject of this comment was the son of the gentleman whose house they were just leaving, they necessarily spoke low; but their tones were rife with curiosity, and it was evident that the topic deeply interested them. One of the five who had not previously spoken now put in a word:

"I saw him when he first led out Miss Page to dance, and I saw him again when he stood up opposite her in the last quadrille, and I tell you, boys, there was a mighty deal of difference in the way he conducted himself toward her in the beginning of the evening and the last. You wouldn't have thought him the same man. Reckless young fellows like him are not to be caught by dimples only. They want cash."

"Or family, at least; and she hasn't either. But what a pretty girl she is! Many a fellow as rich as he and as well connected would be satisfied with her good looks alone."

"Good looks!" High scorn was observable in this exclamation, which was made by the young man whom I have before characterized as ungainly. "I refuse to acknowledge that she has any good looks. On the contrary, I consider her plain."

"Oh! Oh!" burst in protest from more than one mouth. "And why does she have every fellow in the room dangling after her, then?" asked the player on the flageolet.

"She hasn't a regular feature."

"What difference does that make when it isn't her features you notice, but herself?"

"I don't like her."

A laugh followed this.

"That won't trouble her, Sweetwater. Sutherland does, if you don't, and that's much more to the point.

And he'll marry her yet; he can't help it. Why, she'd witch the devil into leading her to the altar if she took a notion to have him for her bridegroom."

"There would be consistency in that," muttered the fellow just addressed. "But Mr. Frederick—"

"Hush! There's some one on the doorstep. Why, it's she!"

They all glanced back. The graceful figure of a young girl dressed in white was to be seen leaning toward them from the open doorway. Behind her shone a blaze of light — the candles not having been yet extinguished in the hall — and against this brilliant background her slight form, with all its bewitching outlines, stood out in plain relief.

"Who was that?" she began in a high, almost strident voice, totally out of keeping with the sensuous curves of her strange, sweet face. But the question remained unanswered, for at that moment her attention, as well as that of the men lingering at the gate, was attracted by the sound of hurrying feet and confused cries coming up the hill.

"Murder! Murder!" was the word panted out by more than one harsh voice; and in another instant a dozen men and boys came rushing into sight in a state of such excitement that the five musicians recoiled from the gate, and one of them went so far as to start back toward the house. As he did so he noticed a curious thing. The young woman whom they had all perceived standing in the door a moment before had vanished, yet she was known to possess the keenest curiosity of any one in town.

"Murder! Murder!" A terrible and unprecedented cry in this old, God-fearing town. Then came in hoarse explanation from the jostling group as they stopped at the gate: "Mrs. Webb has been killed! Stabbed with a knife! Tell Mr. Sutherland!"

Mrs. Webb!

As the musicians heard this name, so honored and so universally beloved, they to a man uttered a cry. Mrs. Webb! Why, it was impossible. Shouting in their turn for Mr. Sutherland, they all crowded forward.

"Not Mrs. Webb!" they protested. "Who could have the daring or the heart to kill *her?*"

"God knows," answered a voice from the highway. "But she's dead — we've just seen her!"

"Then it's the old man's work," quavered a piping voice. "I've always said he would turn on his best friend some day. 'Sylum's the best place for folks as has lost their wits. I —"

But here a hand was put over his mouth, and the rest of the words was lost in an inarticulate gurgle. Mr. Sutherland had just appeared on the porch.

He was a superb-looking man, with an expression of mingled kindness and dignity that invariably awakened both awe and admiration in the spectator. No man in the country — I was going to say no woman — was more beloved, or held in higher esteem. Yet he could not control his only son, as everyone within ten miles of the hill well knew.

At this moment his face showed both pain and shock.

"What name are you shouting out there?" he brokenly demanded. "Agatha Webb? Is Agatha Webb hurt?"

"Yes, sir; killed," repeated a half-dozen voices at once. "We've just come from the house. All the town is up. Some say her husband did it."

"No, no!" was Mr. Sutherland's decisive though half-inaudible response. "Philemon Webb might end his own life, but not Agatha's. It was the money —"

Here he caught himself up, and, raising his voice, addressed the crowd of villagers more directly.

"Wait," said he, "and I will go back with you. Where is Frederick?" he demanded of such members of his own household as stood about him.

No one knew.

"I wish some one would find my son. I want him to go into town with me."

"He's over in the woods there," volunteered a voice from without.

"In the woods!" repeated the father, in a surprised tone.

"Yes, sir; we all saw him go. Shall we sing out to him?"

"No, no; I will manage very well without him." And taking up his hat Mr. Sutherland stepped out again upon the porch.

Suddenly he stopped. A hand had been laid on his arm and an insinuating voice was murmuring in his ear:

"Do you mind if I go with you? I will not make any trouble."

It was the same young lady we have seen before.

The old gentleman frowned — he who never frowned — and remarked shortly:

"A scene of murder is no place for women."

The face upturned to his remained unmoved.

"I think I will go," she quietly persisted. "I can easily mingle with the crowd."

He said not another word against it. Miss Page was under pay in his house, but for the last few weeks no one had undertaken to contradict her. In the interval since her first appearance on the porch, she had exchanged the light dress in which she had danced at the ball, for a darker and more serviceable one, and perhaps this token of her determination may have had its influence in silencing him. He joined the crowd, and together they moved down-hill. This was too much for the servants of the house. One by one they too left the house till it stood absolutely empty. Jerry snuffed out the candles and shut the front door, but the side entrance stood wide open, and into this entrance, as the last footstep died out on the hillside, passed a slight and resolute figure. It was that of the musician who had questioned Miss Page's attractions. — *Agatha Webb* (Copyright 1899, by ANNA KATHARINE ROHLFS).

ROLAND, CHANSON DE, the most noted of the French poems of chivalry. It has been styled "the French national epic"; and Steinthal recognizes it as one of the world's four greatest national epics, the others being the Hellenic *Iliad,* the Finnish *Kalevala,* and the German *Nibelungenlied.* The date of the poem is placed approximately about the year 1100. Its authorship is ascribed to Théroulde or Turoldus, a Norman trouvère. About half a century later it was translated into German by Konrad, a Swabian ecclesiastic, and the *Rolandslied* became nationalized in Germany as well as the *Chanson de Roland* in France. The poem, in about four thousand lines, sets forth the exploits and death of Roland, the most doughty of the paladins of Charlemagne, in the partly mythical expedition of the great Emperor against the Moors of Spain. Roland, the hero of Roncesvalles and many another battle-field, is through the treachery of Ganelon, set upon by an overwhelming force in the pass of Fontarabia. His comrades are slaughtered around him, and he himself is wounded unto death. With his expiring breath he blows such a blast upon his horn that it reaches the ears of Charlemagne, who hurries to the spot. He finds the hero dead, but takes fearful vengeance upon the Moors and their traitorous accomplice.

DEATH OF THE MARTIAL ARCHBISHOP TURPIN.

The Archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,
Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free;
And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,
And a faint shudder through his members ran.
Upon the battle-field his knee was bent,

Brave Roland saw, and to his succor went;
Straight was his helmet from his brow unlaced,
And torn the shining hauberk from his breast;
Then raising in his arms the man of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.
"Rest, sire!" he cried, "for rest thy suffering needs.
The priest replied: "Think but of warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we boast this strife;
But death steals on — there is no hope of life;
In Paradise, where almoners live again,
There are our couches spread — there shall we rest from pain."

Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!
That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,
"O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!
Why bringing death to lay me in my grave?
Beloved France! how have the good and brave
Been torn from thee, and left thee weak and poor!"
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,
"My gentle friend, what parley full of woe!
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see —
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee!
Christ, who didst save from realms of woe beneath
The Hebrew prophets from the second death."
Then to the Paladins, whom well he knew,
He went, and one by one, unaided, drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore;
No heart had he to smile, but weeping sore,
He blest them in God's name, with faith that He
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.
The Archbishop then — on whom God's benison rest —
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast;
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore;
And many a wound his swollen visage bore;
Slow beats his heart — his panting bosom heaves;
Death comes apace — no hope of cure relieves;
Toward Heaven he raised his dying hands and prayed
That God — who for sins was mortal made,

Born of the Virgin, scorned and crucified —
In Paradise would place him by His side.

Thus Turpin died in service of Chalon —
In battle great, and eke great in orison,
'Gainst pagan host alway strong champion —
God grant to him His holy benison.

— *Translation of* LONGFELLOW.

ROLLIN, CHARLES, a French historian; born at Paris, January 30, 1661; died there, September 14, 1741. He became Professor of Rhetoric in the College of Plessis in 1687; Professor of Eloquence in the Royal College of France in 1687; Principal of the University of Paris in 1694. He revived the study of Greek and made reforms in the system of education. His chief works are *On the Study of Belles-Lettres* (1726); *Ancient History* (12 vols., 1730–38); *History of Rome* (1738). His *Ancient History,* both in the original and in translations, was held in the highest repute for nearly a century; but has since been wholly superseded by later works.

ON GOOD TASTE.

Good taste, as it now falls under our consideration — that is, with reference to the reading of authors, and composition — is a clear, lively, and distinct discerning of all the beauty, truth, and justness of the thoughts and expressions which compose a discourse. It distinguishes what is conformable to eloquence and propriety in every character, and suitable in different circumstances. And whilst, with a delicate and exquisite sagacity, it notes the graces, turns, manners, and expressions most likely to

please, it perceives also all the defects which produce the contrary effect, and distinguishes precisely wherein those defects consist, and how far they are removed from the strict rules of art and the real beauties of nature.

This happy faculty, which it is more easy to conceive than define, is less the effect of genius than of judgment, and is a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. It serves in composition to guide and direct the understanding. It makes use of the imagination, but without submitting to it, and keeps it always in subjection. It consults nature universally, follows it step by step, and is a faithful image of it. Reserved and sparing in the midst of abundance and riches, it dispenses the beauties and graces of discourse with temper and wisdom. It never suffers itself to be dazzled with the false, how glittering a figure soever it may make. It is equally offended with too much and too little. It knows precisely where it must stop, and cuts off, without regret or mercy, whatever exceeds the beautiful and the perfect. It is the want of this quality which occasions the various species of bad style — as bombast, conceit, and witticism — in which, as Quintilian says, the genius is void of judgment, and suffers itself to be carried away with an appearance of beauty, *quoties engenium judicio cavet,* and *specie boni fallitur.*

Taste, simple and uniform in its principle, is varied and multiplied an infinite number of ways: yet so as under a thousand different forms, in prose or verse, in a declamatory or concise, sublime or simple, jocose or serious, style, it is always the same; and carries with it a certain character of the true and natural, immediately perceived by all persons of judgment. We cannot say the style of Terence, Phædrus, Sallust, Cæsar, Tully, Livy, Virgil, and Horace is the same. And yet they have all — if I may be allowed the expression — a certain tincture of a common spirit which, in that diversity of genius and style, makes an affinity between them and the sensible difference also between them and the other writers who have not the stamp of the best age of antiquity upon them.

I have already said that this distinguishing faculty was

a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. In reality all men bring the first principles of taste with them into the world, as well as those of rhetoric and logic. As a proof of this we may urge that every good orator is almost always infallibly approved of by the people; and that there is no difference upon this point, as Tully observes, between the ignorant and the learned. The case is the same with music and painting. A concert that has all its parts well composed and well executed, both as to instruments and voices, pleases universally. But if any discord arises, any ill tone of voice be intermixed, it shall displease even those who are absolutely ignorant of music. They know not what it is that offends them, but they find something in it grating to their ears. And this proceeds from the taste and harmony transplanted in them by nature. In like manner a fine picture charms and transports a spectator who has no idea of painting. Ask him what pleases him, and why it pleases him, and he cannot easily give an account, or specify the real reasons; but natural sentiment works almost the same effect in him as art and use of connoisseurs.

The like observations will hold good as to the taste we are here speaking of. Most men have the first principles of it in themselves, though in the greater part of them they lie dormant, in a manner, for want of instruction or reflection, as they are often stifled or corrupted by vicious education, bad customs, or reigning prejudices of the age and country. But how depraved soever the taste may be, its power is never absolutely lost. There are certain fixed remains of it, deeply rooted in the understanding, wherein all men agree. Where these secret seeds are cultivated with care, they may be carried to a far greater height of perfection. And if it so happens that any fresh light awakens these first notions, and renders the mind attentive to the immutable rules of truth and beauty, so as to discover the natural and necessary consequences of them, and serves at the same time as a model to facilitate the application of them, we generally see that men of the best sense gladly cast off their ancient errors, correct the mistakes of their former judgments,

and return to the justness and delicacy which are the effects of a refined taste, and by degrees draw others after them into their way of thinking.

To be convinced of this, we need only look upon the success of certain great orators and celebrated authors who, by their natural talents, have recalled these primitive ideas, and given fresh life to these seeds which lie concealed in the mind of every man. In a little time they united the voices of those who made the best use of their reason in their fervor; and soon after gained the applause of every age and condition, both ignorant and learned. It would be easy to point out among us the date of the good taste which now reigns in all arts and sciences. By tracing each up to its original we should see that a small number of men of genius have acquired for the nation this glory and advantage.—*Study of Belles Lettres.*

DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF LUXURY.

The most judicious historians, the most learned philosophers, and the profoundest politicians, all lay it down as a certain indisputable maxim, that wherever luxury prevails, it never fails to destroy the most flourishing states and kingdoms; and the experience of all ages, and all nations, does but too clearly demonstrate the truth of this maxim.

What is this subtle, secret poison, then, that thus lurks under the pomp of luxury and the charms of pleasure, and is capable of enervating, at the same time, both the whole strength of the body, and the vigor of the mind? It is not very difficult to comprehend why it has this terrible effect. When men are accustomed to a soft and voluptuous life, can they be very fit for undergoing the fatigues and hardships of war? Are they qualified for suffering the rigor of the seasons; for enduring hunger and thirst; for passing whole nights without sleep upon occasion; for going through continual exercise and action, for facing danger and despising death?—*Ancient History.*

ROLLINS, Alice Wellington, an American novelist, poet and essayist; born at Boston, Mass., June 12, 1847; died at Bronxville, N. Y., December 5, 1897. She was educated by her father, Ambrose Wellington, and completed her studies in Europe. In 1876 she was married to Daniel M. Rollins of New York. She was a weekly contributor of reviews to the New York *Critic* for the first seven years of its existence, and for twenty years her essays appeared in the leading American magazines. She made a study of tenement life, putting the result of her investigations into the novel *Uncle Tom's Tenement.* She was the author of *The Ring of Amethyst,* poems (1878); *The Story of a Ranch* (1885); *All Sorts of Children* (1886); *The Three Tetons* (1887); *Uncle Tom's Tenement* (1888); *From Snow to Sunshine* (1889); *From Palm to Glacier* (1892); *The Finding of the Gentian; Little Page Fern and Other Verses,* and *Unfamiliar Quotations* (1895).

NATURE'S PAINT-POTS.

The Man of Sense and the Maiden would ride that morning. The day before it had been too hot, and the saddle-horses had been allowed to plod along by the wagons. In the afternoon it would be again too hot, perhaps; but at eight o'clock nothing could be more tempting than a ride as far as the Paint-Pots. The road led them by the field of geysers, looking strangely different in the bright morning air. More than a hundred of them seemed to be "up and at it," sending up their light, curling wreaths of steam with a zeal that never flags, even with the thermometer about them at forty degrees below zero. . . .

Two hours later they ventured the curious grove, about

a mile from the main road, where the Paint-Pots are. There are more than five hundred of them, and they are admirably named. The little pools are like nothing so much as great paint-pots, and the bubbling, boiling, gurgling mass seething within them is like nothing so much as paint. It is soft, smooth, and satiny to the touch, though it turns hard later in lovely coral work around the basin, only to crumble away if you try to preserve it. Not that we did break it off and try to preserve it! Oh, Mr. Government Detective! No, indeed; but we have read in the guide-books that it crumbles.

But the wonder of these hot paint-pots is the coloring. Because I have been quite frank in acknowledging that the Yellowstone is not a "pretty place" through its whole three thousand square miles, I shall expect you to trust me when I tell you where it is pretty, and to believe me when I say that these colored paint-pots are alone worth a journey of many miles to see. It had been curious to see pools of so many different colors far apart from each other at the Norris Basin; but, within two or three feet of each other, were pools some of which were blood-red, some sulphur-orange, some delicate rose-color, and some looking as if filled with hot cream.

Here, too, is the one great joke of the park. How seldom nature jests. She is awful, beautiful, bewitching; but when is she funny? It is Hamilton Gibson, I think, who makes a pretty picture of the comical witch-hazel; but the witch-hazel does not know that she is smiling; she is not trying to amuse you. It is the human element which catches the funniness and laughs. Only a man of imagination would interpret the joke and smile.

But there is one paint-pot at the Yellowstone that is a genuine joke. It is a great pool, apparently full of white paint. The effort of this thick white paint to be a geyser, resulting in a sputter, sputter, sputter — gurgle, gurgle, gurgle — blob, blob, blob — and then for a moment silence — is something so ludicrous that no one can stand beside it and not laugh aloud in sympathy. It is not the seething of the hot spring, nor the bubbling of the boiling pool, nor the hiss of steam rushing from subterranean caverns, nor the roar of the geyser; it is

sputter, sputter, sputter — gurgle, gurgle, gurgle — blob, blob, blob — till the spectator is convulsed with merriment.— *The Three Tetons.*

OCTOBER.

The very air
Has grown heroic; a few crimson leaves
Have fallen here; yet not to yield their breath
In pitiful sighing at so sad a fate,
But royally, as with spilt blood of kings.
The full life throbs exultant in my veins,
Till half-ashamed to wear so high a mood,
Not for some splendid triumph of the soul,
But simply in response to light and air,
Slowly I let it fall.
And later steal
Down the broad garden-walk, where cool and clear,
The sharp-defined, white moonlight marks the path
Not the young moon that, shy and wavering down,
Trembled through leafy tracery of boughs
In happy nights of June; the peace that wraps
Me here is not the warm and golden peace
Of summer afternoons that lull the soul
To dreamy indolence; but strong, white peace —
Peace that is conscious power in repose.
No fragrance floats on the autumnal air;
The white chrysanthemums and asters star
The frosty silence, but their leaves exhale
No passion of remembrance or regret.
The perfect calmness and the perfect strength
My senses wrap in an enchanted robe
Woven of frost and fire; while in my soul
Blend the same mingled sovereignty and rest;
As if indeed my spirit had drained deep
Some delicate elixir of rich wine,
Ripened beneath the haughtiest of suns,
Then cooled with flakes of snow.

— *The Ring of Amethyst.*

RONSARD, Pierre de, a French poet; born near Couture, Vendômois, September 11, 1524; died at Saint-Côme, Touraine, December 27, 1585. In his tenth year he was placed in the Collège de Navarre, but was soon withdrawn to enter the royal household as page, first to the Dauphin, and, at his death, to the Duke of Orleans, the second son of Francis I. On the marriage of Marie of Lorraine to James V. of Scotland, he accompanied the bride to Scotland, and remained for more than three years in Great Britain. He then returned to France, re-entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, and was sent on courtly errands to Flanders and elsewhere. Ronsard quitted Court, and for several years applied himself to study at the Collège de Coqueret, Paris. Here, with Du Bellay and others, he formed a society styled the *Pléiade,* whose object was the reformation of French poetry on classic models. Du Bellay's *Illustration de la Langue Française* (1549) was the first war-note. It was followed in the next year by Ronsard's *Amours* and *Quatre Livres d'Odes.* The literary world of France rose in arms, but the classicists triumphed. Ronsard was applauded as the "prince of poets"; he received from Mary of Scotland a set of plate inscribed: *A Ronsard, l'Apollon de la Source des Muses,* and from Elizabeth of England a set of diamonds. Pensions and honors were heaped upon him in France. He published two volumes of *Hymnes* (1555–56), and in 1572 four books of an epic entitled *La Françiade,* which gained him as a testimonial of royal approval the abbeys of Croix-Val and Bellozane, and the priories of Saint-Côme

and Evailles. He did not complete the epic, which was to have consisted of twenty-four books. In 1584 he published his works collectively, in one volume.

OF HIS LADY'S OLD AGE.

When you are very old, at evening
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,
Humming my songs —"Ah, well! ah, well-a-day!
When I was young of me did Ronsard sing."
None of your maidens that doth hear the thing,
Albeit with her weary task foredone,
But wakens at thy name, and calls you one
Blest, to be held in long remembering.

I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid
On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,
While you beside the fire, a granddame gray,
My love, your pride, remember and regret.
Ah, love me, Love! we may be happy yet;
And gather roses while 'tis call'd to-day.

TO HIS LYRE.

O golden lyre, whom all the Muses claim,
And Phœbus crowns with uncontested fame,
My solace in all woes that Fate hath sent!
At thy soft voice all nature smiles content,
The dance springs gayly at thy jocound call,
And with thy music echo bower and hall.
When thou art heard, the lightnings cease to play,
And Jove's dread thunder faintly dies away;

Low on the triple-pointed bolt reclined,
His eagle droops his wing and sleeps resigned,
As at thy power, his all-pervading eye
Yields gently to the spell of minstrelsy.
To him may ne'er Elysian joys belong
Who prizes not, melodious lyre, thy song!
Pride of my youth, I first in France made known
All the wild wonders of thy god-like tone;

I tuned thee first — for harsh thy chords I found,
And all thy sweetness in oblivion bound;
But scarce my eager fingers touch thy strings,
When each rich strain to deathless being springs.
Time's withering grasp was cold upon thee then,
And my heart bled to see thee scorned of men
Who once at monarch's feasts, so gayly dight,
Filled all their courts with glory and delight.

To give thee back thy former magic tone,
The force, the grace, the beauty all thine own,
Through Thebes I sought, Apulia's realm explored,
And hung their spoils upon each drooping chord.
Then forth, through lovely France we took our way.
And Loire resounded many an early lay:
I sang the mighty deeds of princes high,
And poured the exulting song of victory.
He, who would rouse thy eloquence divine,
In camps or tourneys may not hope to shine,
Nor on the seas behold his prosperous sail,
Nor in the fields of warlike strife prevail.

But thou my forest, and each pleasant wood
Which shades my own Vendôme's majestic flood,
Where Pan and all the laughing nymphs repose;
Ye sacred choir, whom Bray's fair walls enclose,
Ye shall bestow upon your bard a name
That through the Universe shall spread his fame,
His notes shall grace, and love, and joy inspire,
And all be subject to his sounding lyre!
Even now, my lute, the world has heard thy praise.
Even now the sons of France applaud thy lays:
Me as their bard above the rest they choose.
To you be thanks, oh, each propitious Muse,
That, taught by you, my voice can fitly sing,
To celebrate my country and my king!
Oh, if I please, oh, if my songs awake
Some gentle memories for Ronsard's sake,
If I the harper of fair France may be,
If men shall point and say, "Lo! that is he!"
If mine may prove a destiny so proud

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

That France herself proclaims my praise aloud,
If on my head I place a starry crown,
To thee, to thee, my lute, be the renown!
— *Translation of* COSTELLO.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, an American statesman, soldier and historian; twenty-sixth President of the United States; born at New York, October 27, 1858. He was graduated from Harvard in 1880, and in the following year published his first book, *The Naval War of 1812*. In the same year he entered politics as a champion of civil service, and was elected to the State Assembly of New York, serving until 1884. He introduced in the Assembly the first civil service bill, passed in 1883. In 1886, he was nominated as an independent candidate for the New York mayoralty, but was defeated. In 1889 he was appointed a member of the United States Civil Service Commission; resigned to become president of the Board of New York Police Commissioners, and in 1897 was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In May, 1898, he resigned to enter the army, recruited the First United States Cavalry, known as the Rough Rider regiment; and was promoted Colonel for bravery at San Juan during the Spanish-American war.

In June, 1900, he was nominated for Vice President by the National Republican Convention; made an aggressive campaign tour and was elected with William McKinley. The assassination of President McKinley placed him in the presidential chair, and he proved an

able, efficient, and vigorous executive. In 1904 he was the Republican nominee for President and was elected by the largest majority ever given a presidential candidate. During his political career, President Roosevelt was constantly busy with his pen, writing upon a variety of subjects. His works include *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman* (1883); *Life of Thomas H. Benton* (1886); *Life of Gouverneur Morris* (1887); *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail* (1888); *History of the City of New York* (1890); *Essays on Practical Politics* (1892); *The Wilderness Hunter* (1893); *The Winning of the West* (1896); *American Ideals* (1897); *The Rough Riders* (1899); *Life of Oliver Cromwell* (1900); *The Strenuous Life* (1901); *Addresses and Presidential Messages* (1904); *Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter* (1905). In 1902 his collected works were published in eight volumes.

EXPANSION AND PEACE.

It was the gentlest of our poets who wrote:

> "Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere—"Be bold;
> Be not too bold! Yet better the excess
> Than the defect; better the more than less."

Longfellow's love of peace was profound; but he was a man and a wise man, and he knew that cowardice does not promote peace, and that even the great evil of war may be a less evil than cringing to iniquity.

Captain Mahan, than whom there is not in the country a man whom we can more appropriately designate by the fine and high phrase, "a Christian gentleman," and who is incapable of advocating wrongdoing of any kind, national or individual, has given utterance to the feeling of the great majority of manly and thoughtful men, when he denounces the great danger of indiscriminate advocacy of peace at any price, because "it may lead men to tamper

with iniquity, to compromise with unrighteousness, soothing their conscience with the belief that war is so entirely wrong that beside it no other tolerated evil is wrong. Witness Armenia and witness Crete. War has been avoided; but what of the national consciences that beheld such iniquity and withheld the hand?

Peace is a great good; and doubly harmful, therefore, is the attitude of those who advocate it in terms that would make it synonymous with selfish and cowardly shrinking from warring against the existence of evil. The wisest and most far-seeing champions of peace will ever remember that, in the first place, to be good it must be righteous — for unrighteous and cowardly peace may be worse than any war — and, in the second place, that it can often be obtained only at the cost of war. Let me take two illustrations:

The great blot upon European international morality in the closing decades of this century has been not a war, but the infamous peace kept by the joint action of the great Powers, while Turkey inflicted the last horrors of butchery, torture and outrage upon the men, women and children of despairing Armenia. War was avoided; peace was kept; but what a peace! Infinitely greater human misery was inflicted during this peace than in the late wars of Germany with France, of Russia with Turkey; and this misery fell, not on armed men, but upon defenseless women and children, upon the gray beard and the stripling no less than upon the head of the family; and it came not in the mere form of death or imprisonment, but of tortures upon men, and above all upon women, too horrible to relate — tortures of which it is too terrible even to think. Moreover, no good resulted from the bloodshed and misery. Often this is the case in a war, but often it is not the case. The result of the last Turko-Russian war was an immense and permanent increase of happiness for Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia and Herzegovina. These provinces became independent or passed under the dominion of Austria, and the advantage that accrued to them because of this expansion of the domain of civilization at the expense of barbarism has been simply incalculable. This expansion produced

peace, and put a stop to the ceaseless, grinding, bloody tyranny that had desolated the Balkans for so many centuries. There are many excellent people who have praised Tolstoi's fantastic religious doctrines, his fantastic advocacy of peace. The same quality that makes the debauchee and the devotee alternate in certain decadent families, the hysterical developmnt which leads to violent emotional reaction in a morbid nature from vice to virtue, also leads to the creation of Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata* on the one hand and of his unhealthy peace-mysticism on the other. A sane and healthy mind would be as incapable of the moral degradation of the novel as of the decadent morality of the philosophy. If Tolstoi's countrymen had acted according to his moral theories they would now be extinct, and savages would have taken their place. Unjust war is a terrible sin. It does not nowadays in the aggregate cause anything like the misery that is caused in the aggregate by unjust dealing toward one's neighbors in the commercial and social world; and to condemn all war is just as logical as to condemn all business and all social relations; as to condemn love and marriage because of the frightful misery caused by brutal and unregulated passion. If Russia had acted upon Tolstoi's philosophy, all its people would long ago have disappeared from the face of the earth and the country would now be occupied by wandering tribes of Tartar barbarians. The Armenian massacres are simply illustrations on a small scale of what would take place on the very largest scale if Tolstoi's principles became universal among civilized people. It is not necessary to point out that the teaching which would produce such a condition of things is fundamentally immoral.

Again, peace may only come through war. There are men in our country who seemingly forget that at the outbreak of the Civil War the great cry raised by the opponents of the war was the cry for peace. One of the most amusing and most biting satires written by the friends of union and liberty during the Civil War was called the *New Gospel of Peace,* in derision of this attitude. The men in our own country who, in the name of peace, have been encouraging Aguinaldo and his peo-

ple to shoot down our soldiers in the Philippines might profit not a little if they would look back to the days of the bloody draft riots, which were deliberately incited in the name of peace and free speech, when the mob killed men and women in the streets and burned orphan children in the asylums as a protest against the war. Four years of bloody struggle with an armed foe, who was helped at every turn by the self-styled advocates of peace, were needed in order to restore the Union; but the result has been that the peace of this continent has been effectually assured. Had the short-sighted advocates of peace for the moment had their way, and secession become an actual fact, nothing could have prevented a repetition in North America of the devastating anarchic warfare that obtained for three-quarters of a century in South America after the yoke of Spain was thrown off. We escaped generations of anarchy and bloodshed, because our fathers who upheld Lincoln and followed Grant were men in every sense of the term, with too much common-sense to be misled by those who preached that war was always wrong, and with a fund of stern virtue deep in their souls which enabled them to do deeds from which men of over-soft natures would have shrunk appalled.

Wars between civilized communities are very dreadful, and as nations grow more and more civilized, we have every reason, not merely to hope, but to believe that they will grow rarer and rarer. Even with civilized peoples, as was shown by our own experience in 1861, it may be necessary at last to draw the sword rather than to submit to wrongdoing. But a very marked feature in the world history of the present century has been the growing infrequency of wars between great civilized nations. The Peace Conference at The Hague is but one of the signs of this growth. I am among those who believe that much was accomplished at that conference, and I am proud of the leading position taken in the conference by our delegates. Incidentally I may mention that the testimony is unanimous that they were able to take this leading position chiefly because we had just emerged victorious from our most righteous war with Spain. Scant attention is paid to the weakling or the coward who babbles

of peace; but due heed is given to the strong man with sword girt on thigh who preaches peace, not from ignoble motives, not from fear or distrust of his own powers, but from a deep sense of moral obligation.

The growth of peacefulness between nations, however, has been confined strictly to those that are civilized. It can only come when both parties to a possible quarrel feel the same spirit. With a barbarous nation peace is the exceptional condition. On the border between civilization and barbarism war is generally normal because it must be under the conditions of barbarism. Whether the barbarian be the red Indian on the frontier of the United States, the Afghan on the border of British India or the Turkoman who confronts the Siberian Cossack, the result is the same. In the long run civilized man finds he can only keep the peace by subduing his barbarian neighbor; for the barbarian will yield only to force, save in instances so exceptional that they may be disregarded. Back to the force must come fair dealing, if the peace is to be permanent. But without force fair dealing usually amounts to nothing. In our history we have had more trouble from the Indian tribes whom we pampered and petted than from those we wronged; and this has been true in Siberia, Hindustan and Africa.

Every expansion of civilization makes for peace. In other words, every expansion of a great civilized Power means a victory for law, order and righteousness. This has been the case in every instance of expansion during the present century, whether the expanding power were France or England, Russia or America. In every instance the expansion has been of benefit, not so much to the Power nominally benefited, as to the whole world. In every instance the result proved that the expanding Power was doing a duty to civilization far greater and more important than could have been done by any stationary Power. Take the case of France and Algiers. During the early decades of the present century piracy of the most dreadful description was rife in the Mediterranean, and thousands of civilized men were yearly dragged into slavery by the Moorish pirates. A degrading peace was purchased by the civilized Powers by the

payment of tribute. Our own country was one among the tributary nations which thus paid blood money to the Moslem bandits of the sea. We fought occasional battles with them; and so on a larger scale did the English. But peace did not follow, because the country was not occupied. Our last payment was made in 1830, and the reason it was the last was because in that year the French conquest of Algiers began. Foolish sentimentalists, like those who wrote little poems in favor of the Mahdists against the English, and who now write little essays in favor of Aguinaldo against the Americans, celebrated the Algerian freebooters as heroes who were striving for liberty against the invading French. But the French continued to do their work; France expanded over Algiers, and the result was that piracy in the Mediterranean came to an end, and Algiers has thriven as never before in its history. On an even larger scale the same thing is true of England and the Sudan. The expansion of England throughout the Nile valley has been an incalculable gain for civilization. Any one who reads the writings of the Austrian priests and laymen who were prisoners in the Sudan under the Mahdi will realize that when England crushed him and conquered the Sudan she conferred a priceless boon upon humanity and made the civilized world her debtor. Again the same thing is true of the Russian advance in Asia. As in the Sudan the English conquest is followed by peace, and the endless massacres of the Mahdi are stopped forever, so the Russian conquest of the Khanates of Central Asia meant the cessation of the barbarous warfare under which Asian civilization had steadily withered away since the days of Gengis Khan, and the substitution in its place of the reign of peace and order. All civilization has been the gainer by the Russian advance, as it was the gainer by the advance of England and France in North Africa. Above all, there has been the greatest possible gain in peace. The rule of law and of order has succeeded to the rule of barbarous and bloody violence. Until the great civilized nations stepped in there was no chance for anything but such bloody violence.

So it has been in the history of our own country. Of

course our whole national history has been one of expansion. Under Washington and Adams we expanded westward to the Mississippi; under Jefferson we expanded across the continent to the mouth of the Columbia; under Monroe we expanded into Florida; and then into Texas and California; and finally, largely through the instrumentality of Seward, into Alaska; while under every administration the process of expansion in the great plains and the Rockies has continued with growing rapidity. While we had a frontier the chief feature of frontier life was the endless war between the settlers and the red men. Sometimes the immediate occasion for the war was to be found in the conduct of the whites and sometimes in that of the reds, but the ultimate cause was simply that we were in contact with a country held by savages or half-savages. Where we abut on Canada there is no danger of war, nor is there any danger where we abut on the well settled regions of Mexico. But elsewhere war had to continue until we expanded over the country. Then it was succeeded at once by a peace which has remained unbroken to the present day. In North America, as elsewhere throughout the entire world, the expansion of a civilized nation has invariably meant the growth of the area in which peace is normal throughout the world.

The same will be true of the Philippines. If the men who have counseled national degradation, national dishonor, by urging us to leave the Philippines and put the Aguinaldan oligarchy in control of those islands could have their way, we should merely turn them over to rapine and bloodshed until some stronger, manlier power stepped in to do the task we had shown ourselves fearful of performing. But as it is this country will keep the islands and will establish therein a stable and orderly government, so that one more fair spot of the world's surface shall have been snatched from the forces of darkness. Fundamentally the cause of expansion is the cause of peace.

With civilized Powers there is but little danger of our getting into war. In the Pacific, for instance, the great

progressive, colonizing nations are England and Germany. With England our relations are better than ever before, and so they ought to be and will be with Germany. Recently affairs in Samoa have been straightened out, altho there we suffered from the worst of all types of government, one in which three Powers had a joint responsibility (the type, by the way, which some of the anti-imperialists actually advocated our introducing in the Philippines, under the pretense of rendering them neutral). This was accomplished very largely because the three nations set good-humoredly to work to come to an agreement which would do justice to all. In the preliminary negotiations the agents of America and Germany were Mr. Tripp and Baron Sternburg. No difficulty can ever arise between Germany and the United States which will not be settled with satisfaction to both, if the negotiations are conducted by such representatives of the two Powers as these two men. What is necessary is to approach the subject, not with a desire to get ahead of one another, but to do even and exact justice, and to put into operation a scheme which will work, while scrupulously conserving the honor and interest of all concerned.

Nations that expand, and nations that do not expand, may both ultimately go down, but the one leaves heirs and a glorious memory, and the other leaves neither. The Roman expanded, and he has left a memory which has profoundly influenced the history of mankind, and he has further left as the heirs of his body, and above all, of his tongue and culture, the so-called Latin peoples of Europe and America. Similarly to-day it is the great expanding peoples which bequeath to future ages the great memories and material results of their achievements, and the nations which shall have sprung from their loins. The people that do not expand leave, and can leave, nothing behind them.— *The Independent.*

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

No people on earth have more cause to be thankful than ours, and this is said reverently, in no spirit of boastful-

ness in our own strength, but with gratitude to the Giver of Good who has blessed us with the conditions which have enabled us to achieve so large a measure of well-being and of happiness. To us as a people it has been granted to lay the foundations of our national life in a new continent. We are the heirs of the ages, and yet we have had to pay few of the penalties which in old countries are exacted by the dead hand of a bygone civilization. We have not been obliged to fight for our existence against any alien race; and yet our life has called for the vigor and effort without which the manlier and hardier virtues wither away. Under such conditions it would be our own fault if we failed; and the success which we have had in the past, the success which we confidently believe the future will bring, should cause in us no feeling of vainglory, but rather a deep and abiding realization of all which life has offered us; a full acknowledgment of the responsibility which is ours; and a fixed determination to show that under a free government a mighty people can thrive best, alike as regards the things of the body and the things of the soul.

Much has been given to us, and much will rightfully be expected from us. We have duties to others and duties to ourselves; and we can shirk neither. We have become a great nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth; and we must behave as beseems a people with such responsibilities. Toward all other nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship. We must show not only in our words but in our deeds that we are earnestly desirous of securing their good-will by acting toward them in a spirit of just and generous recognition of all their rights. But justice and generosity in a nation, as in an individual, count most when shown not by the weak but by the strong. While ever careful to refrain from wronging others, we must be no less insistent that we are not wronged ourselves. We wish peace; but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. We wish it because we think it is right and not because we are afraid. No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong power

should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggression.

Our relations with the other powers of the world are important; but still more important are our relations among ourselves. Such growth in wealth, in population, and in power as this nation has seen during the century and a quarter of its national life is inevitably accompanied by a like growth in the problems which are ever before every nation that rises to greatness. Power invariably means both responsibility and danger. Our forefathers faced certain perils which we have outgrown. We now face other perils the very existence of which it was impossible that they should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the last half century are felt in every fibre of our social and political being.

Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the forms of a democratic republic. The conditions which have told for our marvelous material well-being, which have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance, and individual initiative, have also brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centers. Upon the success of our experiment much depends; not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind. If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is to-day, and to the generations yet unborn. There is no good reason why we should fear the future, but there is every reason why we should face it seriously, neither hiding from ourselves the gravity of the problems before us nor fearing to approach these problems with the unbending, unflinching purpose to solve them aright.

Yet, after all, though the problems are new, though the tasks set before us differ from the tasks set before our fathers who founded and preserved this republic, the spirit in which these tasks must be undertaken and these problems faced, if our duty is to be well done, remains essen-

tially unchanged. We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the freemen who compose it. But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work, they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy.

We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted and enlarged to our children and our children's children. To do so we must show, not merely in great crises, but in the every-day affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and endurance, and above all the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this republic in the days of Washington, which made great the men who preserved this republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.— *Inaugural Address Delivered March 4, 1905.*

ROOT, GEORGE FREDERICK, an American composer and musician; born at Sheffield, Mass., August 30, 1820; died at Bailey's Island, Me., August 6, 1895. In his eighteenth year he began teaching music in Boston, and in 1844 he went to New York and was engaged as teacher in several musical institutions. In 1853 he composed and published his first song, *Hazel Dell,* which achieved great popularity. The normal musical institutes owe their origin to him, and he was a member of the first one, held in New York in 1852. His songs include *Rosalie, the Prairie Flower* (1855); *The Battle Cry of Freedom* (first sung by the Hutchinson Family at a New York mass meeting) (1861); *Just Before the Battle, Mother*

Dear (1863); *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching* (1864); *The Old Folks Are Gone; A Hundred Years Ago; Old Potomac Shore,* and the quartet *There's Music in the Air.* His cantatas include *The Flower Queen* (1852) and *The Haymakers* (1857).

Perhaps no song-writer has come so near the realization of that dictum of old Fletcher of Saltoun as to the comparative influence of the maker of ballads and the maker of laws; for his stirring pieces, sung around camp-fires, in prisons and on battle-fields, become the heroic inspirators of the time, nerving the soldiers to fortitude in suffering and high courage in combat.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
We will rally from the hillside,
We will rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the stars,
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks
With a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are marching to the field, boys,
Going to the fight,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we'll bear the glorious stars
Of the Union and the right,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

If we fall amid the fray, boys,
We will face them to the last,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And our comrades brave shall hear us
As we are rushing past,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Another of the numerous war songs written by Mr. Root and which acquired a popularity that has not yet passed away is known wherever the English language is spoken as

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING.

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother, dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back, dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

In a different strain, but with a pathos that endeared the songs to thousands of households the same composer wrote:

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching
With the enemy in view,
Comrades brave around me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God,
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again.
Oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors all around you
That their cruel words we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers
By the help they give the foe.

Hark, I hear the bugle sounding.
'Tis the signal for the fight.

Now, may God protect us, mother,
As he ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air!
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard
Or perish nobly there.

ROSCOE, WILLIAM, an English biographer and historian; born at Liverpool, March 8, 1753; died there, June 30, 1831. He entered the office of an attorney as clerk, and during his apprenticeship he acquired a good knowledge of Latin, French and Italian. After practicing as a barrister for a short time, he began making Italian history and literature a special study. In 1827 he received the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature, in recognition of his merits as a historian. Roscoe's principal works are *The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, Called the Magnificent* (1796), and *The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* (1805).

CHARACTER OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

In the height of his reputation, at a premature period of his life — he was but forty-four — died Lorenzo de' Medici; a man who may be selected from all the characters of ancient and modern history as exhibiting the most remarkable versatility of talent and comprehension of mind. Whether genius be a predominant impulse, directed toward some particular object, or whether it be an energy of intellect that arrives at excellence in any department in which it may be employed, it is certain that there are few instances in which a successful exertion in any human pursuit has not occasioned a dereliction of many other objects, the attainment of which

might have conferred immortality. If the powers of the mind are to bear down all obstacles that oppose their progress, it seems necessary that they shall sweep along in some certain course, and in one collected mass.

What, then, shall we think of that rich fountain which, while it was poured forth by so many different channels, flowed through each with a full and equal stream? To be absorbed in one pursuit, however important, is not the characteristic of the higher class of genius, which, piercing through the various combinations and relations of surrounding circumstances, sees all things in their just dimensions, and attributes to each its due. Of the various occupations in which Lorenzo engaged, there is not one in which he was not eminently successful; but he was most particularly distinguished in those which justly hold the first rank in human estimation. The facility with which he turned from subjects of the highest importance to those of amusement and levity, suggested to his countrymen the idea that he had two distinct souls combined in one body. Even his moral character seems to have partaken in some degree of the same diversity, and his devotional poems are as ardent as his lighter poems are licentious. On all sides he touched the extremes of human character; and the powers of his mind were only bounded by that impenetrable circle which prescribes the limits of human nature.

As a statesman Lorenzo de' Medici appears to peculiar advantage; uniformly employed in securing the peace and promoting the happiness of his country by just regulations at home and wise precautions abroad; and teaching to the surrounding governments those important lessons of political science on which the civilization and tranquillity of nations have since been found to depend. Though possessed of unusual talents for military exploits, and of sagacity to avail himself of the imbecility of neighboring powers, he was superior to that avarice of dominion which, without improving what is already acquired, blindly aims at more extensive possessions. The wars in which he engaged were for security — not for territory; and the riches produced by the fertility of the soil, and the industry and ingenuity of the inhabi-

tants of the Florentine republic, instead of being dissipated in imposing projects and ruinous expeditions, circulated in their natural channels, giving happiness to the individual and respectability to the state. If he was not insensible to the charms of ambition, it was the ambition to deserve rather than to enjoy; and he was always cautious not to exact from the public favor more than it might be ready voluntarily to bestow.

The approximating suppression of the liberties of Florence under his descendants may induce suspicions unfavorable to his patriotism; but it will be difficult — not to say impossible — to discover, either in his principles or his conduct, anything which ought to stigmatize him as an enemy to the freedom of his country. The authority which he enjoyed was the same which his ancestors had enjoyed, without injury to the republic, for nearly a century, and had descended to him as inseparable from the wealth, the respectability, and the powerful foreign connections of his family. The superiority of his talents enabled him to avail himself of these advantages with irresistible effect; but history suggests not an instance in which they were devoted to any other purpose than that of promoting the honor and independence of the Tuscan state. It was not by the continuance, but by the dereliction of the system which he had established, and to which he adhered to the close of his life, that the Florentine republic sank under the degrading yoke of despotic power; and to his premature death we may unquestionably attribute not only the destruction of the commonwealth, but all the calamities that Italy soon afterward sustained. — *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.*

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA, an English poet, sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti; born at London, December 5, 1830; died there, December 29, 1894. She wrote some very charming verses. Among her poems are *Goblin Market* (1862); *The Prince's Progress* (1866); *Sing-Song* (1872); *Annus Domini*, a Prayer and a Text for each day of the year (1874); *A Pageant* (1881); *Letter and Spirit* (1883); *Time Flies* (1886), and *The Face of the Deep* (1892).

CONSIDER.

Consider
The lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief:
We are as they;
Like them we fade away
As doth a leaf.

Consider
The sparrows of the air, of small account;
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount:
He guards us, too.

Consider
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair:
What profits all this care,
And all this coil?

Consider
The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
God gives them food:
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Oh, why is Heaven built so far,
Oh, why is earth set so remote?
I cannot reach the nearest star
That hangs afloat.

I would not care to reach the moon,
One round monotonous of change;
Yet even she repeats her tune
Beyond my range.

I never watch the scattered fire
Of stars, or sun's far-trailing train,
But all my heart is one desire,
And all in vain:

For I am bound with fleshy bands,
Joy, beauty, lie beyond my scope;
I strain my heart, I stretch my hands,
And catch at hope.

AUTUMN VIOLETS.

Keep love for youth, and violets for the spring;
Or if these bloom when worn-out autumn grieves,
Let them lie hid in double shade by leaves,
Their own, and others dropped down withering;
For violet suit when home birds build and sing,
Not when the outbound bird a passage cleaves;
Not with dry stubble of mown harvest sheaves,
But when the green world buds to blossoming.
Keep violets for the spring and love for youth,
Love that should dwell with beauty, mirth, and hope;
Or if a later, sadder love be born,
Let this not look for grace beyond its scope.
But give itself, nor plead for answering truth —
A grateful Ruth though gleaning scanty corn.

THE MILKING-MAID.

The year stood at its equinox,
  And bluff the North was blowing,
A bleat of lambs came from the flocks,
  Green, hardy things were growing;
I met a maid with shining locks
  Where milky kine were lowing.

She wore a kerchief on her neck,
  Her bare arm showed its dimple,
Her apron spread without a speck,
  Her air was frank and simple.

She milked into a wooden pail,
  And sang a country ditty,
An innocent, fond lovers' tale,
  That was not wise nor witty,
Pathetically rustical,
  Too pointless for the city.
She kept in time without a beat,
  As true as church-bell ringers,
Unless she tapped time with her feet,
  Or squeezed it with her fingers;
Her clear, unstudied notes were sweet
  As many a practised singer's.

I stood a minute out of sight,
  Stood silent for a minute,
To eye the pail, and creamy white
  The frothing milk within it —
To eye the comely milking-maid,
  Herself so fresh and creamy.
"Good-day to you!" at last I said;
  She turned her head to see me.
"Good-day!" she said, with lifted head:
  Her eyes looked soft and dreamy.

And all the while she milked and milked
  The grave cow heavy-laden:

I've seen grand ladies, plumed and silked,
  But not a sweeter maiden.

But not a sweeter, fresher maid
  Than this in homely cotton,
Whose pleasant face and silky braid
  I have not yet forgotten.

Seven springs have passed since then, as I
  Count with a sober sorrow;
Seven springs have come and passed me by,
  And spring sets in to-morrow.

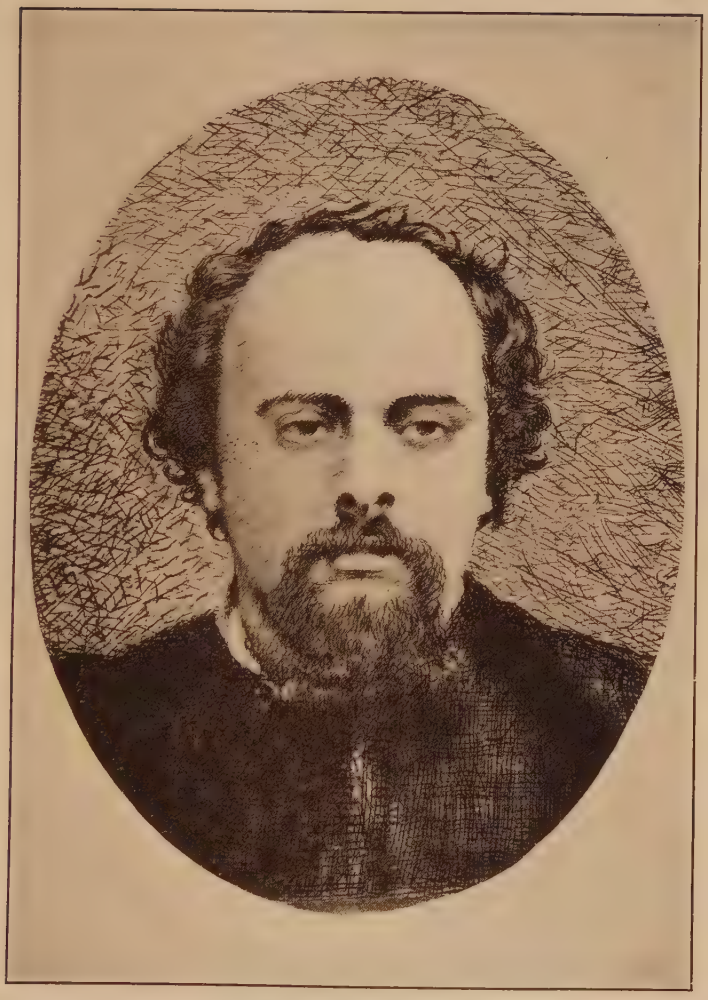
I've half a mind to shake myself
  Free, just for once, from London,
To set my work upon the shelf,
  And leave it done or undone;

To run down by the early train,
  Whirl down with shriek and whistle,
And feel the bluff North blow again,
  And mark the sprouting thistle
Set up on waste patch of the lane
  Its green and tender bristle;

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,
  Crisp primrose-leaves and others,
And watch the lambs leap at their pranks,
  And butt their patient mothers.

Alas! one point in all my plan
  My serious thoughts demur to:
Seven years have passed for maid and man,
  Seven years have passed for her, too.

Perhaps my rose is over-blown,
  Not rosy, or too rosy;
Perhaps in farm-house of her own
  Some husband keeps her cosey,
Where I should show a face unknown —
  Good-by, my wayside posy!



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL, an English artist and poet; born at London, May 12, 1828; died at Birchington-on-Sea, April 9, 1882. He studied art, and became one of the founders of the "Pre-Raphaelite" school of painting, and was noted for the imaginative character of his designs, and for the exquisiteness of his coloring. Among his paintings are illustrations of Tennyson's poems: *The Girlhood of the Virgin* (1849); *Dante's Dream on the Day of the Death of Beatrice* (1858); *Fair Rosamond* (1860). He published *The Early Italian Poets,* being translations from Dante and his predecessors (1861); *The Blessed Damozel* (1870); *Dante and His Circle* (1874), and two volumes of *Ballads and Sonnets,* including his series of one hundred sonnets called *The House of Life,* the last about a year before his death.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;

The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this Earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like their flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm.
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce

Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side,
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? — on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God:
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will be i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree

Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two!" she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear haply, and be dumb:
Then I will lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls

Kneel, the clear-ranged, unnumbered heads
    Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
    To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
    Thus much for him and me:
Only to live as once on earth
    With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
    Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
    Less sad of speech than mild—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
    The light thrilled through her, fill'd
With angels in strong, level flight,
    Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
    Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
    The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
    And wept. (I heard her tears.)

THE NEVERMORE.

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
    I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
    Unto thine ear I hold the dead sea-shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
    Which had Life's form and Love's but by my spell
    Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.
Mark me, how still I am! But shouldst thou dart
    One moment through my soul the soft surprise
    Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs—

Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at my heart,
Sleepless with old, commemorative eyes.

ROSTAND, EDMOND, a French poet and dramatist; born at Marseilles, April 1, 1869. He obtained his education at the local Lycée and the College Stanislas of Paris. His first volume of verse, *Les Musardises,* appeared in 1890, and his second, *Pour la Gréce,* in 1897. His *Les Romanesques* (1894), and *Princesse Lointaine* (1895), won him recognition as a poet, and both works were successfully dramatized. In 1897 he published *Cyrano de Bergerac,* a five-act drama in verse, which proved one of the most conspicuous successes of the modern stage. It was played in Paris for 500 consecutive times with Coquelin in the title *role.* The play was later produced in the United States in English by Richard Mansfield, and in French by Coquelin. In 1900, Rostand published *L'Aiglon,* which was played by Bernhardt in French and by Maude Adams in English. In May, 1901, he was made a member of the French Academy, being the youngest "Immortal" ever admitted. His verse is brilliant and finished; his wit keen and polished.

SCENE FROM CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

CYRANO. Yonder is my lady's window. Like a scarf-draped frame, it embowers the picture my poor heart venerates. Little does she dream my life is devoted to further another's winning of what I would die to possess

EDMOND ROSTAND.

her love. Yet it is for her happiness, and I have sworn to be her lover's friend and brother.

Enter Christian from house hurriedly, seeing Cyrano, he rushes to him and throws himself on his shoulder.

CHRISTIAN. Oh, I shall die, Cyrano! Help me! Teach me! She has sent me away! (*Crying; overcome with grief. Roxane is seen to open lattice window.*)

CYRANO. 'Ssh! (*Drawing Christian back beneath the screen of vines and into the black shadow of the wall.*) 'Ssh! She's there, and all may be repaired. Call to her, then speak as I shall bid you speak.

CHRISTIAN (*under balcony in loud whisper*). Roxane!

Roxane appears upon the balcony.

ROXANE. Who's there? (*Cyrano speaking softly to Christian, who repeats aloud to Roxane what he says.*)

CHRISTIAN. 'Tis I, Christian. I would speak to you.

ROXANE. No! You speak too ill. Begone!

CHRISTIAN. I pray ——

ROXANE. No! You do not love me!

CHRISTIAN. You accuse me — kind heaven, hear her — of loving no more, when I love more and more.

ROXANE. Ah! That is a little better.

CHRISTIAN. Love grew great rocked in my restless heart which he — the cruel one — took for a cradle. And for that he was cruel. I have tried to stifle him — but vain the effort. New-born, he is still a young Hercules. And as if they were naught he strangled the two serpents — pride and doubt.

ROXANE. Ah! That is very good. But why do you speak so slowly? Have you some palsy of imagination?

CYRANO (*pushes Christian further into the background, and schooling his voice to be like the youth's, answers her*). It is that night is come, and in the dark my words must creep to find your ear.

ROXANE. My words encounter no such difficulty.

CYRANO. The winged words from you, madame, come down. They travel quickly. But mine must climb, and that needs longer time.

ROXANE. But now they mount with speed, methinks.

CYRANO. They've had practise. They have caught the art.

ROXANE. I speak to you, in truth, from a great height. (*Sighing.*) I think I will come down.

CYRANO. No, no!

ROXANE. Stand, then, upon that bench beneath my balcony.

CYRANO. No!

ROXANE. And pray why not?

CYRANO. To speak thus without seeing — 'tis sweet. We scarce divine each other. You see a darkness, cloaked and tall, and I — the whiteness of a robe of spring. I am but a shadow, and you are light. You do not know what these minutes are to me. If sometimes I am eloquent ——

ROXANE. You are!

CYRANO. Never until this hour have my words sprung straight from my heart. A blindness falls upon me when your eyes look into mine. To-night — to-night, for the first time, it seems to me that I am speaking straight to you.

ROXANE. A new tone 's in your voice.

CYRANO. A new tone, true, for in the night that hides me, I dare at last to be myself. I dare — I know not what. Forgive me that I'm moved. This — this is so sweet — so strange.

ROXANE. So strange?

CYRANO. Yes — strange to be sincere. The fear of being mocked has always locked my heart.

ROXANE. Mocked? But why?

CYRANO. Ah! — for my heart's wild beating! I sought to clothe my love with witty words, to hide it from the curious gaze. I longed to reach up starward, and am afraid of ridicule. I stopped and picked a wild flower ——

ROXANE. Yes, yes.

CYRANO. This wit of ours! To catch your fancy at the first — 'twas good, but now, 'twould be a profanation of the calm night to speak the words that garnish fine love letters. Come, let us look upon the stars. Let the wide sky take from us all our make-believes. I dread that, in the alchemy we're skilled in, the very essence of our love may dissolve—escape us. Ah, it is

sin in love to play at fencing! The moment comes — and blest that moment — when every polished phrase and rounded word is sad and vain.

ROXANE. And if that moment's come for us?

CYRANO. All, all that came to me I'd toss to you in one wild cluster, not set in a bouquet. I love you! I stifle — I love! I'm mad! Do you not begin to understand, my sweet? Do you not feel my soul mount up to you? Ah, this is too beautiful, too dear, that I should tell you all and you should listen! Could I but die now! Have words of mine the power to make you tremble there among the brambles? For you do tremble like a leaf among the leaves! I feel it! Whether you will it or not, the blessed trembling of your hand thrills through the tendrils of your jessamine.

ROXANE. Oh! I tremble! I weep! I love thee! I am thine! Ah! thou hast conquered me! (*Cyrano helps Christian to mount to the balcony, and he and Roxane embrace and go inside house.*)

CYRANO. Ah, well! Ah, well, some crumbs of joy still fall to me, for though you kiss his lips the words you kiss are mine! —*Cyrano de Bergerac.*

ROUGET DE LISLE, CLAUDE JOSEPH, a French soldier and composer; born at Montaigu, Lons-le-Saulnier, France, May 10, 1760; died at Choisy-le-Roi, June 27, 1836. His father was a Royalist, and the son refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the constitution abolishing the crown, was stripped of his rank as first lieutenant and imprisoned. He escaped after the death of Robespierre, was wounded in battle, and retired to Montaigu, where his life was one continual battle

against death by starvation. He wrote a number of songs, but is best known by the *Marseillaise,* first called *Chant de guerre pour l'armée du Rhin.* The circumstances of the writing of this song are interesting. The young Royalist was visiting the Baron de Dietrich, then Mayor of Strasburg. Only garrison bread and a few slices of ham could be produced for dinner. Dietrich proposed to sacrifice the last remaining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar if it would aid De Lisle's poetic invention and inspire him to compose a patriotic song for the public ceremonies shortly to take place at Strasburg. The ladies approved and sent for the last bottle of wine the house possessed. After dinner De Lisle sought his room, and though it was bitterly cold, sat down at the piano, and between reciting and playing and singing eventually composed *La Marseillaise,* and, exhausted, fell asleep with his head on his desk. In the morning he was able to recall every note of the song, and immediately wrote it down and carried it to his friend the baron. It was immediately copied and arranged for a military band on the following day, and performed by the band of the Garde Nationale at a review on Sunday, April 29th. On June 25th a singer named Mireur sang it at a civic banquet at Marseilles with so much effect that it was immediately printed and distributed to the volunteers of the battalion then just starting for Paris. They entered the city on July 30th, singing their new hymn, and marched to the attack on the Tuileries on August 10, 1792, with the song on their lips. It spread like wildfire all over France, though the Republican versions varied extensively from the original. De

Lisle's mother, a devoted Royalist, asked: "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which those brigands sing?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a Royalist, when fleeing for his life in the Jura Mountains, heard it as a menace of death, and asked his guide what it was called. He answered, the *Marseillaise Hymn,* and so it was known till hymns went out of fashion, when it became known by the one word. When broken by age De Lisle was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Curiously enough, the *Marseillaise* is still the official patriotic hymn under the most Philistine of republics.

The *Marseillaise* has often been used by composers, notably Salieri, in the opening chorus of his opera *Palmira* (1795), and Grison, in the introduction to the oratorio *Esther,* in his song of the *Two Grenadiers,* with magnificent effect, and again in his overture to *Hermann und Dorothea.*

THE MARSEILLAISE.

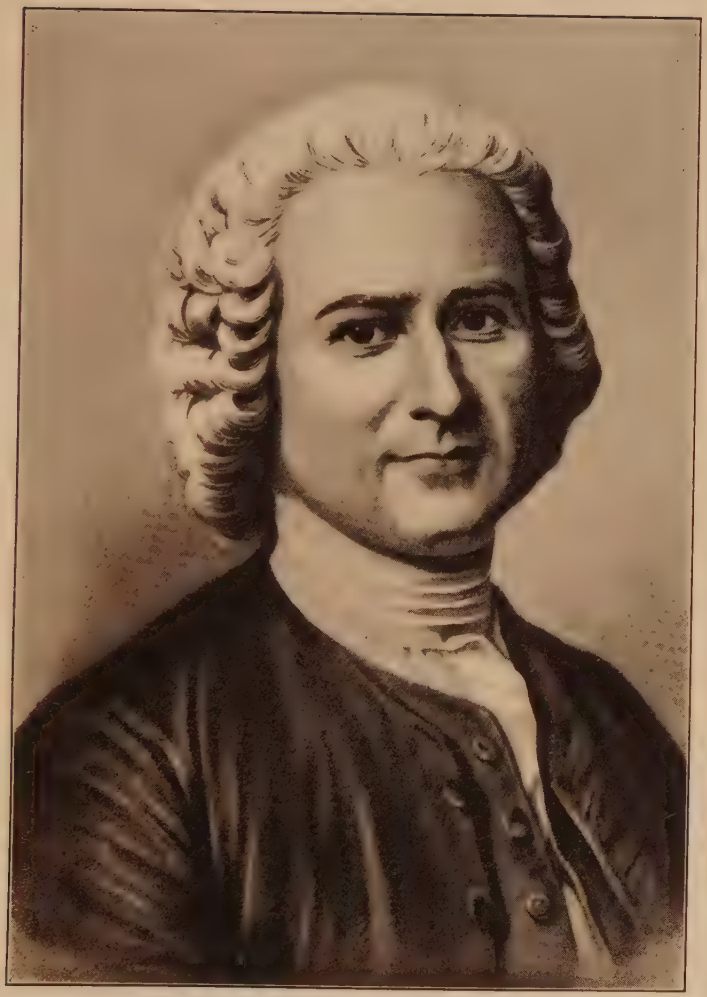
Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;

The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, etc.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, etc.

ROUSSEAU, JEAN JACQUES, a French philosopher; born at Geneva, June 28, 1712; died at Ermenonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. In his eleventh year he was placed with a Protestant pastor at Bossey. Here he remained for two years. It was then decided that he should study law, but the attorney to whom he was sent soon reported him unfit for the profession, and he was apprenticed to an engraver, from whom, after three years of ill-treatment, he ran away. Henceforth he led an unsettled life, making many friends who provided him with homes, and many enemies who, he conceived, drove him from every refuge. He was a genius whose eloquence took captive those whom it could not convince, and whose flaming darts of invective,



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

cast against the fabric of society, helped to kindle the flame of the French Revolution. In his *Discours sur l'Origine et les Fondements de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes* (1755), he declaims against the rights of property. *Julie, ou la Nouvelle Hêloise,* a novel, appeared in 1760; *Du Contrat Social, ou principes du Droit Politique,* in 1762; *Émile, ou de l'Education,* in 1762, and *Les Confessions, suivies des Réveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire,* in 1782. Besides these are a *Lettre à d'Alembert sur les Spectacles, Lettre à l'Archevêque de Paris,* and Rousseau's *Correspondence. Émile,* whatever may be thought of the logical outcome of its system, deserves the attention of every teacher. In the following extract from a letter written in his fiftieth year, and addressed to M. de Malesherbes, he pictures himself as he wished others to regard him.

DELIGHTS OF SOLITUDE.

Oh, why is not the existence I have enjoyed known to all the world! Every one would wish to procure for himself a similar lot; peace would reign upon the earth; man would no longer think of injuring his fellows, and the wicked would no longer be found, for none would have an interest in being wicked. But what did I enjoy when I was alone? Myself; the entire universe; all that is, all that can be; all that is beautiful in the world of sense; all that is imaginable in the world of intellect. I gathered around me all that could delight my heart; my desires were the limits of my pleasures. Never have the voluptuous known such enjoyments; and I have derived a hundred times more happiness from my chimeras than they from their realities. . . .

What period do you think I recall most frequently and most willingly in my dreams? Not the pleasures of my youth; they were too rare, too much mingled with bitterness, and are now too distant. I recall the period of my

seclusion, of my solitary walks; of the fleeting but delicious days that I have passed entirely by myself, with my good and simple house-keeper, with my beloved dog, my old cat, with the birds of the field, the hinds of the forest, with all Nature, and her inconceivable Author.

In getting up before the sun to contemplate its rising from my garden when a beautiful day was commencing, my first wish was that no letters or visits might come to disturb the charm. After having devoted the morning to various duties, that I fulfilled with pleasure because I could have put them off to another time, I hastened to dine, that I might escape from importunate people, and ensure a longer afternoon. Before one o'clock, even on the hottest days, I started in the heat of the sun with my faithful Achates, hastening my steps in the fear that someone would take possession of me before I could escape; but when once I could turn a certain corner, with what a beating heart, with what a flutter of joy, I began to breathe, as I felt that I was safe; and I said, "Here now I am my own master for the rest of the day!"

I went on then at a more tranquil pace to seek some wild spot in the forest, some desert place, where nothing indicating the hand of man announced slavery and power — some refuge to which I could believe I was the first to penetrate, and where no wearying third could step in to interpose between Nature and me. It was there that she seemed to display before my eyes an ever-new magnificence. The gold of the broom and the purple of the heather struck my sight with a splendor that touched my heart. The majesty of the trees that covered me with their shadow, the delicacy of the shrubs that flourished around me, the astonishing variety of the herbs and flowers that I crushed beneath my feet, kept my mind in a continued alternation of observing and admiring. This assemblage of so many interesting objects contending for my attention, attracting me incessantly from one to the other, fostered my dreamy and idle humor, and often made me repeat, to myself: "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!"

The spot thus adorned could not long remain a desert to my imagination. I soon peopled it with beings after

my own heart; and, dismissing opinion, prejudice, and all factitious passions, I brought to these sanctuaries of Nature men worthy of inhabiting them. I formed with these a charming society, of which I did not feel myself unworthy. I made a Golden Age according to my fancy; and, filling up these bright days with all the scenes of my life that had left the tenderest recollections, and with all that my heart still longed for I affected myself to tears over the true pleasures of humanity — pleasures so delicious, so pure, and yet so far from men. If in these moments any ideas of Paris, of the age, and of my little author-vanity, disturbed my reveries, with what contempt I drove them instantly away, to give myself up entirely to the exquisite sentiments with which my soul was filled. . . .

From the surface of the earth I soon raised my thoughts to all the beings of Nature, to the Universal System of Things — to the incomprehensible Being who enters into all. Then as my mind was lost in this immensity, I did not think, I did not reason, I did not philosophize. I felt, with a kind of voluptuousness, as if bowed down by the weight of this universe; I gave myself up with rapture to this confusion of grand ideas. I delighted in imagination to lose myself in space. My heart, confined within the limits of the mortal, found not room; I was stifled in the universe; I would have sprung into the Infinite. I think that, could I have unveiled all the mysteries of Nature, my sensations would have been less delicious than was this bewildering ecstasy to which my mind abandoned itself without control, and which, in the excitement of my transports, made me sometimes exclaim, "O great Being! O great Being!" without being able to think or say more.

Thus glided on in continued rapture the most charming days that ever human being passed, and when the setting sun made me think of returning, astonished at the flight of time, I thought I had not taken sufficient advantage of my day. I fancied I might have enjoyed it more; and, to regain the lost time, I said, "I will come back to-morrow!" I returned slowly home, my head a little fatigued, but my heart content. I reposed agreeably on

my return, abandoning myself to the impression of objects, but without thinking, without imagining, without doing anything beyond feeling the calm and the happiness of my situation. Lastly, after having taken in the evening a few turns in my garden, or sung a few airs to my spinet, I found in my bed repose of body and soul a hundred times sweeter than sleep itself.

These were the days that have made the true happiness of my life — a happiness without bitterness, without weariness, without regret; and to which I would willingly have limited my existence. Yes, let such days as these fill up my eternity! I do not ask for others, nor imagine that I am much less happy in these exquisite contemplations than the heavenly spirits. But a suffering body deprives the mind of its liberty. Henceforth I am not alone, I have a guest who importunes me, I must free myself of it to be myself. The trial that I have made of these sweet enjoyments serves only to make me with less alarm await the time when I shall taste them without interruption.

ROWE, ELIZABETH SINGER, an English poet; born at Ilchester, September 11, 1674; died February 23, 1737. She gave early promise of genius, and began to write verses when she was only twelve, and also excelled in music and painting. She was very pious, and at the request of Bishop Ken, wrote her paraphrase on the 38th chapter of Job. In 1696, she published a volume of poetry, entitled, *Poems on Several Occasions, by Philomela.*

Her merit and personal attractions procured her many admirers, among whom was Prior the poet; but she married, in 1709, Thomas Rowe, and for five years lived with him very happily. He died in 1715, at the age of twenty-eight, and Mrs. Rowe retired to Frome,

and spent the remainder of her life in the greatest seclusion. Here she composed most of her works; some of which were *Friendship in Death, or Letters from the Dead to the Living.* The intention of this work is to impress the idea of the soul's immortality, without which all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal consequences, must fall to the ground. About three years afterwards she published *Letters, Moral and Entertaining; The History of Joseph,* a poem; and, after her death, in 1736, the Rev. Dr. Watts, agreeably to her request, revised and published a work she left, called *Devout Exercises of the Heart, in Meditation and Soliloquy, Praise and Prayer.*

ODE TO LOVE.

Assist my doubtful muse, propitious Love,
Let all my soul the sacred impulse prove:
For thine's a holy unpolluted flame,
Howe'er the libertines profane thy name;
Howe'er with impious cant, hypocrisy
And senseless superstition blemish thee,
The pure result of sober reason thou;
Thy laws the strictest honor must allow;
Thy laws each vicious thought control:
From thee devotion takes its flaming wings:
Thou giv'st the noblest motion to the soul,
And govern'st all its springs.
To great attempts thou gen'rous minds dost move,
And only such are privileged to love;
Th' heroic race, the brightest names of old,
Were all thy glorious votaries enrolled.
Without thee, human life
A tedious round of circling cares would be,
A cursed fatigue, continual strife,
And tiresome vanity.
Thy charms our restless griefs control,
And calm the stormy motions of the soul:

Before thee pride and enmity,
With all infernal passions, fly.
And couldst thou in the realms below,
But once display thy beauteous face,
The damned a short redress might know,
And ev'ry terror fly the place.
From thee one bright unclouded smile
Would all the torments there beguile;
Thy smiles th' eternal tempests could assuage,
And make the damned forget their rage;
The sulph'rous waves would cease to roar,
And calmly glide along the silent shore.
No fabled Venus gave thee birth,
At Cyprus yet the goddess was not named,
Nor at Idalia, nor at Paphos famed;
Nor yet was feigned from foaming seas to rise;
For yet no seas appeared, or fountains flowed:
Nor yet distinguished in the skies,
Her radiant planet glowed.
But thou wast long ere motion sprung its race,
Ere chaos, and immeasurable space
Resigned their useless rights to elemental place;
Before the sparkling lamps on high
Were kindled up, and hung around the sky!
Before the sun led on the circling hours,
Or vital seeds produced their active powers;
Before the first intelligences strung
Their golden harps, and soft preludiums sung
To Love, the mighty cause whence their existence sprung,
Th' ineffable DIVINITY,
His own resemblance meets in thee.
By this thy glorious lineage thou dost prove
Thy high descent; for GOD Himself is LOVE.

ROWE, NICHOLAS, an English poet and dramatist; born at Little Barford, Bedfordshire, about 1673; died December 6, 1718. He was educated at Windsor under Busby, and became a classical scholar, but at sixteen was entered at the Middle Temple, to follow the law. He then forsook law for literature and the stage, and his first play, *The Ambitious Stepmother* (1700), was successful. It was followed in 1702 by *Tamerlane,* in which Louis XIV. was represented unfavorably as Bajazet, and William III. very favorably as a wise and virtuous Tamerlane. This drama was therefore very successful, and, so late as 1815, was performed in London on the anniversary of the day of King William's landing. *The Fair Penitent* (1703) was founded on Massinger's *Fatal Dowry,* and *Jane Shore* (1714) was an imitation of Shakespeare. Rowe was Under-Secretary of State to the Duke of Queensberry, until the accession of the Tories to power. With the enthronement of George I. he was made poet-laureate and received other and lucrative appointments. In 1709 Rowe published what may be called the first of the modern editions of Shakespeare, preceding that of Pope by sixteen years. To this edition he prefixed *Some Account of William Shakespeare,* the first formal biography of the great dramatist.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
A while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.

The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great.
I listen'd and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain;
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine

And you, my companion so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
  In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
  And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
  Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
  Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
  And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
  And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
  No more shall be talked of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
  His ghost shall glide over the green.

ROWSON, Susanna Haswell, an Anglo-American novelist; born at Portsmouth, England, in 1762; died at Boston March 2, 1824. Her father, a British naval officer, with whom was his young daughter, was in 1769 wrecked on the coast of Massachusetts. He settled at Nantasket, where he remained until the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, when he returned to England. The daughter was, in 1786, married to William Rowson, a musician. In that year she published *Victoria,* a novel, which was followed by several others, among which was *Charlotte Temple* (1790). In 1793 she and her husband came to America, under engagement with the manager of a Philadelphia theatre, and acted in various cities until about 1797, when she opened a ladies' seminary, which she conducted for the

remainder of her life, first at Medway, Mass., then at Newton, and finally at Boston. During this period she wrote several novels and dramas. Among the latter was the comedy *Americans in England,* which was acted for her benefit upon her retirement from the stage. In 1804 was published a volume of her *Miscellaneous Poems.* Among her educational works are a *Dictionary;* a *System of Geography; Historical Exercises* and *Biblical Dialogues.*

AMERICA, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM.

How blest a life the sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging;
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing.
When tempests howl along the main,
Some object will remind us,
And cheer with hopes to meet again
Those friends we've left behind us.
Then, under snug sail, we laugh at the gale,
And, though landsmen look pale, never heed 'em;
But toss off a glass to a favorite lass —
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

And when arrived in sight of land,
Or safe in port rejoicing,
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
Whilst out the boat is hoisting.
With eager haste the shore we reach,
Our friends, delighted, greet us;
And tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty lasses meet us.
When the full flowing bowl has enlivened the soul,
To foot it we merrily lead 'em:
And each bonny lass will drink off a glass
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

Our cargo sold, the chink we share,
And gladly we receive it;

And if we meet a brother tar
Who wants, we freely give it.
No freedom sailor yet had store,
But cheerfully would lend it,
And when 'tis gone, to sea for more;
We earn it but to spend it.
Then drink round, my boys; 'tis the first of our joys
To relieve the distressed, clothe and feed 'em;
'Tis a task which we share with the brave and the fair
In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

AFFECTION.

Touched by the magic hand of those we love,
A trifle will of consequence appear;
A flower, a blade of grass, a pin, a glove,
A scrap of paper will become most dear.

And is that being happy whose cold heart
Feels not, nor comprehends this source of joy?
To whom a trifle can no bliss impart,
Who throw them careless by, deface, destroy?

Yes, they are happy — if the insensate rocks,
Which the rude ocean beats, or softly laves,
Rejoice that they are moved not by the shocks
Which hurl full many to untimely graves: —

Not else. — Though hearts so exquisitely formed
Feel misery a thousand different ways,
Yet when by love or friendship's power warmed,
One look whole days of misery repays.

True, when we're forced to part from those we love,
'Tis like the pang when soul and body's riven;
But when we meet, the spirit soars above,
And tastes the exquisite delights of heaven.

Mine be the feeling heart! For who would fear
To pass the dreary vale of death's abode,
If certain, at the end, they should be near,
And feel the smile of a benignant God?

RÜCKERT, FRIEDRICH ("FREIMUND RAIMAR") a German poet; born at Schweinfurt, May 16, 1788; died near Coburg, January 31, 1866. He was educated at the University of Jena, where he devoted himself to philology and literature, edited the *Morgenblatt* in Stuttgart from 1815 to 1817, and in 1826 was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Erlangen, which post he held until 1841, when he was called to the University of Berlin. He frequently wrote under the pen-name "Freimund Raimar." His works include translations and original poems. They are *Die Weisheit der Brahmanen,* a didactic poem (1836–39); *Die Verwandlungen des Abu Seid von Sarug, oder die Makamen des Hariri* (1826), and several posthumous works, including one on the Coptic language (1875). His life has been written by Fortlage (1867) and by Beyer (1868). An English translation of *The Wisdom of the Brahmins* was published by Charles T. Brooks in 1882.

THE SUN AND THE BROOK.

The Sun he spoke
To the Meadow-Brook,
And said, — "I sorely blame you;
Through every nook
The wild-flower folk
You hunt, as naught could shame you.
What but the light
Makes them so bright —
The light from me they borrow?
Yet me you slight,
To get a sight
At them, and I must sorrow!

Ah! pity take
On me, and mal
Your smooth breast stiller, clearer;
And, as I wake,
On the blue sky-lake
Be thou, O Brook, my mirror!"
The Brook flowed on,
And said anon —
"Good Sun, it should not grieve you
That, as I run,
I gaze upon
The motley flowers, and leave you.
You are so great
In your heavenly state,
And they so unpretending.
On you they wait,
And only get
The graces of your lending,
But when the sea
Receiveth me,
From them I must me sever;
I then shall be
A glass to thee,
Reflecting thee forever."

WISDOM OF THE BRAHMIN.

When first on the Sublime, man's young eye gazes awed,
In ecstacy he cries: That is the work of God!
And then, when Beauty's charm dawns on his wakened thought,
With rapturous pride he owns: By man all this is wrought.
One day, when ripe for truth, he reverently will own
'Tis God works all in man, who can do naught alone.

A scaling ladder leads from darkness up to light,
'Tis gloomy at the foot, and at the summit bright;
The shadow hides from thee how high up thou hast gone,
Yet clim'st thou toward the light; O soul, climb bravely on.

When thou in light shalt know by what necessity
The darkness rose from light, the world is clear to thee.
If darkness once was light, once more 'twill be light, then,
When that which has sprung forth turns to its spring again.
Each victory in man's weak spirit won by light,
Foretells the spirit-realm's clear victory over night.
That prophecy the Sun proclaims each dawning day,
Routing the hosts of night with a victorious ray,
At evening, as he sinks, he burns with shame and scorn,
And sees all night in dreams the great, eternal morn.

What understanding builds needs many a joist and beam;
Nature's and Fancy's work has neither joint nor seam;
The props and stays are there, only they are not seen,
And on itself that stands that seems on naught to lean.
What thou canst comprehend stands outlined fair and well;
Beauty and greatness are incomprehensible.
I scatter pearls abroad, but no one heeds or sees,
Soon I shall strew no more — then ye will gather these.
When thou hast once discerned how manifold the One,
Then is the seeming world of manifoldness gone.
The One is Two — the one and second-one are they;
The Two are One — that wars against itself for aye.
One of the Ones is here, the other One is there;
Each other's name and place alternately they share.
Look in the glass: thou there thy double wilt discern;
Now look away, and lo! two selves to one return.
The glass thy image shows; thyself the glass, I call,
That images the One Great Archetype of all.
Within His looking-glass, His glance of love sees rise
A picture-world that melts if He takes off His eyes.
Then praise the Love that holds the mirror still in view.
Where He, the One, is pleased to see Himself as two!
Oneness is two fold: here, unbroken unity, —
There, unity restored out of duality.
Centre, circumference — two; and, to complete the three,
The space between the two, divisible endlessly.

A circle — 'tis a point that round itself rotates,
And orbs its house, as soul its earthly form creates.
— *Translation of* CHARLES T. BROOKS.

RUFFINI, GIOVANNI, an Italian reformer and novelist; born at Genoa in 1807; died at Taggia, Riviera, November 3, 1881. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1830. He became interested in the society known as Young Italy, took an active part in the revolutionary movement of 1833, and was obliged to leave his country. Beginning in 1836, he was for many years in England, and composed many successful English works. In 1842 he went to Paris, and wrote much, giving interesting details of the manners of Italy. His *Lorenzo Benoni,* recollections of an Italian refugee (1859), is to some extent an autobiography; the same was given under the title *Memoirs of a Conspirator* (1855); *Doctor Antonio* appeared in 1858 and *Lavinia* in 1863. In the former, besides an interesting fiction, there are details of the outrageous trials of political prisoners at Naples, in 1850, and their inhuman treatment before the sitting of the Court.

NEAPOLITAN JUSTICE IN 1850.

A more wronged, more ill-used party of honorable citizens, never cried to Heaven for vengeance, if precedents and presumptive evidence go for anything in this world. Is it among men of such public and private characters as Carlo Poerio, Settembrini, and Pironti — among such historical names as that of Carafa — or among such

gentlemen of education and fortune as Nisco, Gualtieri, Bracio, etc. — such dignitaries of the church as the archpriest Miele, that anarchy recruits its supporters, and crime its abettors?

What would you say, O English reader, to a charge of treason brought against some of your most eminent and respected statesmen, leading members of your Houses of Parliament — judges, nobles, churchmen, and gentlemen? Well, the names I have just written down, and whom you see introduced into this gloomy hall of the Palace of the Vicaria manacled and escorted by gendarmes, these men stand as high as to character and position as any of your English statesmen, members of Parliament, magistrates, nobles and gentry.

This is the famous State prosecution of the sect of Italian Unity which wrung from a noble-souled English statesman a cry of indignation, soon re-echoed by all Europe. The Court that sits is the Grand Criminal Court of Justice, the highest tribunal in the kingdom. It sits not as an ordinary, but as a special Court, with a view to dispatch — by which is meant, that any of the forms, invaluable for the defence, may be dispensed with at the pleasure of its president, Navarro — "the delicate, scrupulous, impartial, and generous Navarro." The lugubrious drama is about to begin. The scanty space allotted to the public is crowded, and so is the hemicycle, reserved for privileged spectators, among whom we perceive a closely veiled lady. The Judges are in their seats; in front of them, on a raised platform, sit the accused. They look pale and worn. The place they have been brought from, truth to say, is none of the healthiest, especially at this time of the year, in Naples, the month of June. No less than one thousand three hundred and eighty human beings are cooped up, one upon another, without air or light, amidst beastly filth, in the contiguous prison of the Vicaria, where our forty-two are confined. We must also take into account a previous detention, for none less than ten months — for many much longer — which they have already undergone. Nor must we forget the proper degree of wholesome discipline applied to body and mind with which imprisonment on a political charge is in-

variably seasoned at Naples — a double treatment, for the praiseworthy purpose of eliciting truth, whereof we may hear enough by and by for our edification. Evil-minded people might call it "torture," but torture is abolished, we know — at any rate, the name is. No wonder, then, if the accused look worn and sickly. But if the flesh be infirm, the spirit that dwells within is full of strength and energy; at least, the air of quiet determination about them — the quiet determination of a garrison who are aware they have no quarter to expect, and prepare to sell their lives dearly — would seem to intimate as much.

On the names of the prisoners being called over, one of them, Margherita (a custom-house officer), rises to retract his former declaration, extorted, he says, through physical and moral coercion, and suggested by the Judge *Inquisitore* himself. Another, Pitterà (a writing-master), declares that when taken out of a *criminale* (an underground cell almost wholly without light) to be examined in the Castello dell' Uoro, he was, in consequence of constant privations and repeated menaces, overcome by mental stupor. A third, Antonietti (a custom-house agent), follows, saying that when interrogated he was so exhausted in mind and body he would willingly have signed his own sentence of death. If any wish to know more distinctly what kind of pressure it was that could thus unnerve and unman far from sensitive, weakly persons, Pironti, a late deputy and magistrate, relates having been in solitary confinement in a dungeon, where he had to lie on the naked ground, amid every sort of vermin, for forty-two days. His hair and beard, by special orders, were shaved by a galley-slave. He then underwent an insidious examination from the commandant of the castle, who tried first threats, then wheedling, promising him the royal clemency, to induce him to make revelations, *i.e.*, turn king's evidence. De Simone (a perfumer), was threatened two hundred blows of sticks soaked in water. Fancitano (a contract-builder) was dragged to the Prefecture of Police by twenty Swiss guards, six police-inspectors and twelve *sbirri*, who beat him, spat on him, tore his clothes, hair, and beard. He was kept two hours at the police-office bound with wet

ropes, then conducted to the castle, thrust down into a dark, damp *criminale,* without even a handful of straw to lie on, and detained there for nine days with no food but musty bread, no drink but fetid water. His first deposition was forced from him by the alternative of receiving two hundred blows. Muro (a servant) was kept five days in complete darkness, and when on his way to be examined, a lieutenant of the army, who knew him, told him, as if out of compassion, that unless he put his name to whatever the Commissary desired him to sign he would be ruined for life. On being asked how it happens that he now maintains that he does not know Pironti after having, when first confronted with that gentlemen, at first recognized his person, Muro replies that the Commissary had told him beforehand to lay his finger on the one of the four individuals standing in a row who had no mustache; and he had obeyed. Sersale, a merchant, underwent such prolonged fasting that his health is incurably undermined; the voice of the prisoner is faint, and he can scarcely stand. His wife was kept in prison five days on bread and water, in order to frighten her into deposing to the truth of the charge against him. Cocozza, a solicitor, signed his interrogatory without reading it over — that being the condition of his release from a horrible *criminale.* The Commissary required him to depose to Nisco (one of his co-accused) being cashier of the sect of the Italian Unity. . . . Carafa, of the Dukes of d'Andria, rises to tell a sad tale. When first arrested, his mother was seriously ill. From that time he had received no news of her. He had even been given to understand that all his relations had renounced him. Signor Beccheneda, a Cabinet Minister and Director of Police, had come to visit him in prison, and assured him that his matter could be easily arranged, if he would only give testimony against his co-accused, Poerio, on a certain point. On Carafa's refusal, the Minister had taken leave of him with these words — "Very well, sir, you wish to destroy yourself — I leave you to your fate!" One night the unfortunate young man had fainted away, and in falling to the ground, had injured his right eye. He called for help, but no one

came to his assistance. It was whispered about that he was to be transferred to a *criminale,* full of most filthy vermin, and that his doom was irrevocable. After a month's imprisonment, under the combined influence of moral torture and of feverish impatience to hear of his mother, his heart failed him, and he wrote a letter, wherein he deposed against some of the accused — wrote it at the suggestion of the Judge *Inquisitore* in the house of the commandant of the castle, under the eye of the Commissary. He now retracts all he had written in that letter; nor does this public recantation suffice to set his conscience at rest. He feels the desire and necessity of making further amends for his fault. He wishes to ask for forgiveness, which he now does, in the presence of the judges and the public — of his dear friends, pointing to the other prisoners. His voice thrills with an emotion that touches the heart of all present.

So much for the fair and humane treatment of prisoners, accused of political offences, *before* their trial. — *Doctor Antonio.*

RUMI, JALALADDIN, a Persian philosopher and poet; born at Balkh in 1207; died about 1273. His father, Baha ad din Valad, of noble descent, was celebrated for his erudition and for his power as a teacher; and was obliged, on account of the jealousy of the Sultan, to flee with his family from Balkh. He wandered about for some time, and at last settled at Iconium, in Asia Minor. He founded a college at Iconium, and at his death in 1231, was succeeded in his educational work by the son. The premature loss of one of his teachers, deepened the religious convictions of Jalaladdin, gave tone to his mysticism, and enriched his talent for poetry. The

sect of dervishes known as the Maulavi was the outcome of his meditations and spiritual activity; and to the welfare of this sect he was zealous in his devotion. His *Mathnavi,* or *Masnavi,* a collection comprising about forty thousand rhymed couplets, and consisting of tales and precepts, religious and philosophical, was the result of his meditations in the interest of the brethren of this order of dervishes. The Maulavi cherish the doctrines of their founder, and have to the present time kept themselves under the leadership of his descendants. A metrical translation into English of his great literary monument was issued by J. W. Redhouse in 1881, and portions of the work were translated into German in 1838 by Rosenzweig.

THE TRUE BELIEVER AND THE HYPOCRITE.

The one is as good soil, the other as barren;
The one is an angel, the other is a devil.
Though both may wear the same appearance to the eye,
Know that bitter and sweet water may both be clear.
None save the experienced can distinguish between them.
He alone knows the bitter from the sweet.
Thus the people compare miracles with works of enchantment,
For each seems built upon deceiving the senses.
The enchanters of Egypt, in their obstinacy,
Seized, like Moses, their rods in their hands.
But a deep gulf lieth between their rods and his;
Wide is the division between their action and his.
Behind their action stands the curse of God,
Like a friend beside his stands the blessing of God.
The unbelievers, in their imitation, are like apes,
And sorrow therefrom sinks into their hearts.
Whatsoever the man doeth, the ape doeth it, too;
Every moment it follows his example, as it sees it.
And it thinks in itself: "I have done it like him;"
How should its narrow forehead know the difference?

The one does it by God's patent, the other by impudence;
And do thou scatter dust on the mimic's head.
Thus, too, the hypocrite kneels with the believer in prayer;
But he comes for the sake of mimicry, not from his need.

THE SHADOW.

A bird flies in the air, and its shadow
Appears also flying on the ground, like a bird.
The fool flies in pursuit of the shadow,
And he wanders, whatever the distance may be:
He knows not that it is but the shadow of the bird in the air;
He knows not where the original of that shadow is.
He shoots his arrows after that shadow,
And his quiver is emptied in its pursuit,
Thus, too, the quiver of life is emptied, and time flits away
In the wild chase after a swift-winged shadow.
But when the shadow of God is thy guardian,
It will deliver thee from all fancies and shadows,
And the true shadow of God is the servant of God,
One who is dead to the world, and alive only to God.

THE MERCHANT AND HIS PARROT.

A parrot belonged to a merchant sage,
A beautiful parrot, confined in a cage;
And one day the good merchant's fancy ran
On a journey of traffic to Hindustan.
He bade all his servants and maidens come,
And he asked them what gifts he should bring them home.
And each servant and maiden with thanks confessed,
Whate'er it might be, that would please them best.
To his parrot he turned, and said smilingly,
"And what Indian gift shall I bring to *thee?*"
And the parrot replied, "When thou go'st thy way,
And beholdest my fellows as there they play,
Oh, give them my message, and tell them this —

Let them know from me what captivity is!
Oh, tell them —'A parrot, a friend of yours,
Who has danced with you in these happy bowers,
Has been carried away by ill fate's design,
And now is confined in a cage of mine;
He sends you the wishes that love should send,
And prays you to think of your absent friend.
'Behold,' he says, 'how I pine, alas!
While you dance all day on the trees and grass;
Is this to be faithful in friendship and love —
I here in prison, and you in a grove?
Oh, remember our friendship in days gone by,
And send me some hope in captivity!'"
The merchant set out and his way pursued,
Till he came at last to an ancient wood
On the borders of Ind, where, in summer glee,
The parrots were sporting from tree to tree.
He stayed his horse, as he past them went,
And he gave them the message his parrot sent;
And one of the birds, as the words he said,
Fell off from its bough to the ground, as dead.
Sore repented the sage, as the parrot fell:
"God's creature is slain by the words I tell.
Your parrot and mine were not *friends* alone,
Their bodies were two, but their souls were one
This tongue of mine is like flint and steel,
And all that it utters are sparks which kill."
He then went on his way with a heavy heart,
And he traded in many a distant mart;
And at length, when his traffic and toil were o'er,
He returned to his welcome home once more.
To every servant a gift he brought —
To every maiden the gift she sought;
And the parrot, too, asked when its turn was come,
"Oh, where is the gift you have brought me home?"
"'Twas a bitter message," the sage replied,
"For when it was giv'n, thy companion died!"
And the bird at once, when the words were said,
Fell off, like its friend, from its perch, as dead.
When the merchant beheld it thus fall and die,
He sprang from his place with a bitter cry:

"Oh, my sweet-voiced parrot, why fall'st thou low?
My well-loved partner of joy and woe!
Oh, alas! alas! that so bright a moon
Is veiled by the clouds of death so soon!"
Then out of the cage, the bird he threw,
And lo! to the top of a tree it flew!
And while he stood gazing with wond'ring eyes,
It thus answered his doubts, and removed surprise:
"Yon Indian parrot appeared to die,
But it taught me a lesson of liberty;
That since 'twas my voice which imprisoned me,
I must die to escape, and once more be free!"
It then gave him some words of advice ere it flew,
And then joyfully wished the good merchant adieu:
"Thou hast done me a kindness; good master, farewell!
Thou hast freed me for aye from the bond of this cell.
Farewell, my good master, for homeward I fly;
One day thou shalt gain the same freedom as I!"

RUNEBERG, JOHANN LUDVIG, a Swedish poet and educator; born at Jacobstad, Finland, February 5, 1804; died at Borgå, May 6, 1877. He was educated at Wasa and at the university at Abo. A residence, next, in the interior of the country led to the writing of a notable poem, the *Elk Hunters,* and other productions that pertain to Finnish scenery and peasant life. In 1830 he became docent of Roman literature in the university and published his first poems. The next year he wrote an historical poem, the *Grave in Perrho,* which won a prize from the Swedish Academy. From 1832 to 1837, he edited the *Helsingfors Morgonblad,* and produced largely in nearly every field of literature. Among his greater poems are: *Nadeshda* (1841),

and *King Fjalar* (1844). His stirring, patriotic *Ensign Stal's Stories* appeared in 1848. Visiting Stockholm and Upsala in 1851, he was highly honored by eminent Swedes. Two years later he contributed much to a psalm-book for Finnish Lutherans, and the same year retired on a pension. He received decorations and degrees from Sweden and Russia, and the most of his works have been translated into the languages of Northern Europe.

Runeberg's popularity during his lifetime was very great. In person he was a sort of Scandinavian ideal, being a large and extraordinarily strong man. He had nothing of the pedant about him, and was a favorite with all classes. Anecdotes concerning his great strength are common. Among others is his feat in handling a tremendous drinking-cup, which had been presented to him by military admirers, with his left hand during the long duration of the paralysis of his right arm and side. This cup men of moderate strength found it difficult to handle with both hands.

Two selections from Runeberg's shorter poems have been translated especially for this work by Miles Menander Dawson, and to these are added a selection from one of his most celebrated longer poems, *Nadeshda,* which has been translated into English.

TEARS.

The morning sun climbed high above the tree-tops
And shone down o'er the valley where the maiden
With tears of joy kept tryst with her fond lover.
He gazed into her dewy eyes and asked her:
"At even, when we parted, you were weeping;
And, now that I am come, I find you weeping.
Explain me how the one from other differs?"
"They differ," tenderly replied the maiden,

"As do the dews of evening and morning.
The sun shines on the one and it is vapor,
While through the long, drear night the other lingers."

DO NOT ROIL A MAIDEN'S SOUL.

By the streamlet sat a maid,
Laving in its tide her foot;
And above her sang a bird:
"Maiden, do not roil the brook!
'Twill no longer mirror heaven."
Then the maid looked up and said,
With a tearful countenance:
"Trouble not about the brook;
It will soon be clear again.
But, when you behold me here
With a youth beside me, say
Unto him what you have said:
'Do not roil a maiden's soul!
It will never clear again,
Nevermore will mirror heaven.'"

THE PEASANT PRINCESS.

A moment's pause, and then
The door was opened boldly by Miljutin;
The patriarch stepped in,
The lackeys vainly trying to deter him;
But, when the prince's glance
He met, stopped instantly in silent homage,
And bent his knee, and bowed
His lofty forehead to the floor, not speaking.

From Woldmar's countenance
Soon fled the angry glimpse at first revealed there,
And kindly to the serf,
With years weighed down, he then his hand extended:
"Miljutin," were his words,
"Why dost thou storm thy prince in this strange fashion?
Arise, what is thy wish?
To-day shall none in sorrow leave this castle."

The old man heaved a sigh:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble;
A lark I once possessed;
Thy hawk hath robbed me of her in my cottage."

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace:
"Not hard is it, in truth, to heal thy sorrows;
I have a nightingale,
That will I give thee for thy lark regretted."

Miljutin sighed again:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble,
Yet healed is not his grief
By pleasant sounds and nightingales' sweet trilling.
An image-saint I had,
A frail and perishable one of elm-wood,
The treasure of my cot;
A robber, someone from thy castle, stole it."

Prince Woldmare smiled with grace:
"Not hard is it, in truth, to heal thy sorrow;
For one of gold have I
To give to thee in place of thy elm-image."

The old man only sighed:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble,
Yet healed is not his grief
By promises and golden treasure's glitter.
A daughter did I have;
She was my lark, she was my saintly image;
She was a serf, alas!
Thy hand hath taken her from my affections."

Prince Woldmar then looked up,
His brow was radiant, his cheeks were glowing:
"Miljutin," he exclaimed,
"To-day shall none in sorrow leave this castle."

A sigh, a sound, a tone,
A word, a name, from Woldmar's lips escaping,
And lo! the door that led

Into the state-apartments flew open,
And, but more lovely now,
A brightened face its mind refulgence shedding,
Like rosy morning sky,
Before the old man's gaze stood his Nadeshda.

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace,
He placed her hand in his, and to Miljutin,
Still standing there amazed,
He straightway led his charming foster-daughter:
"Miljutin, faithful slave,
A nightingale for the poor lark I offered;
An image wrought of gold
For that of elm, once taken from thy cottage.
My presents thou disdained,
A daughter thou didst mourn, a feeble serf-girl;
But see, this princess here,
I give her to thee as thy compensation."

A tear, as clear as pearly dew,
In crimson on Nadeshda's flushed cheeks sparkled.
And mute, without a word,
She kissed, in smiling joy, the old man's forehead.
—*Nadeshda, Canto VI.*

RUSKIN, JOHN, an English art-critic and lecturer; born at London, February 8, 1819; died at Coniston, January 20, 1900. His father, of Scottish descent, was a prosperous wine-merchant, with strong religious views and a decided taste for literature and art. The son entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1842, having, in 1839, gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry. After graduating he studied art, and acquired much technical skill as a draughtsman,

which has served him in illustrating some of his subsequent works. In 1843 appeared the first volume of his *Modern Painters: Their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to All the Ancient Painters.— By a Graduate of Oxford.* This work was the main labor of his life for nearly a score of years, Volume II. appearing in 1846, Volumes III. and IV. ten years later, and Volume V. in 1860. During this interval he published *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849); *The Stones of Venice* (1851–53), and several other works, relating more especially to architecture. His principal works, many of which were at first delivered as lectures or were originally published as brochures, are *Modern Painters* (1843–60); *Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849); *Stones of Venice* (1851–53); *King of the Golden River,* a fairy tale (1851); *Edinburgh Lectures on Architecture* (1853); *The Two Paths* (1859); *Unto This Last* (1860); *Munera Pulveris* (1862); *Sesame and Lilies* (1865); *Crown of Wild Olive* (1866); *Fors Clavigera* (1871–78); *Aratra Pentelici* (1872); *Præterita* (1885–89, autobiographical); *Verona and Other Lectures* (1893); *Essays and Letters* (1894). In 1867 he was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge, and in 1872 was made Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford.

ART ROOTED IN MAN'S MORAL NATURE.

In these books of mine, their distinctive character as essays on art is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope. Arising first not from any desire to explain the principles of art, but in an endeavor to defend an individual painter from injustice, they have been colored throughout — nay, continually altered in shape, and even warped and broken — by digressions respecting social questions which had for me an interest

tenfold greater than the work I had been forced into undertaking. Every principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some vital or spiritual fact; and in my works on architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another is founded on their influence on the life of the workman — a question by all the other writers on the subject of architecture wholly forgotten or despised. — *Modern Painters, Vol. V.*

TRUTHFULNESS IN ART.

If it were possible for Art to give *all* the truths of Nature, it ought to do it. But this is not possible. Choice must always be made of some facts which *can* be represented from among others which must be passed by in silence, or even in some respects, misrepresented. The inferior artist chooses unimportant and scattered truths; the great artist chooses the most necessary first, and afterward the most consistent with these, so as to obtain the greatest possible and most harmonious *sum*. For instance, Rembrandt always chooses to represent the exact force with which the light on the most illuminated part of an object is opposed to its obscurer portions. In order to obtain this, in most cases not very important truth, he sacrifices the light and color of five-sixths of his picture and the expression of every character of objects which depends on tenderness of shape or tint. But he obtains his single truth, and what picturesque and forcible expression is dependent upon it, with magnificent skill and subtlety.

Veronese, on the contrary, chooses to represent the great relations of visible things to each other, to the heaven above, and to the earth beneath them. He holds it more important to show how a figure stands, relieved from delicate air, or marble wall; how, as a red, or purple, or a white figure, it separates itself, in clear discernibility from things not red, nor purple, nor white; how infinite daylight shines around it; how innumerable veils of faint shadow invest it; how its blackness and darkness are, in the excess of their nature, just as limited and local as its intensity of light: all this, I say, he feels to

be more important than merely showing the exact *measure* of the spark of sunshine that gleams on a dagger-hilt, or glows on a jewel. All this, however, he feels to be harmonious — capable of being joined in one great system of spacious truth. And with inevitable watchfulness, inestimable subtlety, he unites all this in tenderest balance, noting in each hair's-breadth of color not merely what is rightness or wrongness in itself, but what its relation is to every other on his canvas. — *Modern Painters, Vol. III.*

TURNER'S "SLAVE SHIP."

I think the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted — and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man — is that of the *Slave Ship*. It is a slaver, throwing her dead slaves overboard; and the near sea is encumbered with corpses. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night.

The whole surface of the sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light — the intense and lurid splendor which burns like gold and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it, along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously as the under-strength of the swell permits them, leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the undistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and

scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labors amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

I believe if I were reduced to rest Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose this. Its daring conception — ideal in the highest sense of the word — is based on the purest truth, and wrought out with the concentrated knowledge of a life. Its color is absolute perfect; not one false or morbid hue in any part or line, and so modulated that every square inch of canvas is a perfect composition; its drawing as accurate, as fearless; the ship buoyant, bending, and full of motion; its tones as true as they are wonderful; and the whole picture dedicated to the most sublime of subjects and impressions — the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable sea.—*Modern Painters, Vol. II.*

THE TWO GREAT SCHOOLS OF SCULPTURE.

The conditions necessary for the production of a perfect school of sculpture have only twice been met in the history of the world, and then for a short time; nor for a short time only, but also in narrow districts — namely, in the valleys and islands of Ionian Greece, and in the strip of land deposited by the Arno, between the Apennine crests and the sea. All other schools, except these two, led severally by Athens in the fifth century before Christ, and by Florence in the fifteenth of our own era, are imperfect; and the best of them are derivative. These two are consummate in themselves, and the origin of what is best in others. . . .

But so narrow is the excellence, even of these two exclusive schools, that it cannot be said of either of them

that they represented the entire human form. The Greeks perfectly drew and perfectly moulded the body and limbs, but there is, so far as I am aware, no instance of their representing the face as well as any great Italian. On the other hand, the Italian painted and carved the face insuperably; but I believe there is no instance of his having perfectly represented the body, which, by command of his religion, it became his pride to despise, and his safety to mortify.—*Aratra Pentelici.*

THE GOTHIC ROOF AND SPIRE.

The true gable, as it is the simplest and most natural, so I esteem it the grandest of roofs; whether rising in ridgy darkness, like a gray slope of slaty mountains, over the precipitous walls of the northern cathedrals, or stretched in burning breadth above the white and square-set groups of the southern architecture. But this difference between its slope in the northern and southern structure is a matter of far greater importance than is commonly supposed. One main cause of it — the necessity of throwing off snow in the north, has been a thousand times alluded to. Another I do not remember to have seen noticed; namely, that the rooms in a roof are comfortably habitable in the north which are painful *sotto piombi* in Italy; and that there is in wet climates a natural tendency in all men to live as high as possible, out of the damp and mist.

These two causes, together with accessible quantities of good timber, have induced in the north a general steep pitch of gable which, when rounded or squared above a tower, becomes a spire or turret. And this feature, worked out with elaborate decoration, is the key-note of the whole system of "aspiration," so called, which the German critics have so ingeniously and falsely ascribed to a devotional sentiment pervading the Northern Gothic. I entirely and boldly deny the whole theory. Our cathedrals were for the most part built by worldly people, who loved the world, and would gladly have stayed in it forever; whose best hope was the escaping hell, which they thought to do by building cathedrals; but who had very

vague conceptions of heaven in general, and very feeble desires respecting their entrance therein; and the form of the spired cathedral has no more intentional reference to heaven, as distinguished from the flattened slope of the Greek pediment, than the steep gable of a Norman house has, as distinguished from the flat roof of a Syrian one.—*Stones of Venice.*

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Political Economy is not itself a science, but a system of conduct founded on the Sciences, and impossible except under certain conditions of moral culture. Which is only to say that industry, frugality, and discretion — the three foundations of economy — are moral qualities, and cannot be attained without moral discipline: a flat truism, the reader may think, thus stated; yet a truism which is denied both vociferously, and in all endeavor, by the entire populace of Europe, who are at present hopeful of obtaining wealth by tricks of trade, without industry. The study which lately in England has been called Political Economy is in reality nothing more than the investigation of some accidental phenomena of modern commercial operations, nor has it been true in its investigation even of these.—*Munera Pulveris.*

LABOR.

Labor is the contest of the life of man with an opposite. Literally, it is the quantity or *lapse,* loss or failure of human life caused by any effort. It is usually confused with effort itself, or the application of power (*opera*); but there is much effort which is merely a mode of recreation or of pleasure. The most beautiful actions of the human body, and the highest results of the human intelligence, are conditions, or achievements, of quite unlaborious — nay, of recreative — effort. But labor is the *suffering* in effort. It is the negative quantity — or quantity of de-feat — which has to be counted against every Feat, and of de-fect which has to be counted against every Fact or Deed of men. In brief, it is "that quantity of our toil which we die in."—*Munera Pulveris.*

RUSSELL, IRWIN, an American poet; born at Port Gibson, Miss., June 3, 1853; died at New Orleans, La., December 23, 1879. His father, Dr. William McNab Russell, was a native of Ohio, who went to Mississippi to begin the practice of medicine. The family removed to St. Louis in 1855, though the father returned and enlisted in the Confederate army. Irwin was graduated from the St. Louis University in 1869, and by a special act of the Legislature of Mississippi he was admitted to the bar at the age of nineteen. He was the first to appreciate the possibilities of negro characters as literary studies, reproducing the plantation pictures with fidelity. Some time before his death he began the construction of a novel of negro life, of the success of which he had great anticipation. It was never completed.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

You, Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, sah.
Whar is you tryin' to go sah?
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
  I's holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
  Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out;
Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
  On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plough dis fiel' up,
  You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him ploughin' troo it!
  Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him —
I know jes' how to treat him;
  You mus' reason wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger,
If he wuz only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
  He would, I *tell* you. Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chickin,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
  Whoa dah! Nebuchadnezzar!

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is the debbil got me?
Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
  Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast wuz spiled in raisin'—
But now I 'spect he's grazin'
  On de oder side de creek.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

Belubbed fellow-trabellers: In holdin' forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say;
De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am de tex':
Dat half-way doin's ain't no count for dis worl' or de nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a libbin' in is like a cotton-row
Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led the Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin', jes as fas' as fas' could be;

Do you be s'pose dat dey could ebber had succeeded in deir wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last — if dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid Eve,
Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve;
And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And eberyting belonged to dem except an apple-tree.

You all know 'bout de story — how de snake came snoopin' 'roun'—
A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a-crawlin' on de groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off de place.

Now s'pose dat man and 'ooman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren! It'll nebber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play —
For eben if de craps is good, de rain 'll spile de bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a hoein', and a-scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you kin pay up what you owes;
But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin' at, be shore and dribe it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small eend ob de horn.

I tanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon —
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin' ob a tune —
I see that Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat!

RUSSELL, JOHN, an English statesman and orator; born at London, August 18, 1792; died at Richmond Park, Surrey, May 28, 1878. He was the third son of the Duke of Bedford, and was designated as Lord John Russell until 1861, when he was raised to the peerage, under the title of Earl Russell. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh. In 1813, while still a minor, he was returned to Parliament for Fairstock. His public career, then begun, lasted until 1865 — a period of fifty-two years. In 1819 he entered upon his long contest for Parliamentary reform, and in 1831 aided in framing the Reform Bill which was passed in 1832. In 1835, in the Melbourne Ministry, he became Home Secretary, and in 1839 Secretary of State for War and the Colonies. The Ministry went out of power in 1841, and for five years Lord John Russell was leader of the Opposition in the House of Com-

mons. The corn-law question was now the most important matter, and he was returned as a free-trader, for the City of London. He gave his support to the Peel Ministry in its measures for free-trade and some other measures. Sir Robert Peel retired in 1846, and Lord John Russell was intrusted with the formation of a new cabinet, in which he took the place of First Lord of the Treasury. After several changes of administration he became, in 1852, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Aberdeen Ministry. In 1855 he took the place of Colonial Secretary in the Palmerston Cabinet, in which, in 1859, he was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was thus the head of the Foreign Department of the British Government during the American War of Secession. Lord Palmerston died in October, 1865, and Earl Russell became Premier. But the Government was defeated upon a new reform bill, and Russell had no alternative but to resign.

He was the author of many books, among which are *Essays on the English Government* (1823); *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht* (1824); *Establishment of the Turks in Europe* (1828); *Causes of the French Revolution* (1832); *Memoirs of Thomas Moore* (1852); *Life of Charles James Fox* (1859–66); *Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe* (1873); *Recollections and Suggestions* (1875).

THE GOVERNMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND OF THE UNITED STATES.

The most celebrated governments of ancient and modern times which have succeeded best in combining

liberty with order are Sparta, Rome, and England. Of these I have no hesitation in saying England, since 1688, is the most perfect. Indeed, it is evident to anyone who reads the history of Sparta and Rome that their institutions were intended for small communities, contained in the neighborhood of a single city, and that the very force and strength which their form of government produced tended, by increasing the commonwealth, to destroy the laws and manners which gave them birth. Not so with England: she does not reject wealth; she does not reject commerce; she does not even reject extended empire from the plan of her constitution. She rejects nothing but continental greatness and an overgrown military establishment.

Nor can the United States of America be fairly quoted as an example against me. Whether she be more or less happy than England, her standing in the world is not yet [1823] such as to enable her to draw any triumph from the comparison of her institutions with those of other nations. Since she first conquered her independence she has been as little exposed to the internal dangers arising from foreign war as the republic of San Marino. She has had a continent to spread in, and a huge wilderness to receive the unquiet and fermenting spirits among her people. Each state has governed itself with as little difficulty as the Quarter Sessions in England regulate the county expenses; her Congress has carried on negotiation without the smallest apprehension of conquest. It is when the republic, weary of peace and prosperity, shall measure her new forces, and sigh for greatness and glory; when a national debt and a national army shall be created by the will of national opinion; when Mexico shall be a bordening and a rival empire; when generals shall arise with more brilliant talents and a less virtuous character than Washington; when the love of power and dominion corrupts her Presidents and statesmen; it is then it will be decided whether the institutions of America are wiser than those of England.

It must be confessed, however, that should America stand this test, or even should she continue to flourish for the next century, it will be no longer just to with-

hold from her the pre-eminence among the governments of the globe. She will have resolved successfully the great problem how to secure the enjoyments of order and public tranquillity with the least possible check on the development of human faculties: in short, how to obtain for man, in the greatest proportions, the blessings of security, peace, liberty and knowledge. She will have resolved this problem, too, by a machinery much less complicated, and much less expensive, than the constitution of England.—*The History of the English Government.*

RUSSELL, William Clark, an English novelist; born at New York, February 24, 1844. His father, Henry Russell, was the composer of the songs, *Cheer, Boys, Cheer; To the West; There's a Good Time Coming, Boys,* and *Far, Far upon the Sea;* and his mother was a connection of the poet Wordsworth. He was educated at Winchester, England, and in France. He then entered the British merchant-service, but after eight years of sea-life abandoned it to devote himself to literature. He was associated for some years with the Newcastle *Daily Chronicle* and the London *Daily Telegraph.* His ambition has been to raise the nautical novel to a high standard, and his books are written out of his own experience. His books are *John Holdsworth, Chief Mate* (1874); *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* (1875); *The Little Loo* (1876); *A Sailor's Sweetheart* (1877); *An Ocean Free-Lance* (1878); *The Lady Maud* (1880); *Jack's Courtship* (1881); *A Strange Voyage* (1882); *The Golden Hope* (1883); *The Death Ship* (1884); *A Frozen Pirate* (1885);

WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL.

Marooned (1886); *Round the Galley Fire* (1886); *My Watch Below* (1886); *In the Middle Watch* (1887); *On the Fok'sle Head* (1887); *An Ocean Tragedy* (1887); *My Shipmate Louise* (1888); *Betwixt the Forelands* (1888); *Life of Nelson* (1889); *The Romance of Jenny Harlowe* (1889); *Helma* (1890); *The Good Ship Mohock* (1895); *What Cheer* (1895); *The Two Captains* (1897); *The Pretty Polly* (1900); *The Mate of the Good Ship York* (1902, and *The Captain's Wife* (1903).

A BURNING SEA.

But natural as such thoughts were, there was no purpose to be served by encouraging them; so I broke away from them by talking to Miss Inglefield, for there were plenty of other things to converse about, fortunately — I mean the wonderful appearance of the sea, the dense blackness of the heavens, which but for the luminousness of the ocean would have shown forms of flying clouds and driving of scud over rifts and patches of dim, dark, starless sky, the ghostly blue lights kindling at the yardarms out of the wind, the strange, unfamiliar look of the ship tossing like a shape of jet upon the greenish gold of the waters, with nothing to be seen aloft but the faint glimmer of the foot of the canvas waving there like the spectral pinion of some vast form whose outline it might be possible to discern by intent inspection of the black air. As to Pipes, he was not safe to talk to yet; I knew the worry in his head had made a bear of the poor old fellow, and that for the present it was best to leave him alone right aft there, abreast of the wheel; so I moved about with Miss Agnes, carrying her to leeward at times to look at the brilliance washing away from the ship's side when she'd crush the foam out of an underrunning sea; for to leeward along the bends was the place to see the phosphorus, as the shadow of the vessel added a deeper tinge to the gloom, and it was a perpetual convulsion and tumultuous play of fibres and serpents and

lances and arrows of fire darting up from under our keel on the shining slant of every sea whose crest ran melting into an almost lightning brightness from our leaning and rolling hull.

No bells were kept, and by and by, drawing to the companion for the light in it, I found by my watch that it was ten o'clock. I was about to tell Miss Inglefield the hour, and ask her permission to conduct her below, when she suddenly cried, 'What is that, Mr. Aubyn?"

"What do you see?" I exclaimed, startled by the vehemence in her voice as if she were terror-stricken.

"Look past that boat there," she cried, pointing to leeward.

I stared in the direction indicated by her shadowy arm, and just abaft the quarter-boat she meant, that was hanging in the davits, I saw a pale pillar of fire standing upon the sea and reaching to the height of several degrees above the horizon. It was as much like the stalk of a flower in shape as anything I can imagine to liken it to, with a slender spreading out of its summit, in which luminous cup or circumference there seemed to my eyes to be resting a volume of blackness, of so deep and intense a nature that it hung as plain against the dark heavens as a blot of ink on a sheet of chocolate-colored paper. As I gazed, a flash of violet lightning fell zigzag to the sea from the black mass, quickly followed by a rumble of thunder coming up like the moaning toll of a huge, deep-throated bell against the wind.

Someone was passing us, apparently to relieve the wheel. "What is that column of light down there to leeward?" I asked.

"A water-spout," was the answer.

"Of course it is," I exclaimed to Miss Inglefield. "It's a whirlwind holding a pillar of this phosphorescent water in its transparent walls. Was there ever a more magnificent sight! I have heard of water-spouts illuminated by lightning; but think of a shaft of fire moving along the deep with its head veiled in a thunder-cloud! I hope it'll go clear of us, though. A water-spout's a

dangerous machine to run foul of. Captain Pipes," I sung out, "do you see that spout to leeward there?"

"Yes, Mr. Aubyn, I see it, sir," he answered gruffly. "It's not coming our way. There's no call to be alarmed."

As he spoke a second sharp glare of lightning threw up the huge folds of vapor eddying and coiling at the summit of the fiery pillar, like the first belching of smoke from a newly fed factory furnace, and up through the wind came a short, sharp explosion of thunder like the detonation of a heavy piece of ordnance. . . .

We stood in silence watching the wild and beautiful and startling appearance to leeward. How far distant it was I could not say; I strained my ear, but I could catch no sound of the commotion of boiling water; I noticed that Pipes barely glanced at it. I could see him plain against the phosphoric lustre when the ship rolled to windward and brought the radiant waters visible above the rail; and he stood steadfastly staring into the sea over the weather bow, apparently heeding nothing but the thoughts of the wreck which he imagined lying out there. The thin, shining column of water went gliding slowly down upon our lee quarter, with now and again a streak of crooked red or blue lancing out of the mass of inky vapor on top of it, and after a little it either broke and fell or was swallowed up by the ocean's glare. Miss Agnes put her hand over her forehead, and took a long, long look at the pale, weltering brightness to windward.

"Oh!" she cried, with a sobbing sigh, "if we could but see the wreck how happy I should feel."—*A Strange Voyage.*

A TRICK AT THE WHEEL.

I can conceive of many a strange, fanciful thought coming into a sailor's mind as he stands grasping the wheel in the lonely night-watch, and I say this with a plentiful knowledge of the seaman's prosaic and unsentimental character. A man must be but a very short way removed from a four-footed animal not to feel at times the wonderful and subduing spell which the ocean will fling over the human soul; and being at the wheel

will give him the best chance of yielding to the nameless witchery, for at such a time — in most cases — he is alone; no one accosts him, the gloom falls down and blots out the figure of the officer of the watch, and completes the deep sense of solitude that is to be got from a spell at the helm on a dark and quiet night at sea. I cannot but think that the spirit of the deep is brought, at such a time, nearer to you aboard a sailing- than aboard a steam-ship. The onward rushing fabric that is impelled by engines demands incessant vigilance; she may be off her course even in the time that a man takes to lift his eyes to mark a flying meteor; there are no moments of rest. But in a sailing-ship you have the moonlit night and burnished swell heaving up in lines of ebony out of the visionary horizon, where the stars are wanly winking, until it rolls in billows of sparkling quicksilver under the wake of the bland and beautiful luminary; there is not a breath of air aloft, though little creepings of wind circle softly about the decks as the pallid surfaces of canvas swing in and out with the leaning of the ship; the moonlight falls in pools of light upon the planks, and every shadow cast upon those pearl-like surfaces is as black and sharp and clear as a tracing in ink; the after portions of the sails are dark as bronze, but looking at them forward they rise into the air like pieces of white satin, soaring into a stately edifice full of delicate, hurrying shadows which resemble the streaky lustre on the inside of an oyster-shell as the cloths swell out or hollow in with the drowsy motion, and crowned with the little royals, which seem to melt, even as the eye watches them, like summer clouds upon the heaven of stars.

Moments of such repose as this you will get in a sailing-ship. Who that has stood at the wheel at such a time but remembers the soft patter of reef-points upon the canvas, the frosty twinkling of the dew upon the skylights and rail, the hollow sob of the swell under the counter as the ship heaves her stern, and the tiller-chains rattle, and the wheel jumps to the echo of the groan of the rudder-head?

It is the middle watch; eight bells were struck a quarter of an hour since; the watch on deck are for-

ward, coiled away, anywhere, and nothing stirs on the forecastle; the officer on duty walks the starboard side of the deck, for the yards are braced to port, and that makes a weather deck where the mate is pacing, sleepily scratching the back of his head, and casting drowsy glances aloft and at the sea. The moon is low in the west, and has changed her silver into copper, and will be gone soon. The calm is wonderfully expressed by the reflection she drops; the mirrored radiance streams toward you like a river of pallid gold, narrow at the horizon and broadening, fan-shaped, until it seems within a biscuit's throw of the ship, where it vanishes in a fine haze; but on either hand of it the water is as black as ink, while the lustre of the moon has quenched the stars all about her, and left the sky in which she hangs as dark as the ocean.

The setting orb carries the mind with it. The eye will seek the light, and it is a kind of instinct that makes a man watch the sinking of the moon at sea, when there is a deeper repose in the air and nothing to hinder his thoughts from following the downward sailing orb. Many a time have I watched her, and thought of the old home she would be shining upon; the loved scenes she would be making beautiful with her holy light. There is nothing in life that gives one such a sense of distance, of infinite remoteness, as the setting of the sun or moon at sea. It defines the immeasurable leagues of water which separate you from those you love with a sharpness that is scarcely felt at other times. It is the only mark upon the circle of the ocean, and courts you into a reckoning which there is something too vague in the bare and infinite horizon to invite. As one bell strikes, the moon rests her lower limb upon the horizon, and her reflection shortens away from the ship's side as the red fragment of disk sinks behind the black water-line. In a few seconds nothing but a speck of light that glows like a live ember is visible: and when that is quenched the faint saffron tinge that hung about the sky when the moon was setting dies out, and the whole circumference of the ocean is full of the blackness of night.—*Round the Galley Fire.*

RUSSELL, Sir William Howard, a British journalist and war correspondent; born near Dublin, March 28, 1821. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; entered the Middle Temple, London, in 1846, and was called to the bar in 1850. He gave up legal practice in order to act as special correspondent for the London *Times* during the Crimean War. When the Sepoy mutiny broke out, he went in a similar capacity to India. In 1861 he went to the United States, but returned to England the following year. He went in 1866 to report the Austro-Prussian War; and in 1870 that between France and Germany. In 1875 he was attached as Honorary Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, in his visit to India. Meanwhile, as early as 1858, he established *The Army and Navy Gazette,* of which he afterward became editor and principal proprietor. Many of his series of letters have been published in volumes. Among his works are *Letters from the Crimea* (1856); *Diary in India* (1860); *My Diary, North and South* (1862); *Memorials of the Marriage of the Prince of Wales* (1864); *The Great Eastern and the Atlantic Cable* (1865); *Adventures of Dr. Brady,* a novel (1868); *My Dairy during the Last Great War* (1873); *Hesperiothen: Notes from the West* (1882), and *The Great War With Russia* (1895).

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of Continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they

rushed toward the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an enemy in position! Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds; and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part — discretion.

They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed toward the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken; it is joined by the second; they never halt nor check their speed for an instant.

With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer, which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry through the clouds of smoke. We could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns, and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through guns, as I have said. To our delight we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank-fire of the battery on the hill swept them, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying toward us, told us the

sad tale. demi-gods could not have done what we failed to do.

At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage almost too great for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin.

It was as much as one heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnant of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.—*Letters from the Crimea.*

RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH, ("FATHER RYAN"), an American poet; born at Norfolk, Va., August 15, 1839; died at Louisville, Ky., April 22, 1886. He was educated in the school of the Christian Brothers at Louisville, and then entered the Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical Seminary at Niagara, N. Y., to study for the priesthood. But soon after his ordination he became a chaplain in the Confederate army, in

which he served until the close of the Civil War. In 1865 he settled in New Orleans, where, in addition to his clerical duties, he edited the *Morning Star,* a weekly Roman Catholic paper. He was the founder and for several years the editor of *The Banner of the South,* a religious and political weekly, published at Augusta, Ga. For about twelve years he was pastor of St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Ala., and in 1880 he went North to lecture and to publish his *Poems — Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous.* The longest of these is a narrative poem entitled *Their Story Runneth Thus.* His lines voice a warmth of feeling and purity of sentiment, but they lack strength and finish.

SURSUM CORDA.

Weary hearts! weary hearts! by the cares of life oppressed,
Ye are wand'ring in the shadows — ye are sighing for a rest:
There is darkness in the heavens, and the earth is bleak below,
And the joys we taste to-day may to-morrow turn to woe.
Weary hearts! God is Rest.

Lonely hearts! lonely hearts! this is but a land of grief;
Ye are pining for repose — ye are longing for relief:
What the world hath never given, kneel and ask of God above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness, if you lean upon His love.
Lonely hearts! God is Love.

Restless hearts! restless hearts! ye are toiling night and day,
And the flowers of life, all withered, leave but thorns along your way:

Ye are waiting, ye are waiting, till your toilings all shall cease,
And your every restless beating is a sad, sad prayer for peace.
Restless hearts! God is Peace.

Breaking hearts! broken hearts! ye are desolate and lone,
And low voices from the past o'er your present ruins moan!
In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest alloy,
And a starless night had followed on the sunset of your joy.
Broken hearts! God is Joy.

Homeless hearts! homeless hearts! through the dreary, dreary years,
Ye are lonely, lonely wand'rers, and your way is wet with tears;
In bright or blighted places, wheresoever ye may roam,
Ye look away from earth-land, and ye murmur, "Where is home?"
Homeless hearts! God is Home.

THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art;
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their lives by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth of years,
Few or many they come, few or many they go,
But time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way,
And not by the furrows the fingers of care

On forehead and face have made —
  Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade
  Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are ofttimes old,
  Though their brows be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm, their hearts are cold —
  O'er them the spring — but winter is there.

And the old are ofttimes young
  When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age, as in youth they sung,
  And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But, bead by bead, I tell
  The Rosary of my years;
From a cross — to a cross they lead; 'tis well,
  And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
  Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life
  The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
  On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the lone back home —
  He reaches the haven through tears.

RYDBERG, Abraham Viktor, a Swedish novelist and poet; born at Jönköping, December 18, 1829; died at Stockholm in 1896. After receiving his education at the University of Lund, he devoted himself to literature and journalism. For many years he edited *Göteboorg Handels och Sjöfarbs*

Tidning, one of the leading newspapers of Scandinavia. He was the author of a number of historical and æsthetical studies, including *Venus from Milo* (1874); *Romerska Dagar* (1875–77); and works on the philosophy of religion: *Biblens læra om Kristus* (1862); *Medelstidens Magi* (1864); *Romerska Sagnar om Apostlarin Paulus ach Petrus* (1871); *Urpatriarkernes tafla i Genesis* (1873); which gave him a prominent place as a leader of the new Rationalist party of Sweden. In 1877 he was elected to the Swedish Academy, and received the degree of Doctor from the University of Upsala. He published a translation of Goethe's *Faust,* and wrote several novels, the best of which is *Den Siste Athenaren* (The Last Athenian) (1859), a story describing the contest between Greek Paganism and Christianity. This has been compared to Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia,* and has been translated into English by William W. Thomas. Others of his works, *The Roman Emperors in Marble; Antique Statues,* and *Roman Traditions of Peter and Paul,* have been translated by Alfred Corning Clark, and included under the general title of *Roman Days.* In 1889 he published *Teutonic Mythology.*

Rydberg is notable among Swedish poets and novelists for his devotion to the classical ideal, both in matter and method. He was a constant student of the customs, philosophies and religions of the ancients, and in a utilitarian age he avoided that close analytical study of the conditions of life about him which gives us our realists of this era. He was a rationalist in religion, but rather of the old philosophical type than of the modern scientific pattern, rather a follower of Marcus Aurelius than of Voltaire. From

his classic researches he was able to shed much light upon the views of the ancient philosophers upon the Christian religion when it assumed importance enough to attract their notice. Naturally the same age and countries also became the field of his novels. Of these, *Den Siste Athenaren* (The Last Athenian) was a great success at once, being translated into nearly every European language within a short time after its appearance.

In verse Rydberg wrote only lyrics, and not so many of them, but they made up in quality what they wanted in quantity. His classic simplicity of style and of view made his verse something really unique. And in his lyrics he most frequently deals with Swedish subjects, which renders the work more thoroughly national.

A GRACEFUL COSTUME.

The clear sky, the graceful, pillared building, the statues and vases, the playing jet, and within these surroundings a pretty group of young women, clad in the simplest, chastest and noblest dress that ever fluttered about womanly grace, comprised a picture of clear lines, calm beauty and ideal poetry, peculiar to the antique. The old Hellenic costume had been again assumed by many Athenians, to whom the memory of the past was dearer than ever, as is usual in times when an uncontrolled, irreconcilable contest exists between different world-opinions, and calls forth the most extreme opposites side by side. Hermione was clad in a snow-white tunic of Egyptian *Sindor,* fastened with a brooch over the left shoulder, and having a long cape, so cut open over the arms that it fell from the neck like two separate draperies, the one over the back, the other over the bosom, and almost concealed the blue, gold-stitched belt which drew the tunic about the waist, whence it fell in rich, natural folds to the sandal-decked feet. The

sleeves of this dress were very wide, and slit open from shoulder to wrist, and held together at intervals by little gold buckles, so that now one saw only a strip, now the whole rounding of the lovely arms where played the rose and lily. To increase the comfort of this habit, the tunic was also cut open from under the left arm to the waist, but here fastened with a close row of brooches. A narrow purple border ran around the bottom of the dress, and increased the effect of the plastic fall of the folds.

Hermione's rich, dark hair was not parted, but naturally arranged as on a boy's curly head, and held together by a simple band like a diadem. Under this, in the middle of her forehead, the hair divided itself into two long, wavy lines, which approached the fine pencilled eyebrows and ended behind them in little curly tresses, while the back hair fell in a swell of long, lustrous waves over neck and shoulders.

Two other ladies were clad in nearly the same manner as Hermione, but wore over the white tunic another, shorter; in the one case saffron color, in the other amethyst.— *The Last Athenian; translation of* WILLIAM W. THOMAS, JR.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

In eastern heavens the spring sun glowed
When through the village the knight's son rode.

By the linden-tree at a cottage gate
A little, rosy-cheeked maiden sate.

"Good-morning," said he, "Good-morning, miss!"
And as he spoke to her stole a kiss.

They on this earth had but newly dawned
And fresh as morn were his kisses fond.

"I far shall wander, my little friend;
But forget me not! We shall meet again."

So spake the lad — with a smile was gone.
His kiss in her memory lingered on.

She never forgot how grand he seemed,
How confidently his two eyes gleamed,

How bravely upon his brown curls sat
With waving feather his neat squire's hat.

She grew to girlhood, but his words then
Did not forget: "We shall meet again."

She grew to womanhood, gentle and fair,
And listened to many a lover's prayer;

Yea, many sued for her hand, but she
Said ever: "Somebody waits for me."

Like rushing waters the years sped past
But still her trust in his words stood fast.

Her spring, her summer, fled on swift feet:
She but cried gayly: "We soon shall meet!"

In hoary age, she consoled her still:
"We yet shall meet if it is God's will."

"How fortunate I!" she whispered when
In death's embrace, "We shall meet again."

— *Translation of* MILES MENANDER DAWSON.

S

SACHS, HANS, a German poet; born at Nuremberg, November 5, 1494; died there, January 19, 1576. He was educated at the Latin School in his native town. He visited the principal towns of Southern Germany, singing as he went, and was for a time employed in the Imperial service. At about twenty-four he returned to Nuremberg, married, and established himself as a maker of verses, which pursuit he carried on prosperously for nearly threescore years. His wife died after a union of forty years, and at sixty-seven he married a girl just half a century younger than himself. This marriage proved a happy one, and among the aged poet's verses is a pretty song in praise of his young wife. As he approached fourscore his faculties gradually declined, and during the last three or four years of his life he was almost deprived of hearing. He was then wont to sit at a table on which were laid handsome books, nodding cheerily in acknowledgment of the kindly greetings of his numerous visitors, but not speaking a word in reply. He was an earnest but kindly Lutheran, and a personal friend of Martin Luther, upon whose death he composed a touching elegy.

The literary productiveness of the Nuremberg master-singer was marvellous. He wrote more than six thousand pieces of verse — lyrical, narrative, and dramatic; but he seldom, if ever, invented a plot or story; that was mostly borrowed from the resources of his very extensive reading. His best pieces are narratives, partly jocose, partly didactic, in which he describes the popular manners of his own times. He has the satirical tone of the fifteenth century.

Several of his legends are pleasing, though for modern readers there is some irreverence in their tone. In the legend of *St. Peter and the Goat,* for example, we are told that once upon a time St. Peter was perplexed by an apparent prevalence of injustice in the world, and ventured to think that he could arrange matters better if he held the reins of government, and frankly confesses these thoughts to his Master. Meanwhile a peasant-girl comes to him, and complains that she has to do a hard day's work and at the same time to keep in order a frolicsome young goat. "Now," says the Lord to Peter, "you must have pity on this girl, and must take charge of the goat; that will serve as an introduction to your managing the affairs of the Universe." Peter takes charge of the goat, and finds quite enough to do.

ST. PETER AND THE GOAT.

The young goat has a playful mind,
And never liked to be confined.
The Apostle, at a killing pace,
Followed the goat in desperate chase.
Over the hills and over the briers
The goat runs on and never tires;
While Peter, behind, on the grassy plain,
Runs, panting and sighing — all in vain.

All day beneath a scorching sun
The good Apostle had to run,
Till evening came. The goat was caught
And safely to the Master brought;
Then, with a smile, to Peter said
The Lord: "Well, friend, how have you sped?
If such a task your powers has tried,
How could you rule the world so wide?" —
Then Peter, with his toil distressed,
His folly, with a sigh, confessed:
"No, Master! 'tis for me no play
To rule one goat for one short day;
It must be infinitely worse
To regulate the universe."

The active literary career of Hans Sachs lasted from about 1514 to 1567 — that is, from his twentieth to his seventy-first year. During this long period he produced, according to his own computation, 6,048 separate pieces, longer or shorter. Of these, as classified by himself, there were 4,275 Master-songs; 208 Dramas; 1,558 Stories, Fables, Histories, and "Figures," or Miscellanies, which include several controversial pamphlets in prose. Of his works in general, Scherer says:

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF HANS SACHS.

The Nuremberg shoemaker surpassed all his dramatic colleagues in fertility and artistic power. There was no province in which he did not try his hand, no interest of the time which did not find an echo in his writings. His power of easy creation resulted from the peacefulness of his nature. He looked on the world with an untroubled glance, and could enter into its life with a sympathy free from all egoism. What he observed, he was also able to produce in words. He made use of all forms of writing in his efforts to diffuse information on various subjects. He was a real teacher

of the people, and his teaching was of a comforting and conciliatory character, springing from his own kind and gentle nature. He is a master of description, and makes use of it on every possible occasion; he pictures graphically all the scenes which are within the power of his imagination, but his reflections are often trivial.

In his tales and dramas, Hans Sachs frequently endeavors to connect action with motive, and to develop character; but he as frequently neglects this altogether.

In Cain the poet has given us an excellent picture of a naughty boy. The imprudence and impetuosity of St. Peter, the porter of Heaven, are drawn with inimitable humor in all Hans Sachs's farces and dramas. Frequently he paints not individuals but types, like the masques of Italian comedy. In this he was influenced by the German poetry of the day, whose strength lay in satirical caricature. One or more of these typical figures regularly appear in every farce: the Catholic priest and his house-keeper, the cheating landlord, the wicked and quarrelsome old dame, the sharp-witted, wandering scholar, the unfaithful wife, the jealous husband, and many others. The period of his greatest dramatic activity falls between 1550 and 1560; in these years he wrote masses of plays, seizing alike on Scriptural, classical, and romantic subjects. Through his influence the Nuremberg school of dramatic art became the example not only for the towns in the immediate neighborhood, but also for Magdeburg, Augsburg, Breslau, and Strasburg. And even in the present day relics of Hans Sachs's dramas may still be found in the plays acted by the German peasants of Upper Bavaria, as far as Hungary and Silesia. In those districts they have lived on, like popular songs.

SACKVILLE, THOMAS, LORD BUCKHURST, afterward EARL OF DORSET; an English statesman and poet; born at Wilthyham, Sussex, in 1536; died at London, April 19, 1608. Before entering upon active public life he planned and partly executed a poem, the *Mirror for Magistrates,* which was to portray the fortunes and fate of men who had enacted great parts in English history. Becoming immersed in public affairs, he committed what he had done and the further execution of the poem to two of his friends, Richard Baldwynne and George Ferrers, who also called in the assistance of several others. The *Mirror for Magistrates* was first published in 1559. Subsequent editions, with numerous additions by various hands, appeared in 1563, 1571, 1574, 1587, and 1610. The personages are taken from English history, from the time of William the Conqueror to the end of the War of the Roses. After enjoying great popularity for more than half a century, the *Mirror for Magistrates* passed (as most of it deserved to pass) into neglect until 1815, when a new edition was issued, in two quarto volumes. Of this long work, by so many hands, we have to do only with the few hundred lines by Sackville, which constitute the most notable poem in the English language during the two centuries between the *Canterbury Tales* and the *Faery Queene.* Sackville's part of the *Mirror for Magistrates* consists of a long allegorical "Induction," or Introduction, and the "Complaint" of the shade of that Duke of Buckingham of whom Shakespeare tells us in *Richard the Third.* The "In-

duction" begins with a vivid picture of a winter day, and as evening draws on the poet is confronted with the effigy of "Sorrow," who is to conduct him through the gloomy land of Departed Spirits.

"SORROW" — THE POET'S CONDUCTOR.

Her body small, forwithered and forspent,
As is the stalk with summer's drought opprest;
Her wealked face with woeful tears besprent,
Her color pale, and, as it seemed her best,
In woe and plaint reposèd was her rest;
And as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

I stood aghast, beholding all her plight,
'Tween dread and dolor so distrained in heart,
That, while my knees upstarted with the sight,
The tears outstreamed for sorrow of her smart.
But when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly dole which she so sore did make,
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake:

"Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be!
And stint betime to spill thyself with plaint:
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attaint."
And with that word of Sorrow, all forfaint,
She lookèd up, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo! thus she 'gan to say:

"Alas, I, wretch, whom thou seest distrained,
With wasting woes that never shall aslake,
Sorrow I am; in endless torments pained
Among the Furies in the infernal lake;
Where Pluto, God of Hell, so grisly blake,
Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste
Doth reave remembrance of each thing forepast;

"Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to bemoan of those

Whom fortune in this maze of misery
  Of wretched chance most woeful mirrors chose;
  That when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most sure,
Thou may'st soon deem no earthly joy may dure."

Conducted to the under-world, the poet meets the embodied shapes of all human passions, frailties, infirmities, and crimes — Remorse, Dread, Revenge, Avarice, Care, Sleep, Old Age, Disease, Famine, Death, War, and many another. After these allegorical apparitions the poet meets the ghost of the Duke of Buckingham — the only human spectre described by Sackville himself, all the others depicted in the *Mirror for Magistrates* being by inferior hands.

THE SPECTRE OF REMORSE.

And first, within the porch and jaws of Hell,
  Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
  Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
  To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care; as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

  Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
  Whirled on each place as place that vengeance brought;
So was her mind continually in fear,
    Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
  Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

THE SPECTRE OF SLEEP.

  Near by lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
    Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,

A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he whom Fortune frownèd on
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown; but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.
The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's fear was he,
And of our life on earth the better part;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tyde, and oft that never be;
Without respect, esteeming equally
King Crœsus's pomp and Irus's poverty.

THE SPECTRE OF WAR.

Lastly stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities be sacked, and realms (that whilom flowered
In honor, glory, and rule above the rest)
He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceased,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppressed
His face forehewed with wounds; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

THE SPECTRE OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Then first came Henry, Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all piled, and quite forworn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke had made him now her scorn;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast,
With rueful cheer, and vapored eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat,
  His hair all torn, about the place it lay.
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
  As feelingly, methought, it dropped away.
  His eyes they whirled about withouten stay;
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
  And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice;
At each of which he shriekèd so withal,
  As though the heavens rived with the noise;
  Till the last, recovering his voice,
Suppressing the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he plained.

SADI, (SHEIKH MUSLIHU AL-DIN), *a Persian* poet; born at Shiraz about 1184; died there about 1292. According to some accounts, he reached the age of nearly one hundred and twenty years. He was trained at Bagdad; became a dervish, made fifteen pilgrimages to Mecca, traveled as far as India, and mastered not only several Oriental languages, but also Latin. He fought against the Crusaders in Syria, by whom he was made prisoner. He was ransomed by a merchant of Aleppo, who gave him his daughter in marriage. The marriage proved an uncongenial one, and Sadi returned to Shiraz, where he retired to a hermitage, and composed his poems.

The Works of Sadi comprise the *Gulistan* or "Rose-Garden," the *Bostan* or "Fruit-Garden," the *Pend Nameh* or "Book of Counsels," and nu-

merous detached odes and elegies. The *Gulistan* consists mainly of some scores of short stories, in which the prose narrative is interspersed with poetry, sometimes a few lines, sometimes several stanzas. It is to this day the popular book of the Persians — their *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*. Within the present generation there have been several translations of the *Gulistan* into English, the best of which is that of Edward B. Eastwick (revised edition, 1880), in which the form of the original — partly prose and partly verse — has been retained. To the *Gulistan* is prefixed a Proem which, besides giving an account of the origin of the poem, will serve as a fair indication of its form and manner.

PROEM TO THE GULISTAN.

One night I was reflecting on times gone by, and regarding my wasted life, and I pierced the stony mansion of my heart with the diamond of my tears, and read these verses, appropriate to my state:

"One breath of life each moment flies,
A small remainder meets my eyes.
Sleeper, whose fifty years are gone,
Be these five days at least thy own.
Shame on the dull, departed dead,
Whose task is left unfinishèd.
In vain for them the drum was beat,
Which warns us of man's last retreat.
Sweet sleep upon the parting day
Holds back the traveller from the way,
Each comer a new house erects,
Departs — the house its lord rejects;
The next one forms the same conceit,
This mansion none shall e'er complete.
Hold not as a friend this comrade light,
With one so false no friendship plight.

Since good and bad alike must fall,
He's best who bears away the ball.
Send to this tomb an ample store;
None with it bring — then send before.
Like snow in life is July's sun,
Little remains; and there is one
To boast himself and vaunt thereon.
With empty hand thou hast sought the mart;
I fear thou wilt with thy turban part.
Who eat their corn while yet 'tis green,
At the true harvest can but glean.
To Sadi's counsel let thy soul give heed,
There is the way — be manful and proceed."

After deliberating on this subject, I thought it advisable that I should take my seat in retirement, and wash the tablet of my memory from vain words, nor speak idly in future.

" Better who sits in nooks, deaf, speechless, idle,
Than he who knows not his own tongue to bridle."

At length one of my friends, who was my comrade in the camel-litter, and my closet-companion, entered my door, according to old custom. Notwithstanding all the cheerfulness and hilarity which he displayed, and his spreading out the carpet of affection, I returned him no answer, nor lifted up my head from the knee of devotion. He was pained, and looking toward me said:

" Now that the power of utterance is thine,
Speak, O my brother! kindly, happily,
To-morrow's message bids thee life resign;
Then art thou silent of necessity."

One of those who were about me informed him regarding this circumstance, saying: " Sadi has made a resolution and fixed determination to pass the rest of his life in the world as a devotee, and embrace silence. If thou cannot, take thy way and choose the path of retreat." He replied: " By the glory of the Highest and

by our ancient friendship! I will not breathe or stir a step until he hath spoken according to his wonted custom and his usual manner; for to distress friends is folly; but the dispensing with an oath is easy. It is contrary to rational procedure, and opposed to the opinion of sages, that the two-edged sword of Ali should remain in its scabbard, or the tongue of Sadi be silent in his mouth."

"What is the tongue in the mouth of mortals? say
'Tis but the key that opens wisdom's door;
While that is closed, who may conjecture, pray,
If thou sellest jewels or the pedler's store?
Silence is mannerly — so deem the wise,
But in the fitting time use language free;
Blindness of judgment just in two things lies
To speak unwished, or speak unseasonably."

In brief, I had not the power to refrain from conversing with him; and I thought it uncourteous to avert my face from conference with him; for he was an agreeable companion and sincere friend.

"When thou contendest choose an enemy
Whom thou may'st vanquish or whom thou canst fly."

By the mandate of necessity, I spoke as we went out for recreation, it being the season of spring, when the asperity of winter was mitigated, and the time of the rose's rich display had arrived.

"Vestments green upon the trees,
Like the costly garments seeming,
Which at Id's festivities
Rich men wear, all gayly gleaming.
'Twas the first day of April, the second month of the spring;
From the pulpits of the branches slight-wreathed the bulbuls sing.
The red, red branches were begemmed with pearls of glistening dew

Like moisture on an angry beauty's cheek — a cheek of rosy hue."

So time passed, till one night it happened that I was walking at a late hour in a flower-garden with one of my friends. The spot was blithe and pleasing, and the trees intertwined there charmingly. You would have said that fragments of enamel were sprinkled on the ground, and that the necklace of the Pleiades was suspended from the vines that grew there.

"A garden where the mumurous rill was heard,
While from the hills sang each melodious bird;
That, with the many-colored tulip bright,
These with their various fruits the eye delight.
The whispering breeze beneath the branches' shade,
Of blending flowers a motely carpet made."

In the morning, when the inclination to return prevailed over our wish to stay, I saw that he had gathered his lap full of roses and fragrant herbs, and sweet-basil, with which he was setting out for the city. I said "To the rose of the flower-garden, as you know, is no continuance; nor is there faith in the promise of the rose-garden; and the sages have said that we should not fix our affections on that which has no endurance." He said: "What, then, is my course?" I replied: "For the recreation of the beholders and the gratification of those who are present, I am able to compose a book, the *Garden of Roses,* whose leaves the rude hands of autumn cannot affect, and the blitheness of whose spring the revolutions of time cannot change into the disorder of the waning year.

"What use to thee that flower-vase of thine?
Thou wouldst have rose-leaves; take, then, rather mine.
Those roses but five days or six will bloom;
This garden ne'er will yield to winter's gloom."

As soon as I had pronounced these words he cast the flowers from his lap, and took hold of the skirt of my

garment, saying: "When the generous promise, they perform." — It befell that in a few days a chapter or two were entered in my note-book on the Advantages of Study and the Rules of Conversation, in a style that may be useful to augment the eloquence of tale-writers. In short, the rose of the flower-garden still continued to bloom when the book of the Rose-Garden was finished. It will, however, be really perfected when it is approved and condescendingly perused at the Court of the Asylum of the World, the Shadow of the Creator, and the Light of the Bounty of the All-powerful, the Treasury of the Ages, the Retreat of the True Religion, the Aided by Heaven, the Victorious Arm of the Empire, the Lamp of Excelling Faith, the Beauty of Mankind, the Glory of Islam, Sâd, the Son of the Most Puissant King of Kings, Master of Attending Nations, Lord of the Kings of Arabia and Persia, Sovereign of the Land and the Sea, Heir to the Throne of Suleiman, Atabak the Great, Muzaffu'd-din, Abu-bakr-bin-Sâd-bin-Zangi: May God Most High perpetuate the good fortune of both, and prosper all their righteous undertakings.— *Translation of* EASTWICK.

SÆMUND-SIGFUSSON, an Icelandic scholar; born about 1054; died in 1133. He is the reputed author of the *Sæmundar Edda hins Frodha;* that is, the "Edda of Sæmund the Scholar," now known, however, as the *Elder* or *Poetic Edda,* and believed to have been written before the time of Sæmund. He was a scion of the royal house of Norway, and was famous as a scholar and churchman. His learning so impressed the age in which he lived, that he got the reputation of a magician. He was the friend of Bishop John, founder of the great Odd-Verjar family of Iceland, and the author

of a *Book of Kings* from Harold Fairhair to Magnus the Good; but it is now generally believed that all he had to do with the *Poetic Edda* in general, or the *Sun's Song* in particular, was at most confined to the work of compilation. The *Sæmundar Edda* was entirely unknown until about 1643, when it came into the hands of Brynjulf Sveinson, who, puzzled to classify it, gave it the title of *Edda Sæmundi Multiscii.* The poems themselves date in all probability from the eighth or ninth century, and are many of them only fragments of longer heroic chants now otherwise entirely lost. They treat of mythical and religious legends of an early Scandinavian civilization, and are composed in the simplest and most archaic forms of Icelandic verse. The author of no one of them is mentioned. They were collected from oral tradition; and the fact that the same story is occasionally repeated, in varied form, and that some of the poems themselves bear internal evidence of being more ancient than others, proves that the present collection is only a gathering made early in the Middle Ages, long after the composition of the pieces, and in no critical-spirit. Sophus Bugge, indeed, one of the greatest living authorities, absolutely rejects the name of Sæmund, and is of opinion that the *Poetic Edda,* as we at present hold it, dates from about 1240. There is no doubt that it was collected in Iceland, and by an Icelander. The principal manuscript of this *Edda* is the *Codex Regius* in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, written continuously, without regard to prose or verse, on forty-five leaves. This is that found by Bishop Brynjulf. Another valuable fragment exists in the Arne-Mag-

næan collection in the University of Copenhagen, consisting of six leaves. These are the only manuscripts older than the seventeenth century which contain a collection of the ancient mythico-heroic lays, but fragments occur in various other works, and especially in the *Edda* of Snorri. The *Poetic Edda* was translated into English verse by Amos Cottle in 1797; the poet Gray produced a version of the *Vegtamskvidha;* but the first good translation of the whole was that published by Benjamin Thorpe in 1866. An excellent edition of the Icelandic text has been prepared by Möbius, but the standard of the original orthography will be found in the admirable edition of Sophus Bugge, Norrœn Fornkvœdhi, published at Christiania in 1867.

THE GRIEF OF GUDHRUN.

Gudhrun of yore
Longed to die,
When she sat mournful
O'er Sigurdh's corpse.
She raised no wailing,
Nor wrung her hands,
Nor did she sob,
Like other women.

Forth came the thanes,
Wise and wary,
And strove to win her
From her despair.
In vain, for Gudhrun
Could not weep.
Such was her sorrow,
She yearned to die.

There were the noble
Wives of warriors,
Bedecked with gold,
Seated near Gudhrun,
And each of them
Told her sorrow,
What bitterest grief
She had endured.

Then said Giaflaug,
Giuki's sister,
"I know I am
I dreed the deaths
Of husbands five,
Of daughters twain,
Of sisters three,
Of brothers eight —
I live alone."
The saddest on earth.

In vain, for Gudhrun
Could not weep,

Such was her sorrow
For her dead hero,
Her hard despair,
At her lord's corpse.

Then said Herborg,
The queen of Hunland,
"I have to tell
Harder grief;
My seven sons,
In southern land,
With them my husband
Fell on the warfield.

"My father and mother,
My brothers four,
The wind beset them
On the billows;
The strong seas broke
The planks asunder.

"Myself I washed them,
Myself I dressed them,
With mine own hands
To Hel I sent them.
All this I suffered
In one-half year,
And no one ever
Comforted me.

"It so befell
That I was taken
In warfare then
That selfsame summer:
I had to dress a noble's wife,
To tie her shoes
Every morning.

"She made me fear
Through jealousy,
And struck me hard
With cruel blows.
I never found
A better master,
But never yet
A housewife worse."

In vain, for Gudhrun
Could not weep,
Such was her sorrow
For her dead hero,
Her hard despair
At her lord's corpse.

Then said Gullrönd,
Giuki's daughter,
"Foster-sister,
Thou little knowest,
Though wise thou art,
How to speak comfort to a
young woman."
She would have bared
The hero's corpse.

She swept the linen
Away from Sigurdh,
And laid his cheek
On his wife's knees.
"Look on thy dearest,
Put lips on lips,
As once thou claspedst
Thy lord unslain."

A glance gave Gudhrun
One single time;
She saw his hair
Matted with gore.
The hero's bright eyes
Lack their lustre,
His kingly heart
Pierced by the sword.

Then on her bed
Sank Gudhrun backward,
Her hair was loosened,
Her cheek grew red,
A drop of rain
Fell on her knee.

Then Gudhrun wept,
Giuki's daughter,
So that tear streams
Flowed to the ground
And from the courtyard.
There shrieked with her
The geese — the fine birds
She used to feed.

Then said Gullrönd,
Giuki's daughter,
"I know you two
Loved each other
As no one else
Beside on earth;
And joy thou knewest
At home, abroad,
Sister mine,
With Sigurdh only."

Then said Gudhrun,
Giuki's daughter,
"My Sigurdh was,
With Giuki's sons,
Like a lofty leek
From grass upgrowing,
Or a bright stone
On lace drawn,
The priceless gem
Of noble heroes.

"And I too seemed
To my lord's warriors
A princess nobler
Than Odin's shieldmaids.
Now I am worthless
As fallen leaves
In autumn-time,
For he is dead.

"I miss at board,
I miss in bed,
My bosom friend,
Thro' Giuki's sons,
Thro' Giuki's sons
Is my undoing:
They made their sister
Sorely weep."

— *Translation of* CARL LOTTNER.

SIGRUNA AND HER DEAD HELGI.

Maiden.— Sigruna! list the tale I tell,
And quit thy bower at Snevafell.
Hie thee forth, my lady fair!
The grave is open! Helgi's there!
Hasten, if with eager grasp
It listeth thee thy lord to clasp.
Go, stanch the blood at his behest,
Welling from his wounded breast.

Sigruna [*in the tomb*].— That we two thus should meet again,
Helgi, makes thy wife as fain,
As Odin's hawks that sniff afar
Fresh carnage on the field of war:
Or, bright with dewdrops, greet the day
That lights them to some new-slain prey.

Let me kiss that brow so pale,
Ere we strip thee of thy mail;
Let me clasp thee to my heart,
Stiff and gory as thou art.
Thy matted hair is frosted o'er,
All thy limbs are smeared with gore;
Clammy are thy hands and brow —
My king! how can I help thee now?

Helgi.— Thine eyes, my own Sigruna, shed
The dew of sorrow on this head.
When decked with gold, in beauty bright,
Thou weepest through the livelong night,
I feel each cruel tear-drop flow,
As cold and piercing, fraught with woe,
It trickles over Helgi's breast,
Benumbs his heart and breaks his rest.

Nay — let us rather seek again
Affection's joyous cup to drain.
Gone are lands and life's bright morrow;
Yet will we chant no song of sorrow:
My bosom bleeds, but at my side
Sits in the grave my chosen bride.

Sigruna.— See, my Helgi, Yifing's race
Here shall find fit resting-place;
On this pillow lay thy head,
And let me smooth my hero's bed;
For in the grave, too, I will rest
My loving cheek on Helgi's breast;
As when there beamed a brighter day,
And by my living lord I lay.

Helgi.— To sleep beneath this ghastly shade
Thou hast not feared, my royal maid!
But, warm in life and beauty's charms,
Hast clasped the dead within thine arms.
Högni's daughter! now I see
I may hope for all from thee;
Nor wilt thou still with tears and sighs
Vex the couch where Helgi lies.
'Tis time for me to ride away,
Where the red streaks of dawning day
Have marked my path; there must I speed
O'er Bifröst's bridge my pallid steed;
And from my love must westward fly,
Beyond the bow which spans the sky,
Before the cock wake with shrill call
The host within Valhalla's hall.

— *Translation of* EDMUND HEAD.

SAGAS, THE, a term used to designate the heroic myths and tales of the Scandinavians, as distinguished from the *Eddas,* or mythological books. Of the *Eddas* there are two: the *Edda Sæmundar hins Froda* (Edda of Sæmund the Wise), written in verse, and supposed to date back to the eighth or even the sixth century, but first collected and arranged by Sæmund Sigfusson, an Icelandic priest (1054–1133). This work was first brought to the notice of European scholars in 1643 by Brynjulf Sveinson, Bishop of Skalholt, who applied to it the name of *Edda;* that is, "Great-grandmother" of Scandinavian poetry. The poems that compose this work are of unknown origin and authorship. The name "Edda," etymologically derived from the old

Norse *odhr,* meaning poetry, metre, mind, soul, properly belongs only to the *Edda Snorri Sturlusonar,* which is of more recent date, and generally known as the *Younger Edda.* It contains the ancient mythology of Scandinavia, the old rules of versification, and a collection of Icelandic poems. Snorri's work originally consisted of three parts — the *Glyfaginning,* an epitome of mythology; *Skaldskaparmal,* the art of writing poetry, including an explanation of poetical expressions and peri-phrases; and *Hattatal,* a list of metres, a laudatory poem on the Norwegian Kings Hakon Hakonsson and Jarl Skuli, in which all forms of verse used in the old poetry are exemplified.

Within the present generation the attention of scholars has been particularly directed toward the Sagas. Among those which have been carefully translated into English are *Storlunga Saga,* and the *Völsunga Saga;* which is the Story of the Volsungs and Nibelungs. This has been rendered into English by Eirikv Magnusson and William Morris (Oxford, 1870), who designate it as "the great epic of the North," the prose part of which was "probably composed some time in the twelfth century, from floating traditions, no doubt; from songs which, now lost, were then known, at least in fragments, to the Sagaman; and, finally, from songs which, written about his time, are still existing." This is the great story of the North, which is to the Scandinavians what the *Tale of Troy* was to the Greeks, the *Nibelungenlied* to the Germans, the *Cid* to the Spaniards, and the *Chansons de Roland* to the French.

THE SWORD OF SIGMUND, SON OF VOLSUNG.

There was a king called Siggier who ruled over Gothland — a mighty king, and of many folk. He went to meet Volsung the king, and prayed for Signy, his daughter, to wife; and the king took his talk well, and his sons withal; but she was loath thereto; yet she bade her father to rule in this as in all other things that concerned her. So the king took such rede that he gave her to him, and she was betrothed to King Siggier. And so, for the fulfilling of the feast and the wedding, was King Siggier to come to the house of King Volsung. The king got ready the feast according to his best might; and when all things were ready came the king's guests, and King Siggier withal, at the day appointed; and many a man of great account had Siggier with him.

The tale tells that great fires were made end-long the hall, and the great tree aforesaid stood midmost thereof. Withal folk say that, when as men sat by the fires in the evening, a certain man came into the hall unknown of aspect to all men; and suchlike array he had, that over him was a spotted cloak, and he was barefoot, and had linen breeches knit tight even unto the bone, and he had a sword in his hand as he went up to the Branstock, and a slouched hat upon his head. Huge he was, and seeming ancient, and one-eyed. So he drew his sword and smote it into the tree-trunk, so that it sank in up to the hilts; and all held back from greeting the man. Then he took up the word, and said:

"Whoso draweth the sword from this stock, shall have the same as a gift from me, and shall find in good sooth that never bare he better sword in hand than is this."

Therewith out went the old man from the hall, and none knew who he was or whither he went.

Now men stand up, and none would fain be the last to lay hand to the sword, for they deemed that he would have the best of it who might first touch it. So all the noblest went thereto first, and then the others, one after the other; but none who came thereunto might avail to pull it out, for in no wise would it come away, however

they tugged at it. But now up comes Sigmund, King Volsung's son, and sets his hand to the sword, and pulls it from the stock, even as if it lay loose before him. So good that weapon seemed to all, that none thought he had ever seen such a sword before; and Siggier would fain buy it from him at thrice its weight in gold. But Sigmund said:

"Thou mightest have taken the sword no less than I from there where it stood, if it had been thy lot to bear it; but now, since it has first of all fallen into my hands, never shalt thou have it, though thou biddest therefor all the gold thou hast."

King Siggier grew wroth at those words, and deemed Sigmund and answered him scornfully; but whereas he was a wary man and a double-dealing, he heeded this matter in no wise; yet that same evening he sought how he might reward it, as was seen afterward.— *The Völsunga Saga.*

The *Saga of King Olaf,* as rendered by Longfellow in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn,* consists of twenty-two runes, of which we give Runes I., XII., XIX., and XXI. "King Olaf," as we are elsewhere told, "born in 995, after having distinguished himself in several warlike expeditions on the coasts of Normandy and England, succeeded in 1015, in wresting the throne of Norway from Eric and Svend Jarl. He endeavored to exterminate paganism by fire and sword, and was killed in 1030."

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.

"I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!
Heres amid icebergs

Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miölner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!
These are my gauntlets
Wherewith I yield it,
And hurl it afar off.
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled.

"The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!
Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder;
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

"Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness;
Strength is triumphant;
Over the whole earth
Still it is Thor's-Day!
Thou art a God, too,
O Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat —
Gauntlet or Gospel —
Here I defy thee!"

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his head upon his sword,

As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing,
Northward into Drontheim Fiord.
There he stood as one who dreamed;
And the red light glanced and gleamed
On the armor that he wore;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"
Blown by the night-wind,
—*The Saga of King Olaf, Rune I.*

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

At Drontheim, Olaf the king
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with bishops and priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim;
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn the sign
He made of the Cross divine,
As he drank and muttered his prayers;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the firelight dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the king;
And he cries to Halfred the Skjald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
"Sing!

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."
And he loosened the belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

"Queen-biter of Hakon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
The millstone through and through,
And foot-breadth of Thorolf the Strong
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true."

Then the skjald took the harp and sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word;
And the harp-strings a clangor made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring:
They smote with their fists on the board,
And shouted, "Long live the Sword,
And the King!"

But the king said, "Oh, my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy rhymes."
And Halfred the Skjald replied,
"In another it was multiplied
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse;
Count well the gain and the loss;
Thor's Hammer or Christ's Cross:
Choose!"

And Halfred the Skjald said, "This
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"
And a shout went round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy Cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword.
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-hael!"
To the Lord.

— *The Saga of King Olaf, Rune XII.*

KING OLAF AND EARL ERIC.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and retreat;
In the midst, but in front of the rest
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak;
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold;
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;

To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes;
And on board of the Iron-Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting;
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf, the King!

— *The Saga of King Olaf, Rune XIX.*

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

All day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But as yet is not assuaged
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.
The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,
The ships are filled with the dead,
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
The grappling-irons are plied,
The boarders climb up the side,
The shouts are feeble and few.
Ah! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the main;
They lie all wounded or slain,
Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King;
Around him whistle and sing

The spears that the foemen fling
And the stones they hurl with their hands.
In the midst of the stones and the spears
Kolbiorn, the Marshal, appears,
His shield in the air he uprears,
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check.
His lips with anger are pale;
He hews with his axe at the mast
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast,
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men,
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.
"Remember Jarl Harkon!" he cries;
When lo! on his wondering eyes,
Two kingly figures arise —
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his tremulous lip;
Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry from their hairy throats,
"See! it is Olaf the King!"
While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,

Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea- current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the king stripped off his mail
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale
As he swam beneath the main;
But the young grow old and gray,
And never by night or day
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again.

—*The Saga of King Olaf, Rune XXI.*

SAINTE-BEUVE, CHARLES AUGUSTIN, a French critic; born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23, 1804; died at Paris, October 13, 1869. After completing his education in Paris, he studied medicine, and when the *Globe,* a liberal newspaper, was founded in 1827, he contributed to it many historical and literary articles, which attracted the attention of Goethe. His papers on Victor Hugo's *Odes and Ballads* led to a friendship with this great poet, and to a connection with the romantic school of poets. His articles on the French poetry of the sixteenth century were issued in book-form in 1828, and were followed by a third volume, *Vie, Poesies et Pensées de Joseph Delorme* (1829). Another volume, the *Consolations* (1830), reflect his most intimate thoughts, and to this book, reflecting the most interesting period of his life, he was wont to turn with the utmost pleasure. He contributed to the *Revue de Paris,* and also to the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* founded in 1831. In 1840 he was made keeper of the Mazarin Library,

and a member of the Academy in 1844. In that year he accepted the chair of French literature in the University of Liège, where he gave a series of lectures on Chateaubriand and his contemporaries, afterward published in two volumes. Returning to Paris, he agreed to supply the *Constitutionnel* with an article for every Monday's issue, thus beginning the celebrated *Causeries du Lundi,* which he continued for three years. In 1857 he held a similar post for the *Moniteur.* These articles, with others entitled *Nouveaux Lundis,* were subsequently published in twenty-eight volumes. In 1854 he was given the chair of Latin poetry at the College of France, and from 1858 to 1861 was lecturer on French literature at the École Normale Supérieure. Sainte-Beuve was admitted to the Legion d'Honneur in 1859. His other works are a novel, *Volupté* (1834); *Pensées d'Août* (1837), and seven volumes of *Portraits Contemporains,* contributed originally to the *Revue de Paris* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

GUIZOT.

Sprung from a Calvinist family, he has kept up a certain austere tone of theirs, a talent for comprehending and reproducing those tenacious natures, those energetic and gloomy inspirations. The habits of race and early education stamp themselves on the talents and reappear in the speech, even when they have disappeared from the habits of our life; we keep their fibre and their tone. The men, the characters, are expressed, as we meet them, by vigorous strokes; but the whole lacks a certain splendor, or rather a certain continuous animation. The personages do not live with a life of their own; the historian takes them, seizes them, and gives their profile in brass. His plan applies a very bold and confident execution. He knows what he wants to say, and

where he wants to go. The ridiculous and ironical side of things, the sceptical side, of which no other historians make too much, has with him no place. He shows plainly a kind of moral gravity in men amid their manœuvrings and intrigues; but he does not set the contradiction in a sufficiently strong light. He gives us, on the way, many stale maxims, but none of those moral reflection which instruct and delight, which recreate humanity and restore it to itself, like those which escape incessantly from Voltaire. His style, which is emphatically his own, is sad and never laughs. I have given myself the pleasure of reading at the same time the corresponding pages of Hume: one would not believe that the same history was treated, so different is the tone! What I remark especially is that it is possible for me in reading Hume, to check him, to contradict him sometimes: he furnishes me with the means of doing so by the very details he gives, by the balance he strikes. In reading Guizot this is almost impossible, so closely woven is the tissue, so interlinked is the whole narrative. He holds you fast and leads you to the end, firmly combining the fact, the reflection, and the end in view.

How far, even after these two volumes, and regarding his writings as a whole, is M. Guizot, a historical painter? How far and to what extent is he properly a narrator? These would be very interesting questions to discuss as literary ones, without favor and without prejudice; and, whatever fault one might find with M. Guizot, it would necessarily be accompanied with an acknowledgment of a peculiar originality which belongs only to him. Even when he narrates, as in his *Life of Washington,* it is of a certain abstract beauty that he gives us an impression — of an external beauty that is designed to please the eyes. His language is strong and ingenious; it is not naturally picturesque. He uses always the graver, never the brush. His style, in the fine passages, is like reflections from brass, and as it were, of steel, but reflections under a gray sky, and never in the sunlight. It has been said of the worthy Joinville, the ingenuous chronicler, that his style *savors still of his childhood,*

and that "worldly things are created for him only on the day when he sees them." At the other extremity of the historic chain, with Guizot, it is quite the contrary. His thought, his very recital, assumes spontaneously a kind of abstract, half-philosophical appearance. He communicates to everything that he touches a tint, so to speak, of an anterior reflection. He is astonished at nothing; he explains whatever he presents to you, he gives the reason for it. A person who knew him well said of him: "That which he has known only since morning he appears to have known from all eternity." In fact, an idea in entering that lofty mind loses its freshness; it instantly fades, and becomes in a manner antique. It acquires premeditation, firmness, weight, temper, and sometimes a gloomy splendor.—*Causeries du Lundi; translation of* MATTHEWS.

MASSILLON.

Every exposition in Massillon, every oratorical strophe, is composed of a series of thoughts and phrases, commonly very short, that reproduce themselves, springing one out of the other, calling to each other, succeeding each other, having no sharp points, no imagery that is either too bold or too commonplace, and moving along with rhythm and melody as parts of one and the same whole. It is a group in motion; it is a natural, harmonious concert. Buffon, who regarded Massillon as the first of our prose writers, seems to have had him in mind, when, in his discourse upon style, he said: "In order to write well, it is necessary, then, to be fully possessed of one's subject; it is necessary to reflect upon it enough to see clearly the order of one's thoughts, and to connect them together in a continuous chain, each link of which represents an idea; and when one takes his pen, he should conduct it along this first outline, without permitting it to stray from it, without pressing it too unequally, without giving it any other movement than that which may be determined by the space it is to run over. It is in this that severity of style consists." In Massillon this natural manner had no appearance of severity, but rather an appearance of abundance and overflow, like that of a stream

running down a gentle declivity, the accumulated waters of which fall by their own weight. Massillon, more than any other orator, has resources for the fruitful development of moral themes; and the utmost grace and ease of diction spontaneously unite in his style, so that his long and full period is composed of a series of members and reduplications united by a kind of insensible tie, like a large, full wave which is composed of a series of little waves.

Massillon, the orator, if we could have heard him, would certainly have ravished, penetrated, melted us; read to-day, he does not produce the same effects; and, considered as a writer, he is not admired by all in the same degree. It is not given to all minds to feel and to relish equally the peculiar beauties and excellences of Massillon. To like Massillon, to enjoy him sincerely and without weariness, is a quality and almost a peculiarity of certain minds, which may serve to define them. He will love Massillon who loves what is just and noble better than what is new, who prefers elegant simplicity to a slightly rough grandeur; who, in the intellectual order, is pleased before all things with rich fertility and culture, with small sobriety, with ingenious amplification, with a certain calmness and a certain repose even in motion, and who is never weary of those eternal commonplaces of morality which humanity will never exhaust. Massillon will please him who has a certain sensitive chord in his heart, and who prefers Racine to all other poets; in whose ear there is a certain vague instinct of harmony and sweetness which makes him love certain words even in a superabundance. He will please those who have none of the impatience of a taste too superb or too delicate, nor the quick fevers of an ardent admiration; who have no thirst for surprise or discovery, who love to sail upon smooth rivers, who prefer the impetuous Rhone to the Eridanus as the poet has pictured it, or even to the Rhine in its rugged majesty, the tranquil course of the French river, of the royal Seine, washing the more and more widening banks of a flourishing Normandy.—*Causeries du Lundi; translation of* MATTHEWS.

SAINT-HILAIRE, Jules Barthelemy, a French statesman, philosopher and Orientalist; born at Paris, August 19, 1805; died there, November 25, 1895. From 1826 to 1830 he wrote much for the newspapers, and after the revolution in 1830 he was active in politics. In 1834 he was appointed a teacher in French literature in the Polytechnic School, and began one of the monumental works of literature, a complete translation of Aristotle, which he finished in 1892 after almost sixty years of labor. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Greek and Latin Philosophy in the College of France, and in 1839 was made a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. At the revolution of 1848 he was chosen as a moderate and an anti-socialist to the Constituent Assembly. The *coup d'état* in December, 1852, ending parliamentary government, brought him the alternative of taking the oath of fidelity to the empire or resigning his chair at the Collège de France. He resigned, and turned from politics to literature. Ten years later he was reinstated in his professorship. In 1869 he was elected to the Corps Législatif, where he acted with the extreme left. After the fall of the empire he was one of those who proposed that Thiers should be made chief executive; and later, he was one of the fifteen called by the government to assist in arranging peace with Prussia. He was elected life-senator in 1875, and stood with the republican minority. In 1880 he accepted the portfolio of foreign affairs under Jules Ferry. When Gambetta came to power in 1881 Saint-Hilaire returned to literature. At the age of eighty-

nine he published a controversial work of remarkable power on Victor Cousin. His original works were numerous; among them *Buddha and His Religion* (1860); *Mahomet and the Koran* (1865); *Philosophy of the Two Ampères* (1866).

THE GOOD OF BUDDHISM.

There is so much to be said against Buddhism that it may be as well to begin by the good that can be justly attributed to it, for, limited as our praise must be, it will at least mitigate in some degree the severity of the judgment that must follow.

The most striking feature of Buddhism, that is, as founded by the Buddha, is its practical tendency. The Buddha sets himself a great problem, which is no less than that of the salvation of mankind and even of the whole universe; and he seeks its solution by the most direct and practical method. It is true that, considering himself a philosopher, he might have indulged in speculative analysis, but the Brahmans had made such an abuse of this process that the Reformer deemed it better to abstain from it. For in seeking to penetrate into the origin of things, it is necessary to avoid sinking into needless obscurity, and speak only to a school instead of addressing the masses. Philosophy, even when it does not aim at founding a religion, should never lose sight of its first duty, which is to serve humanity; and the philosopher who is satisfied to understand and to save himself alone, by the truth he has discovered, is little worthy of his name. If these truths were to be solely for the advantage of one individual, they would lose their value; and as for the mass of humanity, the practice of morality is of more importance than the principle on which it is grounded; it is a credit to philosophers that they induce men to live according to what is right rather than to think according to the principles of philosophy. All reforms must be preceded and strengthened by the long study which science demands; but when the reformer at last appears upon the

scene, his teaching should be as clear and simple as possible. He speaks to the people and not to the learned. He must lead minds rather than enlighten them.

Moreover, although his aim was to convert and guide the masses, Sakya-muni does not endeavor to attract them by gross allurements, he does not flatter their passions; and the joys he promises them are neither earthly nor material. Contrary to most religious legislators, he does not predict to his followers either conquests, power or riches; he calls them to eternal salvation or rather annihilation, which he confounds with salvation, by the narrow path of virtue, knowledge, and austerity. It is a great deal to expect of man, but evidently not too much; and it is well for us to hear such a noble appeal to the human heart in times so remote and in countries which our civilization has been accustomed to disdain. We too willingly fancy that these noble aspirations belong only to ourselves, and we are surprised at discovering the same in others. It was not in the Vedas or the religion that emanated from them that the Reformer found these lessons of self-renunciation. But the Brahmanic philosophy was not that base and selfish kind of worship, which consists in a mutual interchange between man and the gods — of homage and assistance. It had soared into the higher regions of thought, and the system of Kopilia alone suffices to show that Sakya-muni has made no innovation in preaching eternal deliverance. The whole of Brahmanic India had the same solemn turn of thought. Sakya-muni shared it, but did not originate it.

His true glory, which no one can dispute, is the boundless charity which filled his soul. The Buddha does not think of his own personal salvation; he seeks above all to save others, and it is in order to show them the infallible road to Nirvana that he leaves the Abode of Joy, the Tushita, and that he comes back to endure the risk and ordeal of a last incarnation. He does not redeem mankind by offering himself as a sublime victim; he only proposes to instruct them by his teaching and example. He leads them in the path from which there is no straying, and he guides them to the haven from which there is no return. No doubt the spirit of Christianity has in-

spired more beautiful and elevated sentiments, but six or seven centuries before its appearance it is wonderful to find this admirable conception, associating all men in a common faith, and uniting them in the same esteem and the same love.

This is how Buddha was able to say, without presumption or error, that "his law was a law of grace for all," and how, although he did not attack the odious and degrading system of caste, he destroyed that fundamental basis of Brahmanic society. He never saw, it is true, the real principle of human equality, because he never rightly understood moral equality; but if he did not comprehend the real nature of man, he at least knew that if all men are equal in suffering, they ought also to be equal in deliverance. He endeavors to teach them to free themselves from disease, old age, and death; and as all beings are exposed to these necessary evils, they all have a right to the teaching which by enlightening them is to free them. In the presence of the same amount of misery, he perceives no social distinction; the slave is for him as great as a king's son. He is struck, not so much by the abuses and the evils of the society in which he lives, as by those which are inseparable from humanity itself, and it is to the suppression of these that he devotes himself, the others appearing to him very insignificant in comparison. The Buddha did not limit himself to curing Indian society, his aim was to cure mankind.

This great elevation and large-mindedness is certainly to be admired, for although man is not entirely as the Buddha saw him, the victim of suffering, yet he is so more or less, and it was a generous enterprise to have sought to deliver him from its bondage.

The means employed by the Buddha to convert and purify the human heart are not less noble, and they are characterized by an unfailing gentleness. He never seeks to compel, but only to persuade men. He even makes allowance for their weakness, varying in a thousand ways the means of impressing them; and when a too inflexible and austere language might repel them, he has recourse to the more persuasive teaching of parables. He chooses

the most familiar examples, and by the simplicity of his expressions suits his lessons to the capacity of his hearers. He teaches them to lighten the weight of their sins by confession, and to atone for them by repentance.

He even goes further. As it is already a great evil to have to expiate sin, the essential point is therefore to teach man not to commit it; for if he never falls, he will not have to retrieve himself. Hence, in the doctrine of Sakya-muni are such wise and well-defined precepts, such just and delicate prohibition of certain actions. He undertakes and advises an incessant struggle against the body and its passions and desires; the body is in his eyes the sole enemy of man, and although the Buddha does not use this precise expression, it is in truth the aim of his asceticism. Man must overcome the body, he must extinguish the burning lusts that consume him. If the Buddha strenuously enforces absolute celibacy on his monks, he also enjoins chastity and decency on all the faithful, virtues that the Brahmans constantly violated, but which a secret instinct reveals to all men.

To these virtues he adds others still more difficult and no less useful, namely: patience and resignation, including the necessary energy to suffer courageously inevitable evil; fortitude and even indifference under all adversities and sufferings; above all humility, that other form of renunciation of worldly goods and greatness, which was not only practised by poor mendicants, "sons of Sakya," but also by the most powerful kings. From humility to forgiveness of injuries is but a step; and although the Buddha does not lay this down as a precept, his whole doctrine tends to this mutual forbearance, so indispensable to all human societies. The very belief in transmigration helped him; the first sentiment of a Buddhist under an insult or an outrage of violence is not anger; he is not angry, because he does not believe in injustice. He simply thinks that in some former existence he has committed a sin which in this one deserves the punishment he receives. Instead of accusing his enemy or his oppressor, he accuses himself. Far from thinking of revenge, he only sees a lesson in the adversity he endures, and his sole idea is how he can

henceforth avoid the sin that has rendered it necessary, and which, if renewed, would also renew the punishment that has already followed it. When the young prince Kunala, whose touching history is related in the legends, undergoes a painful and iniquitous torture, he forgives his cruel stepmother who persecutes him, he forgives his deluded father, and he thinks only of his past sins, by which he must have deservedly called down upon himself such an affliction.

This resignation, which may easily become fear and cowardice in the weak, no doubt leads to the domination and despotism of the strong and wicked; doubtless it also encourages tyranny in those countries which have only known despotism. But in intelligent hands, what an element of order and social peace! What a healing of all the passions which too often destroy concord, and lead to relentless wars!

Add to this, the horror of falsehood, the respect for truth, the sanctity of the bond that unites intelligences; add the reprobation of slandering, or even idle speech; add also the respect for family ties, pious veneration of parents, consideration and esteem for women, who are considered equally with men to be worthy of all religious honors — and we must feel astonished that with so many social virtues Buddhism was not able to found, even in Asia, a tolerable social state or government. First it failed in India itself, where it arose; and in all the countries where it was received, its influence, excellent as it was in some respects, never prevailed sufficiently to reform the political morals of the people, who remained, in spite of it, under the most degrading and arbitrary yoke.—*The Buddha and His Religion.*

SAINTINE, Joseph Xavier Boniface, a French novelist, dramatist and poet: born at Paris, July 10, 1798; died there, January 21, 1865. His début in literature was made at the age of one-and-twenty, when he carried off the prize of the French Academy for some verses, entitled *Bonheur de l'Etude*. Two years later he took a second prize for an essay on teaching, and published soon after his *Picciola*, "a fine tale, full of heart and charmingly told," says Larousse, "which translated into all languages, has won for its author more fame and fortune than have all his other works put together." This touching story of the love of a prisoner for a flower received the Montyon prize of 3,000 francs, and won for its author the cross of the Legion of Honor. Under the pseudonym of Xavier he produced some theatrical compositions, among others, *L'Ours et le Pacha*, in collaboration with Scribe, and *Les Cabinets Particuliers*, with Duvert and Lausanne. In all, he wrote about two hundred vaudevilles, comedies and dramas. Saintine's researches for his novels or his plays were so carefully made as to never violate the historic coloring. *Une Maîtresse sous Louis XIII.* is a study of the time of Richelieu and the customs of those days. Among the best of his theatrical pieces are *L'Homme du Monde; Le Bouffon de Prince; Un Monsieur et Une Dame; Deux Pigeons; Duc d'Olonne; Babiole et Joblot; Riche d'Amour; Henriette et Charlot;* and *Erreurs du Bel Age*. *Jonathan le Visionnaire*, two volumes, appeared in 1825; *Le Mutilé* in 1834; *Les Récits dans la Tourelle*, two volumes, in 1844; *Les Trois Reines*, two volumes,

in 1853; *Seul* in 1857; *Mythologie du Rhin,* 1861; *Chemins des Écoliers,* 1862; *La Seconde Vie,* a revery, in 1864. Saintine also served on the *Revue de Paris; Musée des Familles Siécle; Constitutionnel; Journal Pour Tons* and *La Revue Contemporaine.*

MARRIAGE FOR THE DOG'S SAKE.

My friend Cabassol used to say that a family, to be quite complete, should consist of a father and mother, a son and daughter, and a dog. There was a time indeed when he never would have said it, but that was when he was a bachelor; for he was the crustiest bachelor that I ever knew. He lived by himself in the country, where he smoked his pipe and read his books, and took care of his garden, or walked over the fields with his dog. Yes, he had a dog, a perfect one, named Medor, and in those days he thought a perfect family consisted of a man and his dog. Medor had belonged to a widow lady living at St. Germain en Laye, who thought the world of him, but was in constant fear lest he should be shot; for Medor was a born hunter, and the forest park at St. Germain was an inviting field for four-footed as well as two-footed hunters. The keepers of the park declared they would shoot Medor, if they caught him there again; so his mistress begged me to save his life by finding for him a new master. I thought at once of Cabassol, and I could not have found a better master. He and Medor became at once fast friends, and understood each other perfectly. They were made for one another, and were always together.

But, one day when Medor's nose was in his plate, and he seemed to be thinking of nothing but his dinner, he suddenly raised his head, and, trembling from head to foot, began to howl and whine in a most piteous and unaccountable manner. The door-bell rang: Medor sprang forward, and when Cabassol joined him he found him rolling in an ecstasy of joy at the feet of a stranger, and leaping up and down as if beside himself. It was his old mistress, who had moved from St. Germain to

live in Paris, and had taken this journey for the sake of seeing her old friend Medor. She cried at the welcome her dog had given her. She had come, she said, to ask him back again, for now that she lived in Paris, there was no longer any danger of his life from the foresters. Would not Monsieur Cabassol permit her to have Medor again? She would gladly pay whatever he chose to ask for Medor's board during the three years he had been absent from her, and a round sum besides.

Cabassol looked at her in a furious manner. Give up his dog? Never! "I will not sell my friend at any price," he cried.

The lady grew very angry, because he was likely to make Medor die of grief, by refusing to give him up to her.

"See!" she cried, "he still loves me and no one else." These last words enraged Cabassol; they aroused his pride, and, determined to show her that Medor loved him best, he said, "Come! I have a plan which will soon show you whether Medor loves you more than me. We will go together to yonder hill. There we will separate. You shall go down the southern path, and I will take the northern, that comes back to my house. Medor shall belong to whichever of us he chooses to follow."

"Very well," said she, for she was confident that the dog would follow her. Medor did not quite understand the agreement, but he saw that the two people whom he loved best had shaken hands and stopped quarrelling, and were now talking politely together. He was full of delight, gamboling about them, and petted by both.

When the time came for her to go, the three walked slowly together to the top of the hill — the two, I mean, — for Medor was frisking about them in great glee. At the top they separated, and Cabassol went at once down the northern slope, while the lady went down the southern, and Medor bounded after her. But in a moment he perceived that his master was not with them; he ran back to him; then he saw his mistress was not following, but was keeping on in her path; he ran back to her; then to Cabassol, who was still keeping on in his path; then to his mistress; then to Cabassol, then to

his mistress; then — And so up and down, backward and forward, the road becoming longer and steeper each time. He could not make up his mind which one to leave; he could not understand it at all: he went first to one, then to the other, ten times, and then ten times more, while they, without turning about or saying a word, kept on in their separate paths. At last poor Medor, out of breath, the sweat pouring from him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, fell down completely exhausted, on the very top of the hill where they had separated; and there, turning his head first to the right and then to the left, he tried to follow, with his eyes at least, the two beings to each of whom he had given half his heart.

Cabassol, meanwhile, saw how the poor dog fared, for each time he returned to him he was panting harder. He was seized with pity for him; he resolved to give back Medor to the lady, else he saw that Medor would surely die. He turned up the hill and came to the top.

At the same moment the lady came up the hill from the other side; she, too, out of pity for Medor, had resolved to sacrifice her own feelings and suffer Cabassol to keep the beloved dog. They met at the top over the poor fellow, who was now wagging his tail in a feeble manner, to express his delight.

But how could they make the poor animal submit to a new separation? If he were to go with either alone, it would break his heart. Cabassol reflected. He saw only one way of getting out of the difficulty, and that way, to marry the lady. Would she have him? Yes, for Medor's sake. And so they married to please the dog; and Cabassol came to say, as I told you at first, that a perfect family consists of a father and mother, son and daughter, and a dog.

SAINT-PIERRE, Jacques Henri Bernardine de, a French novelist; born at Havre, January 19, 1737; died at Eragny-sur-Oise, January 21, 1814. He was graduated with honor from the College of Rouen, and entered the army as an engineer, but was soon dismissed for insubordination. He then went to Russia, where he was engaged as an engineer for four years. Returning to his native country, he obtained a commission as engineer for the Isle of France. After a residence there of three years he returned to Paris and devoted himself to literature, and soon became intimate with Rousseau and other distinguished writers of the time. He published *Voyage to the Isle of France* (1773); *Studies of Nature* (1784); *Paul and Virginia* (1788); *The Desires of a Solitary* (1789); *The Indian Cottage* and *Harmonies of Nature* (1791).

Saint-Pierre enjoyed the patronage of Louis XVI., Joseph Bonaparte, and Emperor Napoleon, and is justly regarded as one of the best prose writers of France. He is best known by his tale *Paul and Virginia.* The scene of this story is laid in the island of Mauritius, and contains many descriptions of tropical scenery, climatic phenomena, and productions. It has been translated into many languages — into English by Helen Maria Williams, in 1796. Saint-Pierre married a daughter of Pierre Didot, a Paris bookseller, and had two children, named respectively Paul and Virginia.

THE SHIPWRECK.

"Let us go," said I to Paul, "toward that part of the island, and meet Virginia. It is only three leagues from hence."

Accordingly we bent our course thither. The heat was suffocating. The moon had risen, and it was encompassed by three large, black circles. A dismal darkness shrouded the sky; but the frequent flashes of lightning discovered long chains of thick clouds, gloomy, low-hung, and heaped together over the middle of the island, after having rolled with great rapidity from the ocean, although we felt not a breath of wind upon the land. As we walked along we thought we heard peals of thunder; but after listening more attentively we found they were the sound of distant cannon, repeated by the echoes. These sounds, joined to the tempestuous aspect of the heavens, made me shudder. I had little doubt that they were signals of distress from a ship in danger. In half an hour the firing ceased, and I felt the silence more appalling than the dismal sounds which had preceded.

We hastened on, without uttering a word or daring to communicate our apprehensions. At midnight we arrived on the sea-shore of that part of the island. The billows broke against the beach with a horrible noise, covering the rocks and the strand with their foam, of a dazzling whiteness, and blended with sparks of fire. By their phosphoric gleams we distinguished, notwithstanding the darkness, the canoes of the fishermen, which they had drawn far upon the sand.

Near the shore at the entrance of a wood, we saw a fire, round which several of the inhabitants were assembled. Thither we repaired, in order to repose ourselves till morning. . . .

We remained on the spot till the break of day, when the weather was too hazy to admit of our distinguishing any object at sea, which was covered by fog. All we could descry was a dark cloud, which they told us was the isle of Amber, at the distance of a quarter of a league from the coast.

At seven in the morning we heard the beat of drums in the woods, and soon after the governor, M. de la Bourdonnois, arrived on horseback, followed by a detachment of soldiers, and a great number of islanders and blacks. He ranged his soldiers on the beach, and ordered them to make a general discharge of musketry, which was no sooner done than we perceived a glimmering light upon the water, which was instantly succeeded by the sound of a gun. We judged that the ship was at no great distance, and ran toward that part where we had seen the light. We now discerned through the fog the hull and tackling of a large vessel, and, notwithstanding the noise of the waves, we were near enough to distinguish the whistle of the boatswain at the helm, and the shouts of the mariners.

As soon as the vessel perceived that we were near enough to give her succor, she continued to fire guns regularly at intervals of three minutes. M. de la Bourdonnois caused great fires to be lighted at certain distances upon the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighborhood in search of provisions, planks, cables, and empty barrels. A crowd of people soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes, loaded with provisions and rigging. One of the most aged of the planters, approaching the governor, said to him:

"We have heard all night noises in the mountain and in the forests; the leaves of the trees are shaken, although there is no wind; the sea-birds seek refuge upon the land. It is certain that all these signs announce a hurricane."

"Well, my friends," answered the governor, "we are prepared for it; and no doubt the vessel is also."

Everything, indeed, presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The centre of the clouds in the zenith was of a dismal black, while their skirts were fringed with a copper hue. The air resounded with the cries of the frigate-bird, the cut-water, and a multitude of other sea-birds who, notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere, hastened from all points of the horizon to seek for shelter in the island.

About nine in the morning, we heard on the side toward the ocean the most terrific noise, as if torrents of water, mingled with thunder, were rolling down the steeps of the

mountains. A general cry was heard—"There is the hurricane!" and in one moment a frightful whirlwind scattered the fog which had covered the isle of Amber and its channel. The vessel then presented itself to our view, her gallery crowded with people, her yards and maintop-mast laid upon the deck, her flag shivered, with four cables at her head, and one by which she was held at the stern.

She had anchored between the isle of Amber and the mainland, within that chain of breakers which encircles the island, and which bar she had passed over, in a place where no vessel had ever gone before. She presented her head to the waves which rolled from the open sea; and as each billow rushed into the straits, the ship heaved so that her bow was in the air, and at the same moment her stern, plunging into the water, disappeared altogether, as if it had been swallowed up by the surges. In this position, driven by the winds and the waves toward the shore, it was impossible for her to return by the passage through which she had made her way, or, by cutting her cables, to throw herself upon the beach, by which she was separated by sand-banks mingled with breakers. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, and threw planks to the distance of fifty feet upon the land. The sea, swelled by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the channel between the island and the isle of Amber was but one vast sheet of white foam, with yawning pits of black, deep billows. The foam boiling in the gulf was more than six feet high; and the winds which swept its surface bore it over the steep coast more than half a league upon the land. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally as far as the foot of the mountain, appeared like snow issuing from the ocean, which was now confounded with the sky. Thick clouds of a horrible form swept along the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as rocks. No spot of azure could be discerned in the firmament, only a pale, yellow gleam displayed the objects of earth, sea, and skies.

From the violent efforts of the ship what we dreaded happened. The cables at the head of the vessel were torn away; it was then held by one anchor only, and was in-

stantly dashed upon the rocks, at the distance of half a cable's length from the shore. A general cry of horror issued from the spectators. Paul rushed toward the sea when, seizing him by the arm, I exclaimed:

"Would you perish!"

"Let me save her," cried he, "or die!"

Seeing that despair deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord round his waist, and seized hold of each end. Paul then precipitated himself toward the ship, now swimming, and now walking upon the breakers. Sometimes he had the hope of reaching the vessel, which the sea, in its irregular movements, had left almost dry, so that you could have made its circuit on foot; but suddenly the waves, advancing with new fury, shrouded it beneath mountains of water, which then lifted it upright upon its keel. The billows at the same moment threw the unfortunate Paul far upon the beach, his legs bathed in blood, his bosom wounded, and himself half-dead. The moment he had recovered his senses, he arose, and returned with new ardor toward the vessel, the parts of which now yawned asunder from the violent strokes of the billows. The crew, then despairing of their safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea, upon yards, planks, hen-coops, tables, and barrels.

At this moment we beheld a young lady in the gallery at the stern of the vessel, stretching out her arms toward him who made so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia: she had discovered her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of her, exposed to such danger, filled us with unutterable despair. With a firm and dignified mien, she waved her hand, as if bidding us an eternal farewell. All the sailors had flung themselves into the sea except one, who, divested of his clothing, still remained upon the deck. This man approached Virginia with respect, and kneeling at her feet attempted to force her to throw off her garments; but she modestly repulsed him, and turned away her head. Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators—"Save her! Save her! Do not leave her!" But at that moment an enormous billow plunged itself between the isle of Amber and the coast, and menaced the shattered vessel, toward which it rolled bellowing, with its

black sides and foaming head. At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself into the sea; and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, placed one hand upon her clothing, the other on her heart, and, lifting up her eyes, seemed an angel prepared to take her flight to Heaven.

Oh, day of horror! Everything was swallowed up by the relentless billows! The surge threw some of the spectators far upon the beach, whom an impulse of humanity prompted to advance toward Virginia and the sailor who had endeavored to save her life. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeling upon the sand, exclaimed, "O my God! Thou hast saved my life; but I would have given it willingly for that poor young woman!"

Domingo and myself drew Paul senseless to the shore, the blood flowing from his eyes and ears. The governor put him into the hands of a surgeon, while we sought along the beach for the corpse of Virginia. But the wind having changed — which frequently happens during hurricanes — our search was in vain; and we lamented that we could not even pay this unfortunate young woman the last sad sepulchral rites. We retired from the spot, overwhelmed with dismay, and our minds wholly occupied by one cruel loss, although numbers had perished in the wreck. Some of the spectators seemed tempted, from the fatal destiny of this virtuous young woman, to doubt the existence of Providence. Alas! there are in life such terrible, such unmerited evils, that even the hope of the wise is sometimes shaken.

In the meantime Paul, who began to recover his senses, was taken to a house in the neighborhood till he was able to be removed to his own habitation. Thither I bent my way, with Domingo, and undertook the sad task of preparing Virginia's mother and her friend for the melancholy event which had happened.

When we reached the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan-Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown many pieces of the wreck into the opposite bay. We descended toward it, and one of the first objects which struck my sight was the corpse of Virginia. The body was half-covered with sand, and in the attitude

in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not changed; her eyes were closed, her countenance was still serene; but the pale violets of death were blended on her cheek with the blush of virgin modesty. One of her hands was placed upon her clothing, and the other, which she held over her heart, was fast closed, and so stiffened that it was with difficulty I took from its grasp a small box. How great was my emotion when I saw that it contained a picture of Paul, which she had promised him never to part with while she lived. At the sight of this last mark of the fidelity and tenderness of the unfortunate girl, I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast, and pierced the air with his cries. We carried the body of Virginia to a fisher's hut, and gave it in charge of some poor Malabar women, who carefully washed away the sand.— *Paul and Virginia.*

SAINTSBURY, George Edward Bateman, an English critic and translator; born at Southampton, October 23, 1845. He was educated at King's College School, London. In 1863 he was elected to a pastmastership at Merton College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1868, and that of M.A. in 1873. After holding for a few months a mastership in the Manchester Grammar School, he became senior classical master in Elizabeth College, Guernsey, and held that post from 1868 to 1874. In the latter year he was appointed to the head-mastership of the Elgin Educational Institute, which he resigned in 1876. For many years he has been a frequent contributor to the London periodical press on literary and political subjects. He has also published *A Primer of French Literature* (1880); *Dryden*

(1881), in the series of *English Men of Letters; French Lyrics* (1882); *A Short History of French Literature* (1882); *Specimens of French Literature* (1883); *Specimens of English Prose Style* (1885); *Marlborough* (1885), in the series of *English Worthies;* besides contributing to the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* superintending a revised edition of Scott's *Dryden,* editing several volumes of *Selections from French Authors* for the Clarendon Press, and furnishing Prefaces to some reprints of English classics. In 1893 he edited *Herrick* and *Fielding.* Later he edited and translated the works of Balzac, and published a version of that writer's *Chouans.* Other works of his are *Essays on English Literature* (1890); *Essays on French Novelists* (1891); *Political Verse* (1891); *Seventeenth Century Lyrics* (1891); an edition of Florio's *Montaigne* (1892); a translation of the *Heptameron* (1894); *Corrected Impressions* (1895); *The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory* (1897); *Sir Walter Scott* (1897); *Matthew Arnold* (1899); *A History of Criticism* (1900), and *The Earlier Renaissance* (1901). He is also editor of *The Pocket Library of English Literature.*

THE RELATION OF FRENCH TO LATIN.

Of all European literatures the French is, by general consent, that which possesses the most uniformly fertile, brilliant, and unbroken history. In actual age it may possibly yield to others, but the connection between the language of the oldest and the language of the newest French literature is far closer than in these other cases, and the fecundity of mediæval writers in France far exceeds that of their rivals elsewhere. For something like three centuries England, Germany, Italy, and, more doubtfully and to a smaller extent, Spain, were content for the most part to borrow the matter and the manner of their literary work

from France. This brilliant literature was however long before it assumed a regularly organized form, and in order that it might do so a previous literature and a previous language had to be dissolved and precipitated anew. With a few exceptions, to be presently noticed, French literature is not to be found till after the year 1000, that is to say, until a greater lapse of time had passed since Cæsar's campaigns than has passed from the later date to the present day. Taking the earliest of all monuments, the Strasburg *Oaths,* as a starting-point, we may say that French language and French literature were nine hundred years in process of formation. The result was a remarkable one in linguistic history. French is unquestionably a daughter of Latin, yet it is not such a daughter as Italian or Spanish. A knowledge of the older language would enable a reader who knew no other to spell out, more or less painfully, the meaning of most pages of the two Peninsular languages; it would hardly enable him to do more than guess at the meaning of a page of French. The long process of gestation transformed the appearance of the new tongue completely, though its grammatical forms and the bulk of its vocabulary are beyond all question Latin. The history of this process belongs to the head of language, not of literature, and must be sought elsewhere. It is sufficient to say that the first mention of a *lingua romana rustica* is found in the seventh century, while allusions in Latin documents show us its gradual use in pulpit and market-place, and even as a vehicle for the rude songs of the minstrel, long before any trace of written French can be found.— *From A Short History of French Literature.*

SAINT-SIMON, Louis de Rouvroy, a French statesman, soldier and memorialist; born at Versailles, January 15, 1675; died at La Ferté, near Paris, March 2, 1755. He was a son of a duke and peer of France, a descendant of Charlemagne, and early became a duke and peer himself. His studies were pursued under the direction of his mother, Charlotte de l'Aubespine, and he became proficient in Latin, German, and history. He entered the French army and distinguished himself during the siege of Namur in 1691, and in other campaigns, but resigned his commission in 1702. He became prominent at the French Court, opposed the Jesuits, and in 1704 proposed to end the Spanish war of succession by ceding land to Austria, and his suggestions were in a measure adopted as a basis for the treaty of Utrecht. After the death of Louis XIV. he became a member of the council, and aided the Duke of Orleans in obtaining the regency. He negotiated the marriage of the Infanta of Spain with Louis XV., and soon after his return from Madrid abandoned his relations with the government and retired to his estates.

The *Memoirs* of Saint-Simon extend over a long period, and refer chiefly to the latter days of Louis XIV., and relate every trivial circumstance that occurred at Court during this period. Shortly after his death his manuscripts were seized by the government and placed under lock and key. Duclos, Marmontel, Mme. du Deffand, Voltaire and a few others had access to these documents, and just before the French Revolution, extracts, imperfect and without authorization, began to appear. The first edition was published

in 1829, and made a great sensation. Many French editions of this work have been issued. The first excellent French edition is that published by M. Cheruel (20 vols., 1856–59). An abridged English translation was published by Bayle St. John (2 vols., 1857; new ed., 1875).

CHARACTER OF MONSEIGNEUR.

Monseigneur was rather tall than short; very fat, but without being bloated; with a very lofty and noble aspect without any hardness, and he would have had a very agreeable face if M. le Prince de Conti had not unfortunately broken his nose in playing while they were both young. He was of a very beautiful, fair complexion; he had a face everywhere covered with a healthy red, but without expression; the most beautiful legs in the world; his feet singularly small and delicate. He wavered always in walking, and felt his way with his feet; he was always afraid of falling, and if the path was not perfectly even and straight, he called for assistance. He was a good horseman, and looked well when mounted; but he was not a bold rider. When hunting — they had persuaded him that he liked this amusement — a servant rode before him; if he lost sight of this servant he gave himself up for lost, slacked his pace to a gentle trot, and oftentimes waited under a tree for the hunting-party, and returned to it slowly. He was very fond of the table, but always without indecency. Ever since that great attack of indigestion, which was taken at first for apoplexy, he made but one real meal a day and was content — although a great eater, like the rest of the royal family. Nearly all his portraits well resemble him.

As for his character he had none; he was without enlightenment or knowledge of any kind, radically incapable of acquiring any; very idle, without imagination or productiveness; without taste, without choice, without discernment; neither seeing the weariness he caused others, nor that he was a ball moving at haphazard by the impulsion of others; obstinate and little to excess in everything;

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amazingly credulous and accessible to prejudice, keeping himself, always, in the most pernicious hands, yet incapable of seeing his position or of changing it; absorbed in his fat and his ignorance; so that without any desire to do ill he would have made a pernicious king.

His avariciousness, except in certain things, passed all belief. He kept an account of his personal expenditure, and knew to a penny what his smallest and his largest expenses amounted to. He spent large sums in building, in furniture, in jewels, and in hunting, which he made himself believe he was fond of. . . .

Monseigneur was, I have said, ignorant to the last degree, and had a thorough aversion for learning; so that, according to his own admission, ever since he had been released from the hands of teachers he had never read anything but the *Gazette de France,* in which deaths and marriages are recorded. His timidity, especially before the King, was equal to his ignorance, which indeed contributed not a little to cause it. The King took advantage of it, and never treated him as a son, but as a subject. He was the monarch always, never the father. Monseigneur had not the slightest influence with the King. If he showed any preference for a person it was enough! That person was sure to be kept back by the King. The King was so anxious to show that Monseigneur could do nothing that Monseigneur after a time did not even try. He contented himself by complaining occasionally in monosyllables, and by hoping for better times.—*Memoires; translation of* BAYLE ST. JOHN.

SALA, GEORGE AUGUSTUS HENRY, an English journalist and novelist; born at London, November 24, 1828; died at Brighton, December 8, 1895. He was educated for an artist, but devoted himself to literature, and contributed to *Household Words,* the *Cornhill Magazine, All*

the Year Round, and other periodicals. In 1860 he founded the *Temple Bar Magazine,* of which he became editor. He was special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph,* from various countries. He twice visited America — in 1879 and in 1885, and gave lectures in the principal cities. Among his numerous works are *How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser* (1858); *Twice Around the Clock; or, Hours of the Day and Night in London* (1859); *A Journey Due North: A Residence in Russia* (1859); *Make Your Game* (1860); *Dutch Pictures, with Some Sketches in the Flemish Manner* (1861); *Seven Sons of Mammon* (1861); *Accepted Addresses* (1862); *Ship Chandler and Other Tales* (1862); *Two Prima Donnas and the Dumb Poor Porter* (1862); *Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous* (1863); *Quite Alone* (1864); *My Diary in America in the Midst of the War* (1865); *Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Route* (1865); *From Waterloo to the Peninsula* (1866); *Rome and Venice* (1869); *Under the Sun: Essays Written in Hot Countries* (1872), and *Cookery in its Historical Aspects* (1875); *Paris Herself Again* (1882); *America Revisited* (1882); *A Journey Due South* (1885); *London Up to Date* (1894), and *Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala* (1895).

THE GROWTH OF A RUMOR.

In the first place, people said in the city, and knew it for a fact, that the Bank of England had raised its rate of discount. The tightening of that financial screw of course had immediately produced a corresponding tightness in the money-market. Money was no longer to be had on easy terms "in the street"— I wish that I knew when it was to be had on easy terms in the houses; bid-

ders were firm, and wouldn't look even at the best of paper. Merchants reputed wealthy came with gloomy countenances out of the parlors of the great discount houses in Lombard and Throgmorton Streets, their still unnegotiated securities in their pockets. Things, to be brief, did not look at all well in the city.

Things looked up the next day a little; then they looked straight forward then sideways; then down again, and worse than ever. There could not be a panic, there could not be a crash, people said, because, you see, there had never been so much money in the country, or so many visitors in London. Trade was flourishing; gold was coming in from California; mechanics and laborers were in full work; many of the great houses which had begun to falter and tremble a little gradually recovered themselves. The Bank screw was relaxed; the merchants reputed wealthy went into Lombard Street parlors with hopeful, and came out with joyful, countenances; the Stock Exchange resumed its wonted joviality; there were no shadows but one — a great, black shadow it was — where money-mongers most do congregate. Peace and prosperity in the world, commercial and financial prosperity seemed to be returning; and yet — things did not look at all well in the city.

Things had their worst aspect, the great Shadow had its blackest hue, and hung like an imminent pall, in and over a place called Beryl Court. People — that is, the people who were supposed to know a thing or two — talked all day long about Beryl Court, and about Mammon, the proprietor and potentate thereof. And, while they talked, it was curious to mark that they did not seem to know on what particular peg to hang their conversation. They fastened, as a preliminary peg, upon Sir Jasper Goldthorpe; but the baronet was convalescent; he had been to the Derby; he was at business the next day, and, in the evening, was to give a grand dinner-party to certain illustrious foreigners then sojourning in the British metropolis. The banquet was to be followed by a grand ball. It was during the day of which this was to be the triumphant conclusion that people in the city talked most about Sir Jasper Goldthorpe.

Who were those poeple? I cannot with certainty determine, any more than I can fix with exactitude upon him who first states authority that Consols shall be ninety-seven and an eighth; that French Three-percents shall be sixty-five and a quarter. Somebody must say so in the first instance, of course, in deference, perhaps, to somebody else. Somebody else agrees with him; a third assentient adds his voice, and the quotation of the Funds is stricken.

But it may have been in Cornhill or in Capel Court, in Lombard or Old Broad Street, that a White Waistcoat (corpulent) brushes against a Blue Frock-coat (sparely built). To them enter a Drab Felt Hat; and a Brown Silk Umbrella, with an ivory handle, makes up a fourth.

Says White Waistcoat, "I hear for a certainty that it's all over with him."

"You don't say so," ejaculates Blue Frock-coat. "It's true I did hear some very queer rumors at the club this morning."

"He can't last twenty-four hours. He *must* go; I know it for a fact," Brown Silk Umbrella adds, giving himself a thwack on the pavement.

"That's bad," joins in Drab Hat; "and, to tell the truth, I've heard a good deal about it myself since yesterday afternoon. They say it's been a long time coming. He was always a close customer, and kept things pretty snugly to himself; but the truth will ooze out somehow."

"Ah," remarks White Waistcoat, "he'd better have taken partners."

"He never would, though," Drab Hat continues, shaking a shrewd head inside it. "They might have known a great deal too much about the affairs of the house to be quite convenient."

"How much will he go for?"

"A couple of millions at least."

"Say a million and a half."

"I'll bet it's over two, and that there won't be half-a-crown in the pound assets. There never is in these great paper-crashes. Money will make money of itself just by

turning itself over; but, when paper goes to the bad, it doesn't leave enough residue to light a rushlight with."

"What's the secret? what has he been doing? He's been in no great speculation in our market lately?"

"You don't know how many hundred he's been at the bottom of, and behind the scenes of. He was always such an old Slyboots. They say he bolstered up the Duffbury Bank for years."

"Ah! I've heard that. He had something to do, too, with Jubson's patents for raising wrecks with spun-glass cables."

"That big mill that was burned down at Rockdale in May, and wasn't insured, was his property, so I've heard."

"Hadn't he something to do with the Inland Heliogabolu Docks in Paris?"

"Don't know; but I'm sure he had the concession of the Montevidean Railway. I saw it in *Galignani*. You know, the one that was to join the General South and Central American Trunk Line — tunnel under Chimborazo, and run a branch to Tehuantepec."

"Ah! that was a nice little spec; to say nothing of the Ulululu copper mines."

"And the Pitcairn's Island Packet-service."

"And the loan to the Republic of Prigas."

"And the quicksilver affair in Barataria."

"And the Grand Lama of Tibet's Lottery."

"And the Polar Circle Tallow-melting and Ice-preserving Company."

"Pshaw! any one of these things might have turned up trumps"— it is Silk Umbrella who speaks —"it's all touch and go. It isn't that rock he's split upon. It's Paper; giving good money for bad bills, and lending huge sums to Houses that never existed."

"And borrowing bigger sums to pay the interest," opines White Waistcoat.

"It isn't that," breaks in Drab Hat, shaking the shrewd head inside again. "I'll tell you what it is. *It's Austria. . . .*"

White Waistcoat, Silk Umbrella, Blue Frock-coat, Drab Hat, all of them go their several ways, and by and by form into other groups, with other articles of raiment

with human beings within them; and the rumor swells and swells, and is a rolling stone that gathers moss, and a snowball that grows bigger, and an avalanche that comes tumbling, and a cataract that comes splashing, and a thundercloud that bursts, and a volcano that vomits forth its lava and sends up its scoriæ, and a tempest that tears up the golden trees by the roots and scatters the silver plains, and an earthquake that yawns, sudden and tremendous, and engulfs Mammon and his millions forever. — *The Seven Sons of Mammon.*

SALIS-SEEWIS, JOHANN GAUDENZ VON, a German poet; born at Seewis, Switzerland, December 26, 1762; died at Malans, January 29, 1834. He entered the army, was captain of the Swiss Guard at Versailles, and at the beginning of the Revolution served in Savoy under General Montesquiou. In 1793 he returned to Switzerland, married, and settled at Malans, whence he was driven for political reasons. He resided for some years in Utrecht; but spent the last years of his life in Malans. His poems were first published collectively in 1790. The last edition was issued in 1839. Many of his verses are of great beauty, but few have been translated into English. He belongs to the Klopstock school of writers, and his productions are akin to those of Matthison and Brun. Some of his songs have been translated by Longfellow.

HARVEST-SONG.

Autumn winds are sighing,
Summer glories dying,
Harvest-time is nigh.

Cooler breezes, quivering,
Through the pine-groves shivering,
Sweep the troubled sky.

See the fields, how yellow!
Clusters, bright and mellow,
Gleam on every hill!
Nectar fills the fountains,
Crowns the sunny mountains,
Runs in every rill.

Now the lads are springing,
Maidens blithe are singing,
Swells the harvest strain:
Every field rejoices;
Thousand thankful voices
Mingle on the plain.

Then when day declineth,
And the mild moon shineth,
Tabors sweetly sound;
And, while they are sounding,
Fairy feet are bounding
O'er the moonlit ground.

— *Translation of* C. T. Brooks.

THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

THE GRAVE.

The grave is deep and silent,
How fearful 'tis to stand
Upon its verge! it shroudeth
With gloom an unknown land.

The nightingale may warble,
It heareth not the sound;
And friendship strews its roses
But on its mossy mound.

In vain the bride deserted
Doth wring her hands and weep:
Oh, ne'er the orphan's wailing
Shall pierce its gloomy deep.

Yet, elsewhere thy endeavor,
Shall not by peace be crowned;
Alone through this dark portal
The path of home is found.

By storms and tempests shattered,
The heart, pierced to the core,
No lasting peace e'er findeth
But where it beats no more.

— *Translation of* A. BASKERVILLE.

SALLET, FRIEDRICH VON, a German poet; born at Neisse, April 20, 1812; died at Reichau, February 21, 1843. His first instruction was received at the Gymnasium of Breslau, and at the cadet school of Potsdam, which he left in 1826 for that of Berlin. An officer of the garrison of Mayence in 1829, he wrote in 1830, *New Satire on the Life of a Trooper,* which caused his condemnation to sixteen years of detention in a fortress and the loss of his rank. This sentence, afterward mitigated to two years, was commuted by the King to about two months. In 1834 Sallet returned to Berlin, where he was a frequent attendant at the General Military Academy and the lectures in philosophy of Hegel. In 1838 he left the army, and settling at Breslau occupied himself with literary and poetical works. In Silesian contemporary poetry, we find four different strains, which are represented by as many schools. These are the sentimental and romantic school, the satiric and humoristic, the didactic, and the patriotic school. We have from him *Lyric Poems* (1835); *Sparks,* a collection of epigrams; *The Crazy Bottle,* a comic poem, and *Fair Isla,* a graceful story, replete with philosophic ideas (1838); *The Gospel of the Laics* (1839), of which the fourth edition appeared in 1847. In 1843 he published his *Explanation of the Second Part of Faust* and a new collection of lyric poems, whose "charm and wit," says Michaud, "become degenerate, when they descend into mere drinking-songs and songs of the chase." The year after his death, in 1844, appeared *Atheists and the Impious of Our Epoch.* A second edition of this book was published

in 1853, and the complete edition of his works in five volumes in 1848.

FALLING STARS.

Oh, know ye not the meaning
  When swiftly eastward flies
Some silver star, whose beaming
  Refulgent, lit the skies?

Yon stars, above us shining,
  With light so wondrous fair,
Bright wreaths of glory twining
  Ten thousand angels are.

As God to these hath given
  The sleeping world in charge,
Around the walls of Heaven
  With watchful eyes they march;

And when on earth below them
  Some struggling soul they see,
With all its wounds would show them,
  And in humility,

For heavenly help is pleading,
  And rest from earthly woe,
Thou'lt see an angel speeding
  On starry wings below!

Upon the mourner's pillow
  Celestial glory beams;
He stills the raging billow,
  He soothes the heart with dreams!

This is the holy meaning
  When swiftly earthward flies
Some silver star, whose beaming
  Refulgent, lit the skies!

— *Translation of* CHARLES W. HUBNER.

SALLUST (Caius Sallustius Crispus), a Roman historian; born at Amiturnum in the Sabine territory, in 86 B.C.; died at Rome in 34 B.C. He went to Rome, where he rose to be Quæstor and Tribune of the People, affiliating himself with the party opposed to the Patricians. In the civil war he espoused the side of Cæsar, and in 45 B.C. was made Governor of Numidia, where he accumulated a great fortune, which enabled him to lay out those magnificent grounds on the Quirinal Hill, still known as "The Gardens of Sallust." Here he devoted himself to the composition of his historical works, the *Bellum Catilinarium* describing the conspiracy of Catiline, and the *Bellum Jugurthinum,* narrating the five years' war between the Romans and Jugurtha, King of Numidia. He also wrote a work, now lost, relating the events between the death of Sulla (78 B.C.) and the year 66 B.C. of Cicero's prætorship. Sallust was wont to put elaborate speeches into the mouths of his characters. Among the most notable of these is that of Marius to the Roman people upon the occasion of his having been appointed (107 B.C.) to the command of the forces against Jugurtha. This discourse must be regarded as Sallust's own statement of the case between the Plebeians and Patricians at Rome.

SPEECH OF CAIUS MARIUS TO THE ROMANS.

It is undoubtedly no easy matter to discharge to the general satisfaction the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on with effect an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money;

to oblige those to serve whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct at the same time a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious and the disaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is in this respect peculiarly hard — that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services rendered by his ancestors, and the multitude he has engaged in his interests, to screen himself from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself, which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware that the eye of the public is upon me; and that though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favor my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is therefore my fixed resolution to use my best endeavors that you be not disappointed in me, and that their sinister designs against me may be defeated.

I have from my youth been familiar with toils and dangers. I was faithful to your interests, my countrymen, when I served you with no reward but that of honor. It is not my design to betray you now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honorable body — a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but of no experience? What service would his long line of dead ancestors, of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do but in his trepidation and inexperience have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would in fact have a general over

him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it. I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved; what they know by reading I know by action.

They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is their objection against me; want of personal worth is mine against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character or of mine, what would they answer but they should wish the worthiest to be their sons?

If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honors bestowed upon me? let them envy likewise my labors, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity as if they despised any honors they can bestow, while they aspire to honors as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors; and they imagine they honor themselves by celebrating their forefathers, whereas they do the very contrary; for as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they distinguished for their vices. The glory of

ancestors indeed casts a light upon their posterity, but only serves to show what the descendants are; it alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honors on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. "He has no statues," they cry, "of his family; he can trace no venerable line of ancestors!" What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors than to become illustrious by one's own behavior? What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armor, and the trappings which I myself have taken from the vanquished; I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honors I boast of. Not left to me by inheritance, as theirs have been; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valor, amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action where these effeminate Patricians, who endeavor by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

SALTUS, EDGAR EVERSTON, an American novelist and poet; born at New York, June 8, 1858. He studied at Paris, Heidelberg and Munich, and in 1880 was graduated from the Columbia Law School. His first book was *Balzac: a Study* (1884), which was followed by *The Philosophy of Disenchantment* (1885); *The Anatomy of Negation* (1886); *Mr. Incoul's Misadventure* (1887); *The Truth About*

EDGAR SALTUS.

Tristrem Varick (1888); *Eden* (1888); *A Transaction in Hearts* (1889); *The Pace That Kills* (1889); *Enthralled* (1894); *When Dreams Come True* (1895); *The Perfume of Eros* (1905).

ARCADIA.

There is a land that stretches far away
Through candors of unviolated dreams —
A land that to the vagrant fancy seems
A paradise of sempiternal May,
And it is called Arcadia, they say,
Within its flower fields are quiet streams
And green and cool retreats, and beauty beams
On every side, while pleasure lords the day.
O lovely land, thou liest far away,
Too far indeed for lagged steps like mine,
Yet I have heard returning travelers say
That on thy frontiers they had marked a sign,
Telling to each that happiness was his,
Where pain is not, and not where pleasure is.

THE QUEENS OF HEARTS.

Once upon a time, a man who was a student, a thinker, an observer, a diner-out and a viveur rolled into one, tried to write a story of love and happiness, and failed. Not at all because he did not know how. He was so great a master I fear to name him. Very skillful he was with the pen. Already he had described everything that is intermediary between the throne and the gutter, every virtue, every phase of existence. Yet a little love story, beginning and ending well, which, to-day, any novelist worth his syndicate would rattle off in no time, was beyond him. It is true he was a realist; he relied not on fancy, but on fact; and it is equally true that for that tale of love and happiness which he attempted and failed to write, not a precedent is to be found.

No; not one. In Daphnis and Chloe, as in Paul and Virginia, the reader is treated to all the delights that a pastoral can convey. But what becomes of Chloe after

the hymeneal torch is lighted? Longus does not tell. And if Virginia had not been waylaid by a storm, what would have become of Paul? Bernardin de St. Pierre is mute. With the later years of Philemon and Baucis we are acquainted, but what were the episodes of their youth? Ovid does not say.

This reticence is commendable. Out of mythology, and even there, apart from the narrative which Apuleius has given of the loves of Cupid and Psyche — loves, parenthetically, which came within an ace, if aces were, of turning into tragedy — there is not in the British Museum, nor in the National Library of France — no, nor even in the K. K. Hofbibliothek at Berlin, where all sophistries are, a single story of happily begun and happily ending love that a conscientious housemaid could recommend to her sister-in-law.

There is Dido, whose pyre is smoking yet; there is Helen, for whom the topless towers of Ilium burned; Daphne, who drowned herself because of Apollo's love; Ariadne, whom Theseus forsook; Thisbe, who killed herself because Pyramus did; Alcestis, who died that Admetis might live. There are these and many another in the long list of prehistoric ladies whose misfortunes stirred us in our nursery.

Aside from the fabulous, the earliest encounterable heroine is Sappho, who threw herself from Leucate when Phaon left her to Atthis and those breaths of song that blew through Mitylene. There, too, is that sweet young girl whom Musacus immortalized, and who, when her lover, Leander, was drowned, drowned herself at his side. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

Denouements such as these are pretty, the prettier even because they happen to be true, but they are not suited to contemporaneous fiction. Obituaries are no longer in demand. The heroine must live and love, if need be, another.

Thereon, until Heloise hid in a nunnery, history holds but one great drama — the story of Antony and that Viper of the Nile. For tragedy, not pure nor even simple, but for real tragedy, commend me to the emotions of that

last night when the silence was stirred by the hum of harps, by the cries of bacchantes bearing the tutelary god back to the Roman camp, while Antony, who had made and unmade kings, bade farewell to love, to empire and to life.

Yet, if history has its gaps, the chronicles of chivalry and romance are instructively replete. There is Guinevere, daughter of Leodigrance, wife of Arthur Pendragon, and there, too, is Sir Launcelot du Lake, "whom she had in favor." And of a truth, as the legend says, "he loved the queen above all other dames and damsels, all his life, and for her did many deeds of arms. Loved her, yes, and with a love that killed her. Killed the king, killed Elaine and killed Sir Launcelot du Lake."

There is Yseult, to whom Tristrem harped the "Lay of Love that Dieth Not" so tellingly that when for love of her he died she sobbed herself to sleep upon his breast. "Neither did they disturb her more," adds Claxton's friend, "for they knew her slumber was death-fast."

There is King Etzel's wife, Kriemheld, of Burgundy, who loved the stainless Siegfried, and when he was slain awoke a war in which she perished, too. "Then," says Sir Thomas Malery, "alone at the board old King Etzel sat and wept. He touched not of the meadhorn, sorrow was his meat, tears had he for drink. So Pain dogs Pleasure's steps. Ended was the feast."

In mediæval epics there are many episodes such as these. There is Gudrum dumb for grief beside the body of her lord. There is Else's vain lament for Loherangrin. There is the terrible tale of Alboin and of Rosamund. There are the pathetic adventures of Blanchardyn and Eglantine, of Floris and of Blanchefler. There are these, many more. When they are not tragic, always they are sad. Melancholy broods and murmurs through them all. They do not make one much in love with love.

To turn from romance to the real, there is Francesca da Rimini and Paola Malatesta — Paolo il Bello — who read together of Launcelot and Guinevere. "Several times during the reading," the girl confided to Dante, "our eyes met and we blushed. Yet when we learned how that tender lover kissed the smile on the mouth he loved, he who

never more shall be separated from me, tremblingly kissed my own. *Qual giorno non vi leggemmo avante.* We read no more that day." No, nor on any other. The slaughter that followed them is choked with mystery, with rime sparse and the dust of years. "Don't touch the dead of Dante," said Ugo Foscolo. "They would frighten the living."

There is Canace and Macare, whom Lydgate in his temple of glass lauds as foremost among the lovers of the world. Rumor has it that Sperone Speroni got the tale from the Latins, who had it from the Greeks. But little matter whence it came; the story and the horror which it unfolds has been re-enacted since time began.

There is the tragedy of Inez de Castro, of which Lopez de Vega made a play, Hondart de la Motte another, and which has passed into history with the annals of the court of Spain.

There is the tragedy of Juliet, which Luigi da Porto got from a Veronese gossip at the baths of Caldera, and which has moved the world to tears. Like the others it happened a long time ago; but as a supporting coincidence it may be remembered that Dante mentions the strife of Capulet and Montague; as another that the Scalas then were princes of Verona. In the French and Spanish versions, Scala becomes Escala; in Shakspeare, Escalus. But, barring coincidences and supposing all these tragedies to be unreal, surely they are pathetic enough to have actually occurred.

The same platitude might apply to the misfortunes of Marguerite, were they due to love instead of Mr. Gounod's librettists. The Gretchen who has wrung our hearts is not Marlowe's property, nor Goethe's, nor Boito's, either. She is of all epochs. She is Ennoia, Prunikos, Helen of Troy. Ignored in Rome, forgotten in apostolic days, she emerged with the Renaissance and has loved, and trusted, and died because of her love and trust, every day of the year since then. Except on the stage, however, her anguish has ceased to distress. Hers is Jenny's case. Fie on it! Never mention her name.

To turn again to the actual, there is Dante, whom Beatrice did not love; there is Petrarch, whom Laura

could not; there is the fervor of Ariosto and Genevra; the fever of Tasso and the princess. Save Laura, who was a self-satisfied person — a Minerva in everything but brains, a Venus in everything but beauty — and Petrarch, who was more or less, and rather more than less, poseur, the rest may inspire sympathy, but hardly emulation. Whoso studies their lives will declare that love is a grievous thing.

In chronicles contemporaneous and subsequent, denouements are much alike. Lovers sup not joy, but sorrow, and with a spoon tolerably long at that. As the pages turn and faces emerge that presently if they do not drip with tears will reek with blood, always you catch the echo of the refrain. "Sono l'Amore, difida di me." There is Bianca Capello, Ginlia of Ferrara, Beatrice Cenci, and with them the long line of phantoms that surge at mention of the name of Borgia or of Medici. Nor was Italy alone with her heroines. England then was weeping for a lady greater than they — for Mary Stuart, imprisoned for her love. And presently in France you will meet the sweetness and sorrow of La Valtiere, the charm and misery of Gabrielle, the pathos and beauty of Agnes. There are other faces, and sadder ones still, that emerge, always to the same refrain until at last Malmaison is reached, and you hear the sobs of Josephine.

"This century is not the greatest," said Renan, with a thoroughly Renanesque perhaps. "But it is the most amusing, and I have enjoyed my promenade through it very much." So have we all, and the enjoyment to many of us has been heightened by that immortal's impeccable prose. As with Hugo departed the glory of French verse, so with Renan departed the glory of its fiction. Renan was the foremost novelist of France, yet, however his Biblical romances may be judged, no one who has given a moment to the *Abbesse de Jonarre* needs to be reminded that he was imbued with the best traditions; that he, too, held love to be a grievous thing.

This tenet, which all master minds have accepted, has, curiously enough, been overlooked in the one department of learning where it might have been beneficial. Mediæval and even more recent literature is well supplied

with treatises on ecclesiastical penances. They are all interesting, and the multitude of punishments recommended — nay, commanded — would satisfy the most exacting, were it not that always the principal one is forgot. Fasting has its advantages, haircloth is very well in its way, the benefits of vigils, silence and abstinence are not to be gainsaid. But the real penance is not self-denial; it is self-indulgence.

The monks and prelates to whom the penitent is indebted for the treatises alluded to, knew, in their austerity, nothing of this, and the omission can be readily understood, but that it is the most sovereign of all, history stands as witness, so clearly, so irrefutably even, that were the present writer able to undertake one of those excursions which Vavasor and Trouvere enjoyed he would, when happily at last he met the lady of his choice, proclaim his eternal affection, and, kneeling at her feet, beseech her, by Eros and the laurel of myrtle, to refuse him everything. And this, not because refusal in itself is exhilerating, but because he would be aware of what the monks, of course, were not — that to mortify the flesh is to gratify it.

SALTUS, FRANCIS SALTUS, an American poet and linguist; born at New York in 1849; died there June 24, 1889. He was educated at Columbia College and studied abroad. He was an able linguist and an accomplished musician. He published much poetry, numerous magazine articles and wrote several comic operas. His works include *Kings of Song; Great Baritones; Romance of the Opera;* and the following volumes of verse: *Honey and Gall; Flask and Flagon; Pastels and Profiles; Moods of Madness; The Witch of Endor,* and *The Bayadere and Other Sonnets.*

NIGHT.

Subtle witness westward wending,
Deep! sweet saviour still unsure,
Silent, soothing, sorrow-sealing
Demure shadow, sad, severe.

LA MANOLA.

A face of pink and marble, tiger-eyes
Fringed by long silken lashes dark as jet;
A narrow mouth high on soft cheeks set;
A fan in hand of Oriental dyes,
Screening delirious spheres that fall and rise
Draped in a frail mantilla's gauzy net;
A satin slipper on a foot that flies
With any queen's, and which will quickly fret
When, near the Prado, sounds of castanet,
Of some great revelry or dance apprise;
A vague, strange look of passion you surprise;
You catch a pleasant curve like mignonette;
She passes — while from sensuous lips there flies
The blue smoke of her twisted cigarette!

BAH!

I.

I see ten thousand men advance,
With musket, cannon, glaive and lance:
They fight until the soil is red,
And half have gone to meet the dead.

. . . . . .

While in a village church, not far away,
I hear the austere, bearded preacher say:
"Poor mortals here below
Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

II.

I see a mother hold her child,
A shrunken thing by croup defiled.
She counts its sobs, she counts its sighs,
And in her nerveless arms it dies.

. . . . .

While in the village-church not far away,
I hear the austere, bearded preacher say,
"Poor mortals here below,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

III.

I see a fertile, sunny town,
Fruitful on mountain slope and down.
Pest passes; and a few remain,
To registrate the cruel bane.

. . . . .

While in the village church, not far away,
I hear the austere, bearded preacher say,
"Poor mortals here below,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

A MOOD OF MADNESS.

TO ————

I asked the pallid woman I called wife,
Chaste, nun-like being, whose will I can not break,
To leave for sin and lust her prayerful life,
And pledge with me a toast for hell's sweet sake.

I longed to chafe her calm soul with alarms,
And with Satanic craft, its candor taint;
Wrench it forever from all churchly charms,
And give the demon access to the saint.

This bigot-gnat that worries God all day,
  Filling his temples with loud psalms and sighs,
Grew pale and answered, "No," as in dismay
  She gazed upon me with her Christ-like eyes.

Ah! from that moment a restless fate
  Dropped from my fungous heart of gall and gloom
Innumerable seeds of rankest hate,
  To germ and in vile vegetations bloom.

She would not pledge with me, but spurned me there,
  As angels would a spitting toad malign;
She left me for some unctuous orgy of prayer —
  The fool, the triple fool — alone with wine!

. . . . . .

Oh, luminous hell, thy gall to me is sweet,
  From thee my sick, sad spirit never shrank;
Remember how in vassalage complete,
  While she belched litanies, to thee I drank.

Did God she sued, grown weary of her voice,
  Protect her from the inferno in me rife?
Did not her hymn-deaf cherubim rejoice
  When at her throat they saw my gleaming knife?

She prayed too much; that night her severed head
  'Mid fruits and viands on my table stood!
Sweet saint! for her an aureole of red
  I made with long wet hair and clotted blood!

And then I closed her Christ-like eyes divine,
  That cursed me; and her great dead thirst to slake,
I filled her livid mouth with glorious wine,
  And the night long she drank for hell's sweet sake!

SANBORN, FRANKLIN BENJAMIN, an American biographer and philanthropist, born at Hampton Falls, N. H., December 15, 1831. He was graduated from Harvard in 1855, became an active member of the Free Soil party, and from 1863 to 1868 was editor of the Boston *Commonwealth*. In October, 1863, he was made secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Charities, and in 1865 assisted in organizing the American Social Science Association. He was one of the founders of the Concord School of Philosophy. His books include: *Life and Letters of John Brown* (1885); *Life of Thoreau* (1882); *Life of A. Bronson Alcott* (1883); *Life of Dr. Howe,* (1891); *The Personality of Thoreau* (1902), and *The Personality of Emerson* (1903).

THOREAU.

He is a little under size, with a huge Emersonian nose, bluish gray eyes, and a ruddy, weather-beaten face. He dresses very plainly, wears his collar turned over like Mr. Emerson's and often an old dress coat, very broad in the skirts, and by no means a fit. He walks about with a brisk rustic air and never seems tired. . . . In our victimizing climate he was fitted for storms or bad walking; his coat must contain special conveniences for a walker with a notebook and a spyglass. The former was a cover for some folded papers, on which he took his outdoor notes; and this was never omitted in rain or shine. He acquired great skill in conveying by a few lines or strokes a long story for his written journal — it might be pages. All measurements with the footrule that he carried, or the surveyor's tape, went down in this notebook. To his memory he never trusted for a fact, but to the page and the pencil. He wished to have his

suits cut after his fashion, because it was he who was to wear them, not the tailor.— *The Personality of Thoreau.*

MEMORIES OF THOREAU.

Henry Thoreau's room, when I knew him, was rather small, with sloping ceilings, in the attic, looking toward the southwest, which was his favorite view. In this were his bookshelves, made by himself out of river driftwood, toilsomely gathered in his large green boat, which he kept moored, when not in use, at the foot of Ellery Channing's garden, that ran to the river and had a great shelter of willows for shade and fastenings. His small library was on these and his earlier made shelves; his Indian arrowheads and natural history collections were in this room, and the lengthening series of his journals. His furniture was plain and not extensive — a bed, bureau, and two chairs — all carefully kept in order by himself or his sister Sophia, who often accompanied him in his boat, but was not robust enough for long walks. These walks and sails were mostly in the afternoon, for, like Emerson, he devoted the mornings to his books and papers; his evenings were much at the service of his friends, unless some task of writing, lecturing, or mapping his extensive land surveys kept him busy by lamplight. We dined at one or thereabout; his father, a silent, courteous, and slightly deaf old man, sitting at the head of the table in the cheerful dining-room, where Sophia had a small conservatory for her plants; his mother at the foot, and Henry at his father's left hand facing me on the other side. There we carried on long conversations upon every conceivable topic — generally directed by Henry toward the subjects about which he was then reading or exploring; but often interrupted by the lively gossip of Mrs. Thoreau — the most "sociable" and neighborly of dames, in her lace cap with long strings — or by the dramatic narratives of Sophia, who had all the liveliness of her mother, with a more modern culture, and without the occasional tartness that flavored her mother's remarks on persons and things. John Thoreau,

the father, who died four years later, in 1859, was a cheerful but unobtrusive person, who was often said to have assumed deafness a little more than needful in order not to hear too much of his wife's rambles and resources of indignation against this or that townsman who had transgressed her strict rules of honesty and decorum.— *The Personality of Thoreau.*

ELLERY CHANNING.

There died in my house at the Christmas season, 1901, where he had lived with me for more than ten years, after an antecedent friendship of thirty-six years, an aged poet and scholar, Ellery Channing, of whose interesting conversation I made notes from time to time. He had lived through three ages of life, literature, and art; knew personally Dr. Channing the divine (his uncle), Allston the painter (another uncle), Alcott, Emerson, the Danas, Horace Greeley, Hawthorne and Mrs. Hawthorne, Thoreau, Longfellow, and most of the New England literati; had seen and heard Webster and Choate and the two Everetts, Alexander and Edward (the uncles of Dr. Hale); had lived among the New Hampshire mountains and on the Illinois prairies; saw Chicago when it had but five thousand people, and Cincinnati when it was a literary centre for Ohio and Kentucky; and was one of the most exact and appreciative observers of both nature and human nature. His comments thereon were peculiar, seldom expressing his whole mind in one series of remarks, but presenting view after view in a kind of mental kaleidoscope, as his fancy shifted the angle of combination. He was intended by fate for a painter, but did not live up to that intention; he became, however, what in one of his easy-flowing poems he calls himself, an "imaginary painter."—*The Critic Magazine.*

SANBORN, KATHERINE ABBOTT ("KATE SANBORN"), an American lecturer and humorist; born at Hanover, N. H., July 11, 1839. She began life under the favorable auspices of a heritage of marked ability, being the daughter of a former President of Washington University at St. Louis and Professor in Dartmouth College. She also possesses the marked honor of kinship with Daniel Webster.

When a girl of 17 she made her entrance to literary fields, and since that time has held her position, even while engaged as Professor of Literature at Smith College and Instructor of Elocution in Packer Institution. She has published many books, among them being *Home Pictures of the English Poets; A Truthful Woman in Southern California; Wit of Women;* the ever famous *Story of an Abandoned Farm; Round Table Series of Literature Lessons* and *The Vanity and Insanity of Genius.*

A PERSISTENT LOVER.

Once when he had proposed for the second time to a rarely gifted woman, so far above him that he must have been insane to hazard his fortune with her, he was kindly but firmly assisted to the door and launched forth on his homeward way, and the fatigued family sought needed repose.

About 1 o'clock a. m. a thumping at the door awakened the household, and partially dressed, the head of the house went down, armed with a heavy cane, to discover the cause of disturbance, and found the unfortunate elder on his back like a mammoth dorbug, sprawling helpless in the chill of a November night, unable to turn over. In his disappointment, his legs were even less sure than usual.

He made another impressive tableau vivant when, after buying two dozen fresh eggs at the grocer's, he slipped, while tottling down the steps, and sat down heavily in centre of basket, producing a Turneresque pastel effect (or perhaps it would belong more strictly to the French Impressionist School) in the rear view as he was lifted up.

DOWN EAST.

I remember the tramp "Webb Hall" who used to beg for "cold victuals" from door to door; half-cracked, but sometimes shrewd enough. Some men, who happened to be Democrats, were rallying him about his appearance. "Yes, gentlemen," he replied, "you might take me to be a Democrat from my clothes, but I haven't got so low yet as to train with such company!"

Considering himself unjustly treated by a Judge in the Capital of the State, he knew nothing of infernal machines, did not dream of dynamite, but thirsted for revenge in a manly fashion, and would thus explain his plan of action: "I shall buy two guns and do down to Concord and shoot Judge Bemis with one and kill myself with the other, or else I shall wait quietly till spring and see what will become of it."

I also remember certain speeches which are worth preserving, as the statement of a witness when questioned as to the number of students who broke into his store for liquor, that as "near as he could make out there was betwixt six and seven." He afterward figured as the hero of Hoyt's *Temperance Town*.

Or the puzzlement of old Lecomet, over the river, who came one year to petition money to buy a cow, as his had tumbled over a precipice and broken its neck. It was given. But at the same time the next year he was round again for another bovine, saying: "It's the singularest thing in natur, but that plaguey cattle went over the same precipice!"

Or the retort of a bright Scotch woman, an old maid, who was gingerly questioned by a red-headed physician as to why she never got married, "Well, doctor, I'll tell

you. I made up my mind early in life that nothing would induce me to marry a man with red hair, and no one else has ever proposed."

SANDEAU, Léonard Sylvain Jules, a French novelist and dramatist; born at Aubusson, February 19, 1811; died at Paris, April 24, 1883. He studied in Paris, where he formed a friendship with Madame Dudevant, with whom he wrote a novel, *Rose et Blanche* (1831), which was published under the name of Jules Sand, the last name of which Mme. Dudevant chose for her pen-name, "George Sand." In 1853 he was made curator of the Mazarin library, was elected to the Academy in 1858, and appointed librarian of St. Cloud in 1859. After the suppression of this office on the fall of the empire, he was pensioned. His chief novels are: *Mme. de Sommerville* (1834); *Les Revenants* (1836); *Marianna* (1839); *Le Docteur Herbeau* (1841); *Vaillance et Richard* (1843); *Fernand* (1844); *Catherine* (1845); *Valcreuse* (1846); *Madeleine,* and *Mlle. de la Seiglière* (1848); *La Chasse au Roman* (1849); *Un Héritage* (1850); *Sacs et Parchemins* (1851); *Le Château de Montsabrey* (1853); *Oliver* (1854); *La Maison de Penarvan* (1858); *La Roche aux Mouettes* (1871). In 1851 he dramatized his novel *Mlle. de la Seiglière,* and in collaboration with Émile Augier, he produced several dramas, the most popular of which is *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* (1854). This play has been translated into English, and produced with great success in England and America.

NAUGHTY PIERROT.

Now, the Sunday of which we speak, nothing foreshadowed a possible departure from the usual custom; but it was written on high that Neuvy-les-Bois should be that day the theatre of a wonder upon which this modest village, profoundly discouraged by a half-century of expectation, no longer dared to count.

Instead of spinning along like a cannon-ball, as customary, the diligence stopped short in the middle of the road, between the two living hedges formed upon its track. At this unexpected spectacle, at this unforeseen stroke of fate, all Neuvy-les-Bois stood stock-still, without even dreaming to ask one another whence came such a rare honor. Even the dogs, who were accustomed to run yelping after the vehicle, inviting the kicks of the postilion, seeemd to share the astonishment of their masters, and remained, like them, immobile and dumb from stupor. Meanwhile the driver had got down; he opened the door of the stage-coach, and upon this single word—"Neuvy-les-Bois!" pronounced by him in a dry tone, a young girl descended from it, having for her whole baggage a little package under her arm. The paleness of her face, her eyes scalded with tears, her sad and suffering air, told her story more plainly than her mourning habit. The driver had already remounted his box, and the young girl had only time to exchange a silent adieu with her traveling companions. She was hardly more than a child, only more grave than one is at this age.

When she saw herself alone upon that great road in the blazing sun, at the entrance to this miserable hamlet, in which not a soul knew her, alone in the midst of all those faces that examined her with an expression of silly and suspicious curiosity, she seated herself upon a heap of stones, and there, feeling her heart fail within her, she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears. The peasants continued to regard her with the same air, neither breathing a word nor moving a step. Happily, in this group of rustics, there were some women, and among these women a mother who was nursing at the breast a

little, new-born babe. She approached the sorrowful young girl and remained some moments, considering her with a hesitating pity; for although everything announced with this child forlornness, almost poverty, the natural distinction of her person retrieved the simplicity of her costume, and commanded without effort, deference and respect. "Poor demoiselle," said she at last, "since you are here alone, at your age, upon the highway, you must have lost your mother?"

"Yes, madam, I have lost my mother," responded the young girl in a sweet voice, in which a slight foreign accent appeared. "Alas! I have lost all, everything, even the patch of earth where I was born and where repose the bones which are dear to me. Nothing more is left me under heaven," added she, shaking her head.

"Dear demoiselle, may God take pity on your pain! I see plainly, by your way of speaking, that you are not of our country. You come from a distance, no doubt?"

"Oh! yes, madam, very far, very far. I frequently thought that I should never arrive."

"And you go?"

"Where my mother, before dying, bade me to go. I knew in setting out, that once at Neuvy-les-Bois, I should find easily the way to Valtravers."

"You are going to Valtravers?"

"Yes, madame."

"To the château?"

"Exactly."

"You have lengthened your way, mademoiselle; the driver ought to have let you get out at the neighboring town. You have before you only three little leagues, and moreover you will be able, by going through the woods, to gain time. If you will allow him, my nephew Pierrot will guide you: but the heat is oppressive, and I am certain, my dear little one, that you have eaten nothing to-day. Come to our farm-house, and you shall taste the milk of our cows, and, to set out again, you will wait the freshness of the evening."

"Thank you, madame, thank you. You are good; but I do not need anything. I should like to set out imme-

diately, and if it is not abusing the good-nature of M. Pierrot —"

"Here, Pierrot!" cried the farmer's wife. At this invitation, made in a tone which suffered no reply, a little imp separated from the crowd, and came forward with the cringing air of a dog that feels that his master calls him only to beat him. Pierrot, who, since morning, had been nursing the delicious prospect of taking, after vespers, his share in the play upon the church square, appeared only moderately flattered by his aunt's proposition. She repeated it in such a way that he judged it prudent to consent.

She put the little bundle of the stranger under his arm, then, pushing him by the shoulders: "Go through the woods, and be sure not to walk too fast for this young demoiselle, who has neither your feet nor your legs." Thereupon Pierrot started with a sullen air, while Neuvy-les-Bois, commencing to recover from its stupor, was lost in comments upon the events of this great day.

We suspect this village of Neuvy-les-Bois to have been so named by antiphrasis. For Neuvy (green), it is perfectly correct; but for les bois (the woods), it is another affair. For my part, I know nothing more deceitful or more fallacious than these names of places or of persons that have a precise signification, and are as well-formed pledges. I have noticed that, in such cases, persons and places rarely furnish that which they promise, and that in general what is lacking is precisely that quality which christening has given them. I have known Angelines who possessed none of the attributes of an angel, and Blanches black as little crows. As to places, without going farther, Neuvy-les-Bois, since we are here, has not a clump of elms, or poplars, or aspens to shield it from the winds of the north or the heat of the south. The circumjacent country is as bare and as flat as the sea-coast, and in its vicinity, within the radius of a half-league, you would not find the shade of an oak. However, at Fontenay-aux-Roses, they show a few sorry rose-bushes.

However, as the young girl and her guide withdrew from the dusty road and penetrated into the country, the landscape gradually assumed greener and more joyous

aspects. After two hours' walking, they perceived the woods of Valtravers undulating at the horizon. In spite of the recommendations of his aunt, Pierrot went at a brisk pace, without thinking of his companion.

The possibility that he foresaw of being able to return to take part in the play, gave wings to this scamp. Although she had light feet and fine limbs, at intervals the poor child was forced to ask mercy, but the abominable Pierrot deafened his ear and pitilessly pursued his course. Going post-haste, he regarded with mournful eye the shadow of the trees, that the sun began to lengthen enormously upon the surrounding sward; in the bitterness of his heart he did not dissemble that, if he went as far as Valtravers it was an end to his Sunday joys. Once upon the edge of the forest an infernal idea passed through the mind of this young shepherd.

"There!" said he, resolutely, putting upon the grass the bundle that he held under his arm. "You have only to follow this wide avenue, which will lead you right to the château. In a quarter of an hour you will have your nose at the gate."

Then this rascal prepared to escape; a motion retained him. Having detached from her girdle a little purse, which did not appear very heavy, the young girl drew from it a little white piece that she courteously offered to M. Pierrot, thanking him for his trouble. At this trait of generosity, upon which he was not counting, Pierrot felt troubled. He hesitated; and perhaps he might have given way to this cry of his conscience if he had not discovered in the distance, on the plain, the steeple of Neuvy-les-Bois, like the mast of a ship aground upon the beach.—*Madeleine.*

SANDYS, GEORGE, an English traveler and translator; born at York in 1577; died at Bexley Abbey, Kent, in March, 1644. He was a son of the Archbishop of York, and younger brother of Sir Edwin Sandys, who was Treasurer of the Virginia Company, and assisted in procuring a charter for the Plymouth Colony. He traveled in Turkey, Egypt, the Holy Land, and the remoter parts of Italy, and the neighboring Islands, of the existing condition of which he gave an account in a folio volume, *Relation of a Journey Begun A. D. 1610.* About 1621 he went to Virginia as acting treasurer of the company, where he remained about four years. While there he completed a spirited translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid — the earliest book penned in North America which has any pretensions to a literary character. Though written in America the *Metamorphoses* was printed in England, with a dedication to King Charles I. It was, he says, "limned by that imperfect light which was snatched from the hours of night and repose; and was produced among wars and tumults, instead of under the kindly and peaceful influences of the Muses."

MODERN CONDITION OF FAMOUS COUNTRIES.

The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms, once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theatres of valor and heroical actions; the soils enriched with all earthly felicities; the places where nature hath produced her wonderful works; where arts and sciences have been invented and perfected; where wisdom, virtue, policy, and civility have been planted, have flourished; where God did place His

own commonwealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired His own prophets, sent angels to converse with men. Above all, where the Son of God descended to become man; where he honored the earth with His beautiful steps; wrought the works of our redemption, triumphed over death, and ascended into glory. Which countries, once so glorious and famous for their happy estate, are now, through vice and ingratitude, become the most deplored spectacles of human misery; the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civility; and the pride of a stern and barbarous tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion; who, aiming only at the height of greatness and sensuality, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world to that lamentable distress and servitude under which, to the astonishment of the understanding beholder, it now faints and groaneth.

These rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves, of murderers; large territories dispeopled or thinly inhabited, goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruins; glorious temples either subverted or prostituted to impiety; true religion discountenanced and oppressed; all nobility extinguished; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished; violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security except to an abject mind, and unlooked-on poverty. Which calamities of theirs, so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatening instructions. For assistance wherein I have not only related what I saw of their present condition, but, so far as convenience might permit, presented a brief view of the former estates and first antiquities of these people and countries — thence to draw a right image of the frailty of man, the mutability of whatever is worldly, and assurance that, as there is nothing unchangeable saving God, so nothing stable except by His grace and protection.— *Preface to Travels.*

SANGSTER, Margaret Elizabeth Munson, an American editor and poet; born at New Rochelle, N. Y., February 22, 1838. She was educated at home, showing great precocity in her studies. In 1858 she was married to George Sangster. After having done much journalistic work she became associate editor of *Hearth and Home* in 1871. In 1873 she began her editorial connection with the *Christian at Work.* In 1879 she joined the staff of the *Christian Intelligencer* as assistant editor, and in 1882 accepted the editorship of *Harper's Young People,* retaining her place on the *Intelligencer.* In 1890 she became editor of *Harper's Bazar.* Her books include: *Manual of Missions of the Reformed Church in America* (1878); *Hours with Girls* (1881); *Poems of the Household* (1883); *Home Fairies and Heart Flowers* (1887); *Maidie's Problem* (1890); *On the Road Home with My Neighbors* (1893); *Little Knights and Ladies* (1895); *Winsome Womanhood* (1900); *Lyrics of Love* (1901); *Eleanor Lee* (1903); *The Sweet Story of Old* (1904); *A Radiant Motherhood* (1905), and several Sunday-school books.

ARE THE CHILDREN HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces, fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter —
Echoing boyish strife —
We two are waiting together;
And oft as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me:
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago";
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the Better Land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know — yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother-heart within me
Is almost starved for Heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes, whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast.
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom —
The red sword sealed their vows!

In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner:
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted:
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

PILGRIMS.

There's but the meagre crust, Love,
There's but the measured cup;
On scanty fare we breakfast,
On scanty fare we sup.
Yet be not thou discouraged,
Nor falter on the way,
Since Wealth is for a life, Love,
And Want is for a day.

Our robes are hodden gray, Love,
Ah! would that thine were white,
And shot with gleams of silver,
And rich with golden light.
Yet care not thou for raiment,
But climb, as pilgrims may,
Since Ease is for a life, Love,
And Toil is for a day.

Our shelter oft is rude, Love;
We feel the chilling dew,
And shiver in the darkness
Which silent stars shine through.
Yet shall we reach our palace,
And there in gladness stay,
Since Home is for a life, Love,
And Travel for a day.

The heart may sometimes ache, Love,
The eyes grow dim with tears;
Slow glide the hours of sorrow,
Slow beats the pulse of fears.
Yet patience with the evil,
For, though the good delay,
Still Joy is for a life, Love,
And pain is for a day.

TRUST FOR THE DAY.

Because in a day of my days to come
There waiteth a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb
In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
Like a pulse-beat, threaded through
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain
From delight in the pure and true?

In the harvest-field shall I cease to glean,
Since the gloom of the spring had fled?
Shall I veil mine eyes to the noonday sheen,
Since the dew of the morn hath sped?

Nay, phantom ill with the warning hand,
Nay, ghosts of the weary past—
Serene, as in armor of faith, I stand;
Ye may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may fall,
But as bright the sun shall shine;
For I walk in a light ye cannot pall,
The light of the King divine.

And whatever He sends from day to day,
I am sure that His name is Love;
And He never will let me lose my way
To my rest in His home above.

INDIAN SUMMER.

A flicker of flame in the hollow
Gold-threaded and amber the air;
Loose leaflets, and others to follow,
Till oak bough and maple are bare.
Sweet, sweet the last sigh of the summer,
When gathered and bound are the sheaves,
And a lorn empty nest, that was blithe with the best,
Clings close to the wind-shaken eaves.

A MAPLE-LEAF.

So bright in death I used to say,
So beautiful through frost and cold!
A lovelier thing I know to-day,
The leaf is growing old,
And wears in grace of duty done
The gold and scarlet of the sun.

SANNAZARO, JACOPO, an Italian poet; born at Naples, July 28, 1458; died there April 27, 1530. He was of a family originally from Spain, and received his classical education in the school of Giuniano Maggio, and the academy of Pontano; and on entering the latter, in conformity with the

prevalent custom among the learned, he changed his baptismal name into Actius Sincerus, which he always used in his Latin works. His poetical reputation having made him known to Ferdinand I. of Naples, and the Princes Alfonso and Frederic, he was admitted into their train, and accompanied them in several military expeditions. In the subsequent revolutions of the kingdom of Naples, amidst all the vicissitudes undergone by the house of Aragon, he remained faithfully attached to its members; and, upon the succession of Frederic to the throne, he was rewarded with a pension of six hundred ducats and the donation of the pleasant villa of Mergoglino, so much celebrated in his poems under the name of Mergellina, and the destruction of which by the imperial army under Philibert, Prince of Orange, he had the misfortune to witness. He did not long survive this disaster. He had accompanied his patron Frederic to France after his expulsion from his kingdom, and never quitted him till that Prince's death in 1504, when he returned to Italy. The most celebrated of his Italain poems consist of sonnets and lyrical pieces. His Latin poems are highly commended for the finished elegance of their style and versification. They consist of piscatory eclogues, elegies, epigrams, and a sacred poem, *De Partu Virginis,* which he is said to have had in hand for twenty years. This last is a piece of fifteen hundred lines, containing many fine passages, and exhibiting great command of the Latin language in adapting it to such a theme; yet the nature of that subject, and incongruous mixture of pagan and Christian mythology, must ever render it offensive both to good taste and enlightened piety. Of his Latin poems editions have been published at Amster-

dam in 1689, at Naples in 1718, and at Venice in 1746.

STANZE.

O pure and blessed soul,
That from thy clay's control
Escaped, hast sought and found thy native sphere,
And from thy crystal throne
Look'st down, with smiles alone,
On this vain scene of mortal hope and fear!

Thy happy feet have trod
The starry, spangled road,
Celestial flocks by field and fountain guiding;
And from their erring track
Thou charm'st thy shepherds back,
With the soft music of thy gentle chiding.

Oh, who shall Death withstand —
Death, whose impartial hand
Levels the lowest plant and loftiest pine?
When shall our ears again
Drink in so sweet a strain,
Our eyes behold so fair a form as thine?

ELEGY.

Oh, brief as bright, too early blest,
Pure spirit, freed from mortal care,
Safe in the far-off mansions of the sky,
There, with that angel, take thy rest,
Thy star on earth; go, take thy guerdon there!
Together quaff the immortal joys on high,
Scorning our mortal destiny;
Display thy sainted beauty bright,
'Mid those that walk the starry spheres,
Through seasons of unchanging years;
By living fountains and by fields of light,
Leading thy blessed flocks above;
And teach thy shepherds here to guard their care with love.

SAPPHO.

Thine, other hills and other groves,
And streams and rivers never dry,
On whose fresh banks thou pluck'st the amaranth flowers;
While, following other Loves
Through sunny glades, the Fauns glide by,
Surprising the fond nymphs in happier bowers.
Pressing the fragrant flowers,
Androgeo there sings in the summer shade,
By Daphne's and by Melibœus' side,
Filling the vaulted heavens wide
With the sweet music made;
While the glad choirs, that round appear,
Listen to his dear voice we may no longer hear.
As to the elm is his embracing vine,
As their bold monarch to the herded kine,
As golden ears to the glad, sunny plain,
Such wert thou to our shepherd youths, O swain:
Remorseless Death! if thus thy flames consume
The best and loftiest of his race,
Who may escape his doom?
What shepherd ever more shall grace
The world like him, and with his magic strain
Call forth the joyous leaves upon the woods,
Or bid the wreathing boughs embower the summer floods?

— From De Partu Virginis.

SAPPHO, a Greek poet who flourished between 630 and 570 B.C. She was a native of Mitylene, on the island of Lesbos, was left a widow at an early age, became noted for her unquestionable genius, and finally took up her residence on the island of Sicily. According to a legend resting upon no conclusive evidence, she committed suicide, when no longer young, by leaping from the promontory of Leucas into the sea in a frenzy of unrequited passion

for a beautiful young man named Phaon. Sappho tried many styles of verse, even epics, but was especially famous for her lyrics, and was often designated as "the tenth Muse." Of her poems none are now extant, excepting a few which have been preserved by being quoted by others. These "Remains" consist of a *Hymn to Aphrodite* or Venus, cited by Dionysius of Halicarnassus as a model of excellence; part of an amatory poem cited by Longinus in his treatise on the Sublime, and a few fragments gathered in the "Greek Anthology." All told, not more than two hundred lines composed by Sappho are now extant. She is reputed to have originated a peculiar Greek metre, which goes by her name, and has frequently been imitated in English verse.

Sappho has been the subject of many volumes in many tongues. Of the numerous translations of the *Hymn* we give two for comparison.

HYMN TO VENUS.

Venus, bright Daughter of the Skies,
To whom unnumbered temples rise,
Jove's daughter fair, whose wily arts
Delude fond lovers of their hearts,
Oh, be thou gracious to my prayer,
And free my mind from anxious care.
If e'er you heard my anxious vow,
Propitious goddess, hear me now!
And oft my ardent vow you've heard,
By Cupid's kindly aid preferred,
Oft led the golden courts of Jove
To listen to my tales of love.

The radiant car your sparrows drew,
You gave the word and swift they flew;
Through liquid air they winged their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play;

To my plain roof they bore their Queen,
Of aspect mild, and look serene.
Soon as you came, by your command,
Back flew the wanton, feathered band;
Then, with a sweet, enchanting look,
Divinely smiling, thus you spoke:
"Why didst thou call me to thy cell?
Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.
What healing medicine shall I find
To cure my love-distempered mind?
Say, shall I lend thee all my charms
To win young Phaon to thy arms?
Or does some other swain subdue
Thy heart? My Sappho, tell me who!
Though now, averse, thy charms he slight,
He soon shall view thee with delight;
Though now he scorns thy gifts to take,
He soon to thee shall offerings make;
Though now thy beauties fail to move,
He soon shall melt with equal love."

Once more, O Venus, hear my prayer,
And ease my mind of anxious care;
Again vouchsafe to be my guest,
And calm this tempest in my breast.
To thee, bright Queen, my vows aspire:
Oh, grant me all my heart's desire!

— *Translation of* FOWKES.

TO APHRODITE.

O fickle-souled, deathless one, Aphrodite,
Daughter of Zeus, weaver of wiles, I pray thee,
Lady august, never with pangs and bitter
Anguish affray me!

But hither come often, as erst with favor
My invocations pitifully heeding,
Leaving thy Sire's golden abode thou camest
Down to me speeding.

Yoked to thy car, delicate sparrows drew thee
Fleetly to earth, fluttering fast their pinions,
From heaven's height through middle ether's liquid,
Sunny dominions.

Soon they arrived; thou, O divine one, smiling
Sweetly from that countenance all immortal,
Askedst my grief, wherefore I so had called thee
From the bright portal.

What my wild soul languished for, frenzy stricken?
Who thy love now is it that ill requiteth
Sappho? and who thee and thy tender yearning
Wrongfully slighteth?

Though he now fly, quickly he shall pursue thee —
Scorns he thy gifts? Soon he shall freely offer —
Loves he not? Soon, even wert thou unwilling,
Love shall he proffer.

Come to me then, loosen me from my torment,
All my heart's wish unto fulfilment guide thou,
Grant and fulfil! And an ally most trusty
Ever abide thou.

— *Translation of* MORETON JOHN WALHOUSE.

The following lines are quoted by Stobæus and Plutarch. The Muses' crown was of roses.

TO AN UNEDUCATED WOMAN.

Thee, too, the years shall cover; thou shalt be
As the rose born of one same blood with thee,
As a song sung, as a word said, and fall
Flower-wise, and be not any more at all,
Nor any memory of thee anywhere;
For never Muse has bound above thine hair
The high Pierian flowers whose graft outgrows
All summer kinship of the mortal rose
And color of deciduous days, nor shed
Reflex and flush of heaven about thine head.

— *Translation of* C. A. SWINBURNE.

The following fragment of a poem is quoted by Longinus as "the pattern of perfectness:"

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

More happy than the gods is he,
Who, soft-reclining, sits by thee;
His ears thy pleasing talk beguiles,
His eyes, thy sweetly dimpled smiles.
This, this, alas! alarmed my breast,
And robbed me of my golden rest;
While gazing on thy charms I hung,
My voice died faltering on my tongue.

With subtler flames my bosom glows;
Quick through each vein the poison flows;
Dark, dimming tears my eyes surround;
My ears with hollow murmurs sound.
My limbs with dewy chillness freeze,
On my whole frame pale tremblings seize;
And, losing color, sense and breath,
I seem quite languishing in death.

— *Translation of* ADDISON.

These epitaphs — each upon a young girl — by Sappho, have been preserved in the Anthology:

TWO EPITAPHS.

This dust was Timas's. Ere her bridal bed
Within Persephone's dark bower received,
With new-sharped steel her playmates from each head
Cut their fair locks to show how much they grieved.

Deep in the dreary chambers of the dead
Asteria's ghost has made her bridal bed:
Still to this stone her fond compeers may turn,
And shed their cherished tresses on her urn.

In one epigram in the Anthology, by Antipater of

Thessalonica, Sappho is named as one of the nine women illustrious in Grecian song:

THE NINE WOMEN-POETS.

These god-tongued women were with song supplied
From Helicon to steep Pieria's side:
Prexilla, Myro, Anyte's grand voice —
The female Homer; Sappho, pride and choice
Of Lesbian dames, whose locks have earned a name;
Erinna, Telesilla known to fame;
And thou, Corinna, whose bright numbers yield
A vivid image of Athene's shield;
Soft-sounding Nossis, Myrtes of sweet song,
Work-women all whose books will last full long;
Nine Muses owe to Uranus their birth.
And nine — an endless joy to man — to Earth.

SARCEY, Francisque, a French journalist, novelist and critic; born at Dourdan, October 8, 1828; died at Paris, May 15, 1899. He was a brilliant pupil at the Lyceum of Charlemagne, where he won many prizes, and from there entered the Normal School in 1848. He was a professor at Chaumont, Rodez, and Grenoble. Some articles on philosophy, which appeared under a pseudonym in a little paper in the last-named town, resulted in his partial ostracism, until he was introduced to the Paris *Figaro* by Edmond About, with whom he had the most friendly relations. Toward the close of 1859 he edited the dramatic news for *L'Opinion Nationale*, for which he also wrote several criticisms and phantasies. In 1867 he resigned his position to accept a similar one on *Le*

Temps. From 1868–71 M. Sarcey did a part of the daily editorial work on *Le Gaulois.* Here his polemics drew him into more than one duel. In May, 1871, he started a little paper entitled *Le Drapeau Tricolore,* which he shortly abandoned for a position on *Le XIX^e^ Siècle,* of which About was the founder. Without interrupting his literary work on *Le Temps,* Sarcey now undertook a daily campaign against the abuses of the magistracy, of the administration, and especially of the clergy. His efforts called forth much condemnation, and in January, 1878, he was fined 3,000 francs and given fifteen days' imprisonment for denouncing the frauds perpetrated in the sale of the waters of Lourdes. Excess of work and the journalistic assistance which he rendered to theatrical representations, caused him the loss of his sight. His recovery was signalled by a little brochure *Gare à Vos Yeux* (1884). He resumed with vigor his incessant labors as journalist and critic, and won for himself a special fame by the part which he took in the free conferences successively instituted in Paris under the Empire, at the Athenæum, at the Boulevard des Capucines, and the Gaiety Theatre. These speeches have often served as a preamble to the play. His books are: *Le Nouveau Seigneur de Village* (1862), a collection of satiric stories; *Le Mot et la Chose* (1862), studies in philology; *Le Siège de Paris,* impressions and souvenirs (1871); *Etienne Moret* (1876), a psychological research; *Le Piano de Jeanne* (1876); *Comédiens et Comédiennes,* comprising two series of sixteen biographical notices each, in thirty-two volumes (1878–84); *Les Misères d'un Fonctionnaire Chinois* (1882); *Souvenirs de Jeunesse* (1884); *Souvenirs d'Age Mûr* (1892).

THE GIFT FOR LECTURING.

If you are to undertake lecturing, the gift for it is necessary. Oh, I mean a little gift, a very little gift. It isn't a question of being born for great eloquence. A very fair success can be attained in this direction without an eminent collection of superior qualities, but, still, it is necessary to possess certain aptitudes, modest ones, if you will, but real. There are men who are very skilful writers, and even brilliant talkers, who will never speak in public. Some have not fluency, others have a weak, dull voice. Thirty years ago a great deal was said about the lectures of Alexandre Dumas, *père*. No one was more amusing and brilliant than Dumas chatting at a table or in a salon; in a lecture or before an audience he was simply extinguished. He read, in a loud but indistinct voice, passages from his *Mémoirs*, and connected them with difficulty. The crowd came all the same, because it was greedy to behold the old Dumas in this new form. We journalists took care not to make any criticism that would chagrin this good giant, enamoured of popularity. He might believe, and he did believe, in all good faith that he was king of the lecture as he was of romance. There never was a more naïve soul or one more open to illusions. He never could have succeeded in this direction had he not brought to the lecture-table the radiance of his name. His voice was cottony; it made no impression on the audience.

But I need not lay stress on this. On this point it is with lecturing as with all other arts. At the base there is the gift, that is to say, an *ensemble* of natural qualities without which one can never become, in spite of every effort and all the labor in the world, anything more than a good and neat workman — it is certainly something to be that, and as, after all, the lecture is not an art of luxury, as teaching is its end, and as it aims by preference at practical utility, I should have scruples about discouraging worthy persons full of learning and good-will who should seek by appropriating our methods to conquer natural obstacles.— *From Souvenirs d'Age Mûr.*

SARDOU, Victorien, a French dramatist; born at Paris, September 7, 1831. He contributed to newspapers and tried his hand at dramatic composition. His first comedy, *La Taverne des Étudiants* (1854), was a failure. The turning-point in his fortunes came three years later when, alone and poor, he was nursed through a serious illness by a compassionate young neighbor who soon afterward became his wife, and introduced him to Mlle. Déjazet, the manager of a theatre. This lady brought out several of his plays, which were so well received that, ten years later, he was both rich and famous. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1863; and was admitted to the French Academy in 1877.

M. Sardou has written between forty and fifty plays. *Les Pattes de Mouche* (1860), rendered into English as *A Scrap of Paper,* has been highly successful in England and America. Among his dramas are: *Les Femmes Fortes* (1860); *Piccolino,* and *Nos Intimes* (1861); *La Perle Noire,* and *Les Ganaches* (1862); *Les Pommes du Voisin* (1864); *Les Vieux Garçons,* and *La Famille Benoiton* (1865); *Maison Neuve* (1866); *Séraphine* (1868); *Patrie* (1869); *Fernande* (1870); *Les Merveilleuses* (1873); *Dora* (1877); *Daniel Rochet* (1880); *Odette* (1881); *Fedora and Theodora, La Tosca* (1887); *Marquise* (1889); *Cleopatra* (1890); *Thermidor* (1891); *Gismonde* (1894); *Marcellè* (1896); *Spiritisme* (1897); and *Pamèla* (1898).

FROM "A SCRAP OF PAPER."

[*Enter Prosper. He looks round for Suzanne, and seeing her lying back in the armchair approaches her on tiptoe.*]

Prosp.— Asleep! overcome with fatigue and utterly discouraged [*Looking round him.*] She has been turning everything topsy-turvy. [*Looks into room and laughs.*] Yes, and there, too! Now for the letter! Can she have found it? [*Suzanne follows him with the corners of her eyes, while he opens the tobacco-jar and sees the envelope.*] No, all safe. Come, woman's cunning has been baffled for once. [*Sits down L. of table and looks at Suzanne.*] I am sorry for her; [*looking more nearly*] she is really a very fine woman — pretty hand — good eyes, too. I really must have another look at her eyes. [*Getting up and bending over her.*]

Suz.— [*Opening her eyes wide, and looking at him.*] What did you say?

Prosp.— [*Staggering back.*] Knocked clean over!

Suz.— [*Pretending to awake.*] Oh! I beg your pardon, I believe I must have dropped asleep.

Prosp.— Pray consider yourself at home.

Suz.— [*Rising.*] What o'clock is it?

Prosp.— [*Going to the clock on the mantelpiece.*] Past six.

Suz.— So late! Well, I can't help it — I won't give up my purpose; and here I shall remain at my post, till that purpose is accomplished.

Prosp.— Allow me to admire your obstinacy — it is the most heroic piece of chivalry that I have ever seen.

Suz.— Obstinacy! you are not gallant.

Prosp.— Well, let us say firmness.

Suz.— Yes, firmness in a woman — obstinacy in a man.

Prosp.— Now, take care, you are pitting yourself against a man who has fought with Red Indians, and won his tomahawk on the field. I have been dubbed a great chief myself, and it would be no mean glory to carry off my scalp. [*It gets gradually dusk.*]

Suz.— But, great chief, spite of the intense satisfaction

I should naturally have in scalping you, I have better motives than the desire of obtaining such questionable glory. But please light your lamp — it is getting quite dark.

Prosp.— Immediately. [*Takes off the globe of the lamp on the table and looks at it.*] There! that fool of a servant has put no wick in the lamp. [*He sings.*]

Suz.— Then light a candle — it will be much handier.

Prosp.— Your are right. [*Hunting about for matches.*] Of course, there may exist women who — Now there's not a match to be found — anywhere.

Suz.— Then take a piece of paper, my dear sir.

Prosp.— [*Seeing the piece of paper on the hearth.*] Ah! this will do. [*Picks up paper.*] There may exist women, certainly, who are so far traitors to their nature as to — [*He lights the paper.*]

Enter FRANÇOIS [*with a lighted lamp.*]

Fran.— Did you ring for the lamp, sir?

Pros.— [*Blowing out the paper and still holding it in his hand.*] Yes — that will do — put it down there.

Suz.— [*Aside.*] Was ever anything so provoking! Another minute, and he would have done it. [*François has put the lamp on the table and exit.*]

Prosp.— As I said, there may be women who — in that — upon my word, I don't know, now, what I was going to say.

Suz.— You were going to say, probably, that there may be women who would do and sacrifice much for the peace of mind of a friend.

Prosp.— [*Seated beside the table holding the paper.*] A friend! a friend! Have women female friends? [*Aside.*] She looks better still by lamp-light.

Suz.— You don't believe in friendship.

Prosp.— In that respect I have not a much better opinion of our own sex than of yours. [*Aside.*] I can't help being fascinated by her more and more.

Suz.— [*Taking the envelope and false letter from the jar mechanically and playing with it while Prosper shows his agitation.*] Come, that's something. You have generally so marvellous an opinion of your own superiority.

Prosp.— [*Laughing at seeing the letter in her hand and*

shaking the paper he holds.] We certainly sometimes fancy we see more clearly than your sex. [*Laughing aside.*] She little knows she's got the letter. [*Aloud.*] Well, if I be an egotist, I have never found out, after a life's experience, what I gained by doing good to others.

Suz.— [*Throwing back the envelope into the jar.*] Gained! The pleasure of doing it! Does that count for nothing? Ah! if you knew how bright the world would look to you under consciousness of having done good — if you knew with how light a heart you would sleep at night — with how cheery a spirit you would raise your head from your pillow in the morning, you would never ask again what you would gain.

Prosp.— [*Surprised and pleased.*] Perhaps — I don't know.

Suz.— Exactly. You *don't* know.

Prosp.— [*Aside.*] What a smile the woman has, and what a heart! [*Lets fall the letter on the carpet.*]

Suz.— [*Aside.*] Suppose I put out the lamp; he must light it again. [*She begins turning the lamp up and down.*]

Prosp.— [*With enthusiasm.*] Ah, my dear madam, if it were true.— Does the lamp smoke?

Suz.— It does a little. [*Puts it out.*] There — I've put it out.

Prosp.— [*Aside.*] So much the better. [*Aloud.*] Ah, if it were true that your heart alone prompted you to give me battle, my admiration for your courage would give place to a far warmer feeling. I don't exactly know why, but it is a fact, of all the women I have ever seen you are the only woman who is a real woman.

Suz.— A very pretty declaration, upon my word — only a little obscure. Perhaps it would be clearer if you lighted your lamp.

Prosp.— [*Approaching her.*] Ah, the fitful flicker of the cosey fire on the hearth is better suited to what I would say.

Suz.— Light the lamp, sir! or you'll force me to go at once.

Prosp.— But I've got no matches.

Suz.— Will you light the lamp, sir?

Prosp.— I declare to you —

Suz.— I'll hear no declaration till you light the lamp.

Prosp.— I dare say you think I *am* mad. I am not. Perhaps it was the most sensible thing I could do to fall in love with the goddaughter this morning and the godmother this evening.

Suz.— Well, then, since you drive me away, sir. [*Going.*]

Prosp.— Don't go — don't go; don't leave your purpose unaccomplished. You have made me believe in the existence of a woman's heart that can beat with kindliness and purity. Let me prove myself worthy of that heart. See! — here is the letter! [*Takes envelope from jar.*] I yield — I burn it before your own eyes. [*Throws the envelope into the fire.*]

Suz.— [*Aside.*] Now I could positively hug the man for that!

Prosp.— [*Taking up the burning envelope with the tongs.*] Look, madam, it burns — it burns.

Suz.— I haven't the heart to send him away now. I must confess all.

Prosp.— Shall I lay down the ashes at your feet?

Suz.— [*Laughing.*] Are you quite sure you have burned the right thing?

Prosp.— Can you doubt?

Suz.— Your good faith? — Oh, no! But pick up that little scrap of paper you had in your hand just now.

Prosp.— [*Hunting on the carpet.*] That little scrap of paper! What do you mean?

Suz.— [*Pointing it out, laughing.*] There it is! — *Translation of* J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

SARGENT, Epes, an American journalist, poet and dramatist; born at Gloucester, Mass., September 27, 1813; died at Roxbury, Mass., December 31, 1880. After studying at the Boston Latin School he went upon voyages to Northern Europe, and subsequently to Cuba. He afterward became connected with journals in Boston and New York. He wrote several dramas. *The Bride of Genoa* (1835); *Velasco* (1837); *Change Makes Change,* and *The Priestess.* Among his other works are: *Wealth and Worth* (1840); *Fleetwood,* a novel (1845); *Songs of the Sea and other Poems* (1847); *Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land* (1857); *Peculiar* (1863); *The Woman Who Dared,* and *Planchette,* a work relating to Spiritualism (1869). He also assisted S. G. Goodrich in the preparation of several of the Peter Parley series. His own series of school-books is well known to the American school-boy, and consists of several sets of Speakers, Readers, and Spelling-books. The *Standard Speaker* is probably the most popular work of the kind in the country. The sale of these school-books is estimated by the hundred thousand. Mr. Sargent made critical editions of many of the English poets, among them Campbell, Rogers, Gray, Goldsmith and Hood. The edition of Hood, published in 1865, in six volumes, was the first complete edition of that writer ever made. Mr. Sargent also wrote a *Life of Henry Clay,* and a *Memoir of Benjamin Franklin.* Among his strictly original works are several well-known songs, of which may be mentioned *A Life on the Ocean Wave; The Calm; The Gale; Tropical Weather.*

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave,
  A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters wave,
  And the winds their revels keep:
Like an eagle caged I pine,
  On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh! give me the flashing brine
  The spray and the tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand
  Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Let sail! farewell to the land!
  The gale follows far abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
  Like an ocean-bird set free —
Like the ocean-bird, our home
  We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
  The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
  We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
  While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
  A life on the ocean wave!

— *Songs of the Sea.*

WEBSTER.

[MARSHFIELD, *October 24, 1852.*]

Night of the Tomb! He has entered thy portal;
  Silence of Death! He is wrapped in thy shade;
All of the gifted and great that was mortal,
  In the earth where the ocean-mist weepeth, is laid.

Lips, whence the voice that held Senates proceeded,
  Form, lending argument aspect august,

Brow, like the arch that a nation's weight needed,
Eyes, well unfathomed of thought — all are dust.

Night of the Tomb! Through thy darkness is shining
A light since the Star in the East never dim;
No joy's exultation, no sorrow's repining,
Could hide it in life or life's ending from him.

Silence of Death! There were voices from heaven,
That pierced to the quick ear of Faith through the gloom:
The rod and the staff he asked for were given,
And he followed the Saviour's own path to the tomb.

Beyond it, above in an atmosphere finer,
Lo, infinite ranges of being to fill!
In that land of the spirit, that region diviner,
He liveth, he loveth, he laboreth still.

SAUNDERS, FREDERICK, an American bibliophile; born at London, August 13, 1807; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., December 12, 1902. In 1837 he went to New York as manager of a branch of a London publishing house. The enterprise proving unsuccessful, he was engaged in journalistic and other literary occupations until 1859, when he became assistant librarian, and subsequently Librarian of the Astor Library. He published several works in which citations from other authors are connected by quaint remarks and criticisms. Among these are: *Salad for the Solitary* (1853); *Salad for the Social* (1856); *Pearls of Thought* (1858); *Festival of Song* (1866); *About Women, Love, and Marriage* (1868); *Evenings with the Sacred Poets* (1869); *Pastime Papers*

(1885); *Story of Some Famous Books* (1887); *Stray Leaves of Literature* (1889); *The Story of the Discovery of the New World by Columbus* (1892).

INTELLECTUAL SALADS.

Excellent Salads, according to Parson Adams, are to be found in every field; we have garnered from the fertile fields of Literature. Should anyone be curious to know why we have ventured to select Salad for the entertainment of the reader, we beg to premise that it has an undoubted preference over a rich ragout, fricassee, or any other celebrated product of the culinary art, from the fact that it is suitable to all seasons, as well as all sorts of persons, being a delicate conglomerate of good things — meats, vegetables; acids, sweets; oils, sauce, and other condiments too numerous to detail. . . .

Our Salad — a concarcination of many good things for the literary palate, will, it is hoped, felicitate the fancy, and prove an antidote to ennui, or any tendency to senescent forebodings, should such mental malady chance ever to haunt the seclusion of the Solitary.

The contents of this volume are not only various in kind; variety may also be said to characterize its treatment, which has been attempted somewhat philosophically, poetically, ethically, satirically, hypothetically, æsthetically, hyperbolically, psychologically, metaphysically, humorously; and — since brevity is the soul of wit — sententiously.— *Salad for the Solitary.*

THE SCIENCE OF GASTRONOMY.

The science of eating and drinking is one of the few things that all acquire by intuition; and it is a faculty that, once indulged, is never forgotten, but clings to us with a tenacity that lasts with life itself. A really good dinner constitutes one of the realities of life, and to a human stomach is one of the most agreeable of enjoyments. Few regard the subject in a scientific light, or possess the refinement of fancy or educated taste essential to the luxurious indulgence of the palate

of classic times; we moderns preferring to appease simply the cravings of the appetite by devoting the more solid and substantial viands to the digestive process, rather than to gratify our organs of taste by the ingenious combinations of which food is susceptible by culinary art. So universal is the indulgence of this custom that mankind have been divided into but two: the great classes of those who eat to live, and those who live to eat — the former being of course by far the wiser part. This great family of eaters may, however, be subdivided into the following varieties: Such as live by "the sweat of their brow," according to the Divine edict; those who luxuriate on the bounty of their hospitable neighbors, in contravention of the original law; and others who "live upon half-pay," or rather, merely vegetate upon the crumbs and fragments which descend from the tables of their opulent friends.

All men are devotees to their dinner, be it munificently or meanly endowed; and all aim with equal zeal to do honor to the duty with a most exact and religious fidelity. There is an old adage which tells us that "fools make feasts, and wise men eat of them"; but we are inclined to scepticism as to the validity of the maxim, for it certainly is a sage and praiseworthy thing to confer a good service on ones self, and certainly no man is in so happy and complacent condition as he who has just partaken of a generous and substantial meal.

It has been affirmed that a man partakes of the nature of the animal which he eats. From this statement, also, we are disposed to record our dissent; for although a man may possess a penchant for mutton, for example, it does not seem to follow that he acquires in consequence any more *sheepish* expression than that he who indulges his preference for bacon should evince a hoggish disposition. — *Salad for the Solitary.*

A BENEDICTION ON THE POETS.

We have reached the terminus of our pleasure-excursion through the glorious realms of Poesy. All along our course has the bright sunshine of song beautified and

gladdened our hearts. Right pleasurable indeed have been

> " Those lyric feasts
> Where we such clusters had
> As made us nobly wild, not mad ! "

In all after-time shall we not recall with delight, from the storehouse of memory, the rich treasures of exalted thought and exquisite imagery which we have so lavishly enjoyed?

> " Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
> The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delights, by heavenly lays ! "

For not only are they the " unacknowledged legislators of the world," they are the foremost of its benefactors; and their numbers, flowing " from the happiest and best moments of the best and happiest minds," should be thus authoritative. Let us then ever cherish with affectionate regard the rich legacy they have bequeathed to us, as *Lares* and *Penates* near each household hearth. " True poems," wrote Irving, " are caskets which enclose in a small compass the wealth of the language — its family jewels." Thus should we prize them, even as we do the precious metals; nay, more — since gold will leave us at the grave — but the wealth of the mind " unto the heavens with us we have ! "

Such glowing and beautiful utterances as the minstrels have left us find a ready response in the common heart of humanity, because they are the expression of its universal thought. Nor ever will their sweet voices be hushed or unheeded in a world which the tuneful throng have made all-resonant with the rich melodies of the ages.

> " For doth not song to the whole world belong?
> Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
> Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
> Or mirth or sadness mingle as they flow —
> A heritage for all?
> — *Festival of Song.*

FOR THE INTELLECTUAL TOILET-TABLE.

The Enchanted Mirror: — TRUTH.

Use daily for your lips this precious dye;
They'll redden, and breathe sweeter melody.

For Giving Sweetness to the Voice: — PRAYER.

At morning, noon, and night this mixture take;
Your tones improved will richer music make.

The Best Eye-water: — COMPASSION.

These drops will add great lustre to the eye;
When more you want, the poor will you supply.

To Prevent Eruptions: — WISDOM.

It calms the temper, beautifies the face,
And gives to woman dignity and grace.

A Pair of Ear-rings: — ATTENTION and OBEDIENCE.

With these clear drops appended to the ear,
Attentive, lessons you will gladly hear.

A Pair of Bracelets: — NEATNESS and INDUSTRY.

Clasp them on carefully each day you live;
To good designs they efficacy give.

— *Salad for the Social.*

SAVAGE, MINOT JUDSON, an American clergyman and poet; born at Norridgewock, Me., June 10, 1841. He was graduated from the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1864, and began to preach in California. In 1873 he became a Unitarian, and in 1880 was settled as pastor of a church in Bos-

ton. In 1896 he became pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York City. Besides numerous occasional poems, he has published several books of a theological character. His volumes include *Christianity the Science of Manhood* (1873); *The Religion of Evolution* (1876); *Bluffton: a Story of To-day* (1878); *Morals of Evolution* (1880); *Poems* (1880); *The Modern Sphinx* (1883); *Social Problems* (1886); *My Creed* (1887); *Helps to Daily Living* and *Signs of the Times* (1890); *Evolution of Christianity* (1892); *Religion for To-day* (1897); *Our Unitarian Gospel* (1898); *Life Beyond Death* (1901); *The Passing and the Permanent in Religion* (1901); *Out of Nazareth* (1903); and *Pillars of the Temple* (1904).

LIFE FROM DEATH.

Had one ne'er seen the miracle
  Of May-time from December born,
Who would have dared the tale to tell
  That 'neath ice-ridges slept the corn?

White death lies deep upon the hills,
  And moanings through the tree-tops go.
The exulting wind, with breath that chills,
  Shouts triumph to the unresting snow.

My study window shows me where
  On hard-fought fields the summer died,
Its banners now are stripped and bare
  Of even Autumn's fading pride.

Yet on the gust that surges by,
  I read a pictured promise: soon
The storm of earth and frown of sky
  Will melt into luxuriant June.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

There's never an always cloudless sky,
  There's never a vale so fair,
But over it sometimes shadows lie
  In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
  And flung its shadow down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
  Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side:
  Though rage the tempest loud,
And scatter its terrors far and wide,
  There's light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,
  Shutting the landscape out,
And only the chilly east-winds blow,
  From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting sun,
  When the joys of life seem few,
A rift will break in the evening dun,
  And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make
  Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
  Where shine the eternal stars.

THE MYSTIC HOPE.

What is this mystic, wondrous hope in me,
  That, when no star from out the darkness born
  Gives promise of the coming of the morn;
When all life seems a pathless mystery
Through which tear-blinded eyes no way can see;
  When illness comes, and life grows most forlorn,
  Still dares to laugh the last dread threat to scorn,

And proudly cries, Death is not, shall not be?
I wonder at myself! Tell me, O Death,
If that thou rul'st the earth; if "dust to dust"
Shall be the end of love, and hope, and strife,
From what rare land is blown this living breath,
That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust
And tells the lie — if 'tis a lie — of life?

A DEFENSE OF UNITARIANISM.

"What do you give in place of what you take away?" This question is proposed to Unitarians over and over again. It is looked upon as an unanswerable criticism. We are supposed to be people who tear down but do not build; people who take away the dear hopes and traditional faiths of the past and leave the world desolate, without God, without hope. I propose to try to make clear what it is that the world has lost as the result of the advance of modern knowledge, and what, if anything, it has gained.

It is modern knowledge, increasing knowledge, larger, clearer light, that takes away old beliefs. But if these old beliefs are not true, it simply means that we are discovering what is true — that is, having a clearer view and vision of God's ways and methods of governing the world.

The late Henry Ward Beecher, in a review article published not long before his death, said frankly this which I am saying now, and which I had said a good many times before Mr. Beecher's article was written — that no belief at all is infinitely, unspeakably better than those horrible beliefs which have dominated and darkened the world. I would rather believe in no God than in a bad God, such as He has been painted, and if I had my choice of the future, what would it be?

I have, I trust, just over there, father, mother, two brothers, numberless dear ones, and I hope to see them with a hope dearer than any other which I cherish; but if I were standing on the threshold of Heaven itself, and these loved ones were beckoning me to come in, and I had the choice between an eternity of felicity in their

presence and eternal sleep, I would take the sleep rather than take this endless joy at the cost of the unceasing and unrelieved torment of the meanest soul that ever lived.

Now let me raise the question as to what has been taken away. I have taken nothing away. Unitarianism has taken nothing away, but the advance of modern knowledge, the larger, clearer revelation of God has taken away no end of things. What are they? In the first place, the old universe is taken away. That is, that little, tiny, playhouse affair, not so large as our solar system, which, in the first chapter of Genesis, God is reported to have made — as a carpenter working from the outside makes a house — inside of six days. That little universe — that is, the story of creation as told in the early chapters of Genesis — is absolutely gone. I shall tell you pretty soon what has taken the place of it.

Secondly, the God of the Old Testament and the God of most of the creeds has been taken way. That God who was jealous, who was partial, who was angry, who built a little world and called it good, and then inside of a few days saw it slip out of His control into the hands of the devil, either because He could not help it or did not wish to; who watched this world develop for a little while and then, because it did not go as He wanted it to, had to drown it and start over again; the God who in the Old Testament told the people that slavery was right, provided they did not enslave the members of their own nation, but only those outside of it; the God who indorsed polygamy, telling a man that he was at liberty to have just as many wives as he wanted and could obtain, and that he was free to dispose of them by simply giving them a little notice and telling them to quit; the God who indorsed hypocrisy and lying on the part of His people; the God who sent a little light on one little people along one edge of the Mediterranean, and left all the rest of the world in darkness; the God who is to damn all of these people who were left in darkness because they did not know that of which they never had any chance to hear; the God who is to cast all his enemies into the pit,

trampling them down, as Jonathan Edwards describes so horribly to us, in His hate forever and ever. This God has been taken away.

In the third place, the story of Eden, the creation of man, and then immediately the fall of man, and the resulting doctrine of total depravity — this has been taken away. Then the old theory of the Bible has been taken away — that theory which makes it a book without error or flaw, and makes us under the highest obligation to receive all its teachings as the veritable word of God, though they seem to us hideous, blasphemous, immoral, degrading or not — this is gone.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, in an article published within a year, treats the belief, the continued holding to this old theory about the Bible, under the head of "Christianity's Millstone." He writes from the point of view of the old belief, but he says if Christianity is going to be saved this millstone must be taken off from about its neck and allowed to sink into the sea.

If we hold that theory, What? Why, then we must still believe that in order to help on the slaughter of His enemies on the part of a barbarian general God stopped the whole machinery of the universe for hours until He got through with His killing. We must believe the literal story of Jonah's being swallowed by the whale. We must believe no end of incredibilities, and then, if we dare to read with our eyes open, we must believe immoral things, cruel things, about man and about God; things which this civilization would not think of were it not for the power of tradition, which hallows that which used to be believed in the past. This conception about the Bible, then, is gone.

Then, in the next place, the blood of atonement is gone. What does that mean to the world? It means that the Eternal Father either will not or cannot receive back to His heart His own erring, mistaken, wandering children unless the only begotten Son of God is slaughtered, and we, as the old, awful hymn has it, are plunged beneath this ocean of blood! Revolting, terrible, if you stop to think of it for one reasoning moment that God cannot forgive unless He takes agony out of somebody

equal to that from which he releases His own children! That, though embodied still in all the creeds, has been taken away; it is gone, like a long, hideous dream of darkness.

Belief in the devil has been taken away. What does that mean? It means that Christendom has held it and taught for nearly two thousand years that God is not really King of the Universe; that he holds only a divided power, and that here thousands and thousands of years go by, and the devil controls the destiny of this world, and ruins right and left millions and millions of human souls, and that God either cannot help it or does not wish to, one of the two. This belief is taken away.

And then, lastly, that which I have touched on by implication already, the belief in endless punishment is taken away. Are you sorry? Does anybody wish something put in the place of this? The belief that all those, except the elect — church members — those who have been through a special process called conversion, these, including all the millions on millions outside of Christendom, and from the beginning until to-day have gone down to the flame that is never quenched, the worm that never dies, to linger on in useless torture forever and ever? — simply a monument of what is monstrously called the judgment of God. This is gone.

Is there anything of value taken away? In the place of the little, petty universe of Hebrew dreams what have we now? This magnificent revelation of the Copernican students; a universe infinite in its reach and in its grandeur, a universe fit at last to be the home of an infinite God; a universe grand enough to clothe Him and express Him, to manifest and reveal Him; a universe boundless; a universe that has grown through the ages and is growing still, and is to unfold more and more of the Divine beauty and glory for evermore. Is there any loss in this exchange?

Now, as to God. What is our God to-day? The heart, the life, the soul of this infinite universe; justice that means justice; power that means power; love that surpasses all our imagination of love. A god who is eternal goodness. A God not off somewhere in the

heavens, to whom we must send a messenger; a God who knows better what we need than we know ourselves, and is more ready to give to us than fathers are to give good gifts to their children. Is there any loss here?

In the third place the new man that has come into modern thought. Not the broken fragments of a perfect Adam, not a man so equipped intellectually that, as they have been telling us for centuries, it was impossible for him to find the truth, or to know it when he did find it. Not this kind of man, but a man who has been on the planet hundreds of thousands of years; who has been learning by experience, who has been animal, who has been cruel, but who at every step has been trying to find the right, has been becoming a little truer and better; a being who has evolved all that is sweetest and finest in the history of the world, who has made no end of mistakes, who has committed no end of crimes, but who has learned through these processes, and at last has given us some specimens of what is possible by way of development in Abraham and Moses and Elijah, and David and Isaiah, and a long line of prophets and seers of the Old Testament time, not perfect, but magnificent types of actual men.

In my old days, when I preached in the orthodox church, if I thought of Jesus at all I was obliged to think of Him as somehow a second God, who stood between me and the first one, and through whom I hoped deliverance from the law and the justice of the first. I had to think of Him as a part of a scheme that seemed to me unjust and cruel, involving the torture of some and the loss of most of the race. But now I think of Jesus and His cross as the most natural, and, at the same time, the divinest thing in the history of man. Jesus reveals to me to-day the humanness of God and the divineness of man. And He takes His place in the long line of the world's redeemers, those who have wrought atonement. How? Through faithfulness even unto death.

There is faith and there is faithfulness, and He shares this with thousands of others. There are thousands of men who have suffered more than Jesus did dying for His own truth; thousands of martyrs who, with His

name on their lips, have gone through greater torture than He did. All these, whoever has been faithful, whoever has suffered for the right, whoever has been true, have helped to work out the atonement, the reconciliation of the world with God, showing the beauty of truth, and bringing men into that admiration of it that helps them to come into accord with the divine life.

Then, one more point. Instead of the wail of the damned that is never through all eternity for one moment hushed in silence, we place the song of the redeemed, an eternal hope for every child born of the race. We do not believe it is possible for a human soul ultimately to be lost. Why? Because we believe in God. God either can save all souls, or He cannot. If He can and will not, then He is not God. If He would, and cannot, then He is not God. Let us reverently say it. He is under an infinite obligation to His own self, to His own righteousness, to His own truth, His own power, His own love, His own character, to see to it that all souls, some time, are reconciled to Him. — *From a Sermon Delivered in the Church of the Messiah, New York, in November, 1897.*

SAVAGE, RICHARD, an English poet; born at London, January 10, 1698; died at Bristol in 1743. Savage appeared as an author while quite young. In 1717 he published "*The Convocation,* a poem written by Mr. Richard Savage." Next year was published *Love in a Veil,* a comedy purporting to be "written by Richard Savage, Gent., son of the late Lord Rivers." He came to be known as one of the least reputable among the scribblers of his day. In 1727 he became engaged in a tavern brawl, in which one James Sinclair was killed by his hand. Savage

was brought to trial, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to death; but was pardoned through the intervention of Queen Caroline, the wife of George II. — the same who, in Scott's *Heart of Midlothian,* procured the pardon of Effie Deans.

Savage now came to be for a while a literary "lion." He addressed to the Queen a birthday ode, signing himself the "Volunteer Laureate." The Queen sent him £50, and repeated the gift every year until her death in 1737. The Earl of Tyrconnel, a friend of his reputed mother, received him into his family, and made him an allowance of £200 a year. But he and the Earl soon quarrelled, and Savage was turned adrift. Some of his friends, however, made up for him a considerable annuity — Pope contributing £20 — upon condition that Savage should take up his residence out of London. He chose Swansea as his home, but was wont to visit Bristol. Here he was arrested for debt, and thrown into prison. One morning he was found dead in his bed, and was buried at the cost of the jailor, who had taken a liking to him. Savage produced a couple of plays and a volume of miscellaneous poems. Of these the best are *The Bastard* (1728) and *The Wanderer* (1729), the latter written during the "golden days," when he was domiciled with the Earl of Tyrconnel.

HIS PERSONAL SKETCH.

Is chance or guilt that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin? Ah, plead no more
What, though no purposed malice stained thee o'er,
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provoked — or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of home-shed blood from all
On whom unsought embroiling dangers fall!

Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eyes condemned to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate:
Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have lived till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt athirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have proved;
Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved;
He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall;
And I, perchance, in him have murdered all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest? No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained.
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen, from future harm?
Am I returned from death to live in pain?
Or would imperial pity save in vain?
Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscalled, farewell! Of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by to you I owed;
Alone from strangers every comfort flowed!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doomed before.
New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name:
Supremely lovely, and serenely great;
Majestic mother of a kneeling state;
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed — yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire —
Who most shall give applause where all admire.

— *The Bastard.*

HUMAN CONTRASTS.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day;
From 'lumined windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly;
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys;
Soon death's dark agent to luxurious ease
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
O man! thy fabric's like a well-formed state:
Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the Great;
Passions Plebeians are, which factions raise;
Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze;
Then giddy Anarchy's rude triumphs rise,
Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies.
That ruler once deposed, Wisdom and Wit
To Noise and Folly place and power submit;
Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tost,
Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.
The Miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this low-thoughted craft his life employed;
For this though wealthy, he no wealth enjoyed,
For this he griped the poor, and alms denied,
Unfriended lived, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, grieved Shade! when that unprosperous store
Fast lessens — when gay hours return no more —
Smile at thy heir, beholding in his fall,
Men once obliged, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.
Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting Mischief keeps reserved her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapped with smoke!
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!

From the black depth a fiery legion springs,
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings;
And straight beneath a summoned, traitorous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand;
From each friend's mouth a ruddy vapor flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows;
The villains, close beneath the infection pent,
Feel, all possessed, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But Justice marks their ways: she waves in air
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
While here dark Villany herself deceives,
Their studious Honesty our view relieves:
A feeble taper from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.
There sits the sapient Bard in museful mood,
And glows, impassioned, for his country's good.
All the bright Spirits of the Just combined,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind.
— *The Wanderer.*

SAVAGE, RICHARD HENRY, an American soldier and novelist; born at Utica, N. Y., June 12, 1846; died at New York, October 11, 1903. He was graduated from West Point in 1868 and in 1871 was vice consul at Rome. In 1872 he was military secretary with the rank of major in the Egyptian army. He served in the Spanish-American war as senior-major of Volunteer Engineers. He was a voluminous writer of fiction and published upwards of thirty novels, including *My Official Wife; For Love and Life; In the Shadow of the Pyramids; Brought to Bay; The Midnight Passenger* and *In the Esbekieyeh Gardens.*

LIFE IN CAIRO.

Weird and dazzling was the day life of Cairo in the halcyon days of seventy-one, picturesque and wildly fantastic its medley of the nights, when the great Esbekieyeh Gardens were agleam with light until long after midnight.

It was the time of the fatuous Ismail Pasha, whose magic wand was calling into existence palaces, harem kiosks, the grand opera, the great hotel of the Esbekieyeh, and who was "borrowing in haste, to repent at leisure."

This sensual dabbler in sham civilization, steeped in alien vices, all learned during his veneering process in France, little dreamed that he was being "improved out of Egypt" by crafty England — that he was being juggled out of the world's richest franchise, the Suez Canal — and, surrounded with the gaudy adventurers of a dozen nations, he learned but too late that the British Bible and bayonet, then, Exeter Hall morality and acutely compounded interest, always go together!

But it was merry in Musr el Kahirah, sleeping dreamily on the banks of the Nile, bowered in its green gardens and watched over by the stern citadel on the red Mokattam Mountains.

A wild Walpurgisnacht was the revel which eddied from the palace to the great hotels, the Pasha's palaces; the cafés crowded with their sleek votaries of vice, the afternoon beauty parade of the Shoubrah, and the midnight mysteries of the Ghawazee girls. It was a revel of the degenerate nineteenth century.

The Continent still throbbed with the crash of Napoleon's rotten throne, Europe was yet overrun with the "nouveaux riches" of the American civil war, and in the train of Count De Lesseps many men and women of wildest careers had thronged to Egypt. It was the world's oyster for the reckless!— *In the Esbekieyeh Gardens.*

SAVONAROLA, Girolamo, an Italian political and religious reformer; born at Ferrara, September 21, 1452; died at Florence, May 23, 1498. He was a precocious child, and early developed a passion for learning. His early studies were directed by his grandfather, a reputable physician, who had come to Ferrara from Padua at the invitation of Nicholas III. of Este. The father of Girolamo Savonarola plunged into the gayeties of the Court of Nicholas and soon squandered the paternal fortune. It was intended that the young man should adopt the profession of his grandfather and repair the family fortunes. He took great pleasure in reading St. Thomas Aquinas, and was familiar with all the subtleties of the schools of philosophy. He avoided society and looked with contempt upon the pomp and glitter of Court life. He early fell in love with the daughter of a neighbor and was disdainfully repulsed. This blow decided his career, and after two years of mental anguish he determined to devote his life to God, and his daily prayer was, "Lord, teach me the way my soul should walk!" He secretly left home and entered the monastery of St. Domenico at Bologna. He accepted a mission to Ferrara and afterward to Florence. In a hymn to the Saviour, composed in 1482, he gave vent to his horror of the immorality prevailing at Florence, and prophesied the heavenly vengeance about to overtake this sin-laden people. Innocent VIII. occupied the Papal chair, and his rule was more infamous than that of his predecessor, Sixtus IV. Savonarola's plain words attracted few hearers at this time. It was not until 1486, at Brescia, that his power as an orator was fully

revealed. Here, in a sermon on the Apocalypse, he shook men's souls by his terrible threats of the wrath to come, and drew tears from their eyes by the tender pathos of his assurances of divine mercy. At a Dominican council at Reggio in 1489, Savonarola gave such striking evidence of his theological learning and subtlety that the famous Pico della Mirandola prevailed upon Lorenzo de' Medici to recall him to Florence, whither his fame as an orator had preceded him. The cloister garden was too small to accommodate the crowds who came to hear him. On August 1, 1490, he preached his first sermon in St. Mark's Church, and foretold that he should preach eight years. The following year he began to preach in the Cathedral of Mario del Fiore. His powerful denunciations of the gross abuses of power caused Lorenzo to send five of the leading men of Florence to try to induce him to moderate his tone; he refused, saying: "Tell your master that although I am an humble stranger and he the lord of Florence, yet I shall remain and he depart." He also foretold that Lorenzo, the Pope, and the King of Naples were all near death. When called to the death-bed of the former, he demanded, unsuccessfully, the liberty of Florence as a condition of absolution.

Florence was fast losing her former prestige. Savonarola's influence was growing. Innocent VIII. died and Borgia's election to the Papal chair heralded the culmination of Italy's woe. Savonarola's inspired utterances grew more fervid and impassioned in religious feeling and more intense in patriotism. He heard voices proclaiming mercy to the faithful, vengeance on the guilty, and mighty cries that the wrath of God was at hand. War now broke out and Charles VIII. brought a French army across the Alps. The puerile

conduct of Piero de' Medici in acceding to the hard terms of peace imposed by Charles caused the former's expulsion from the city, and Florence engaged in civil revolt with an enemy within her gates. Finally Charles, cowed by Piero Camponi and yielding to the remonstrances of Savonarola, withdrew and the city was free, but in the utmost disorder. In this emergency the citizens turned to the patriot monk, and Savonarola became lawgiver of Florence. The new government was based on fear of God and the purification of manners; promotion of the public welfare in preference to private interests; a general amnesty to political offenders; a council, on the Venetian method, but no Doge, and the Prior of St. Mark's, without holding any official position, was Dictator of Florence. The citizens observed the ascetic régime of the cloister, hymns and lauds rang in the streets that had so recently echoed with Lorenzo's dissolute songs. The carnival of 1497 was celebrated by the burning of 22,000 florins' worth of vanities, but there is no proof that any book or painting of real merit was destroyed.

Pope Alexander VI., having become incensed at Savonarola, ordered him to report at Rome for discipline, which the latter refused to do. For this he was excommunicated, but he defied the power of the Pope and publicly celebrated mass on Christmas Day, 1497. Through friendly political power he was enabled to continue his teachings, but Alexander threatened the Florentines with the vengeance of Rome if they failed to silence the great reformer. He was arrested and tried for heresy and publicly executed.

Savonarola's writings consist of numerous sermons, an immense number of devotional and moral essays, and some theological works, of which *Il Trionfo della*

Croce is the most important, a few short poems, and a treatise on the government of Florence. Although his faith in the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church never swerved, his strenuous protests against Papal corruption, his reliance on the Bible as his surest guide, and his intense moral earnestness connect Savonarola with the movement that heralded the Reformation.

ON THE EVILS OF TYRANNY.

The term of tyrant signifies a man of the worst kind, who would grasp all for himself, give nothing to others, an enemy to God and to man. The tyrant is proud, lustful, and avaricious; and as these three vices contain the germs of all others, it follows that he hath the germ of every vice of which man is capable. Likewise all his senses are perverted; his eyes by looking on wantonness; his ears by hearing flattery of himself and censure of other men; his palate by the vice of gluttony, and so forth. He corrupts magistrates, robs widows and orphans, opposes the people, and favors those that incite him to defraud the commune. He is devoured by suspicion, and has spies everywhere; he desires all to seem bashful in his presence, and be his slaves; hence, where there is a tyrant, no man may act or speak freely. In this wise the people become pusillanimous, all virtue is extinguished, all vice exalted. Behold, O Florence, thy fate, if thou wouldst have a tyrant. He is the cause of all the sins committed by a people; wherefore he will be called to render account of them to God, and will bear the penalty of his misdeeds. Thou, O citizen, that followeth the tyrant, thou art no less miserable than he. Thy tongue is enslaved when addressing him, thy eyes when regarding him, thy person is subject to him, thy goods at his disposal; thou art beaten with rods, and must yet give him thanks! Thou art debased in all ways. . . . And such are the miseries of the tyrant and his followers, the which miseries weigh them down in this life and bring them to eternal perdition in the next. — *Sermon of February 25, 1496.*

ON BEAUTY.

In what does beauty consist? In color? No. In form? No. Beauty is born of the correspondence of parts and colors; . . . this as regards composite things; the beauty of simple things is in their light. Behold the sun and the stars, their beauty is in the light they shed; behold the spirits of the blessed, their beauty consists of light; behold God is light! He is beauty itself . . . The untainted soul shares the beauty of God, and lends its divine charm to the body. We read concerning the Virgin that her great beauty struck all who looked on her with amazement, but that she was so encircled by a halo of sanctity as to excite impure desire in no man, all, on the contrary, holding her in reverence. . . . Ye women that glory in your finery, in your hair, and your hands, I tell ye that ye are all hideous! Would ye behold true beauty? . . . Note some devout person, either male or female, that hath the divine spirit; note him, I say, when engaged in prayer, and in the flush of divine beauty, and on his return from prayer; then will ye see the beauty of God reflected in his face, and his countenance almost as that of an angel. — *Sermon on Amos and Zachariah, 1497.*

A PSALM IN PRAISE OF GOD.

I sought Thee everywhere, but found Thee not. I asked of the earth: Art thou my God? And the earth answered: Thales is deceived; I am not thy God. I questioned the air, and the air replied: Thou must go higher. I questioned the heavens, the stars, and the sun, and all made reply: He that created us from nothing, He is thy God; He filleth heaven and earth, He dwelleth in thy heart. Thus, O Lord, I had sought Thee afar, and Thou were near. I asked of my eyes whether Thou hadst entered in through them, but they answered that they knew only colors. I asked my ear, and it answered that it knew only sound. Wherefore the senses know Thee not, O Lord; Thou hast entered into my soul, Thou dwellest in my heart, and workest in me when I do deeds of charity.

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY, an American lawyer, journalist and poet; born at Highgate, Vt., June 2, 1816; died at Albany, N. Y., March 31, 1887. He was graduated from Middlebury College in 1839, became a lawyer, and practiced successfully until 1850, when he became editor and proprietor of the Burlington *Sentinel*. He conducted this journal until 1856, soon after which he went to New York, and entered upon lecturing and other literary work. He had in the meantime published several volumes of poems, mostly humorous or satirical, which met with great success. He was the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for Governor of Vermont in 1859 and 1860, and had served as Attorney-General of Vermont and Deputy Collector of Customs. In 1872 he became editor of the Albany *Journal*, and took up his residence in that city. His works include *Progress*, a satire (1846); *New Rape of the Lock* (1847); *The Proud Miss McBride* (1848); *The Money-King, and Other Poems* (1859); *The Flying Dutchman* (1862); *Clever Stories of Many Nations* (1864); *The Times, the Telegraph, and Other Poems* (1865); *The Masquerade* (1865); *Fables and Legends in Verse* (1872); *Leisure Day Rhymes* (1878). His poems rank among the most successful productions of their kind, and enjoyed wide popularity.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

There's a Castle in Spain, very charming to see,
Though built without money or toil;
Of this handsome estate I am owner in fee,
And paramount lord of the soil;
And oft as I may I'm accustomed to go
And live like a king in my Spanish Château.

There's a dame most deliciously rounded and ripe,
  Whose wishes are never absurd,
Who doesn't object to my smoking a pipe
  Nor insist on the ultimate word;
In short, she's the pink of perfection, you know,
And she lives like a queen in my Spanish Château.

I've a family, too: the delightfullest girls,
  And a bevy of beautiful boys;
All quite the reverse of those juvenile churls
  Whose pleasure is mischief and noise.
No modern Cornelia might venture to show
Such jewels as those in my Spanish Château.

I have servants who seek their contentment in mine,
  And always mind what they're at;
Who never embezzle the sugar and wine,
  And slander the innocent cat;
Neither saucy nor careless, nor stupidly slow,
Are the servants who wait in my Spanish Château.

I've pleasant companions: most affable folk,
  And each with the heart of a brother;
Keen wits who enjoy an antagonist's joke,
  And beauties who are fond of each other.
Such people indeed as you never may know
Unless you should come to my Spanish Château.

I have friends whose commission for wearing the name
  In kindness unfailing is shown;
Who pay to another the duty they claim,
  And deem his successes their own;
Who joy in his gladness, and weep at his woe:
You'll find them (where else?) in my Spanish Château!

"*O si sic semper!*" I oftentimes say,
  (Though 'tis idle, I know, to complain),
To think that again I must force me away
  From my beautiful Castle in Spain!

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale —
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

Men of different "stations" in the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly coming to the same.
High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
On a constant level travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts, looming very tall;
Gentleman at large, talking very small;
Gentleman in tights, with a looseish mien;
Gentleman in gray, looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old, asking for the news;
Gentleman in black, in a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret, sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in tweed, dreadfully in liquor!

Woman with her baby, sitting *vis-à-vis;*
Baby keeps a-squalling, woman looks at me,
Asks about the distance, says it's tiresome talking.
Noises of the cars are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her basket,
Feeling that a smash, if it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale —
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep,

I feel no symptoms of decay,
  I have no cause to moan and weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
  My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet, of late, I often sigh —
    I'm growing old!

My growing talk of old times,
  My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy for rhymes,
  My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
  My growing fear of taking cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice.
    I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
  I'm growing dimmer in my eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
  I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
  I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing — yes —
    I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste,
  I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
  I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
  As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
    I'm growing old! . . .

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
  My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
  That tint the darkness of her wings —
The light that beams from out the sky,
  Those heavenly mansions to unfold,

Where all are blest and none may sigh
"I'm growing old!"

THE STORY OF LIFE

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born —
A hapless babe, to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep and weep again,
With sunny smiles between, and then?

And then apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy despite his little woes,
Were he but conscious of his joy;
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child, and then?

And then, in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the decalogue
And break it, and, unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog,
A truant oft by field and fen
To capture butterflies, and then?

And then, increased in strength and size,
To be, anon, a youth full grown,
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sins, and then?

And then, at last, to be a man;
To fall in love, to woo and wed,
With soothing brain to scheme and plan;
To gather gold or toil for bread;
To sue for fame with tongue or pen
And gain or lose the prize, and then?

And then in gray and wrinkled eld
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes his youth beheld
And dwell in memory of lang syne;
To dream awhile, with darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave, and then?

THESE BOOKS OF MINE.

Ah; well I love these books of mine
That stand so trimly on their shelves,
With here and there a broken line
(Fat "quartos" jostling modest "twelves").
A curious company I own,
The poorest ranking with their betters;
In brief — a thing almost unknown —
A pure Democracy of Letters.

If I have favorites here and there,
And, like a monarch, pick and choose,
I never meet an angry stare
That this I take and that refuse;
No discords rise my soul to vex
Among these peaceful book relations,
No envious strife of age or sex
To mar my quiet lucubrations.

SLEEP.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I.
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself or try
To make it, as the lucky fellow might,
A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes, bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid reiteration),
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name or age or station,
Who first invented and went round advising
That artificial cut off "early rising!"

"Rise with the lark and with the lark to bed,"
  Observes some solemn, sentimental owl.
Maxims like this are very cheaply said,
  But ere you make yourself a fool or fowl
Pray just inquire about their rise or fall
And whether larks have any beds at all.

The "time for honest folks to be abed"
  Is in the morning, if I reason right,
And he who cannot keep his precious head
  Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to — knavery, or else — he drinks!

Thompson, who sang about the seasons, said
  It was a glorious thing to rise in season,
But then he said it — lying — in his bed
  At ten o'clock a. m., the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis doubtless well to be sometimes awake —
  Awake to duty and awake to truth —
But when, alas, a nice review we take
  Of our best deeds and days we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we pass in childhood or in sleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
  For the soft visions of the gentle night,
And, free at last from mortal care and guile,
  To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realms all cozily shut in,
Where at the worst we only dream of sin.

So let us sleep and give the Maker praise,
  Like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
  Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried: "It served him right! It's not at all surprising,
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising."

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